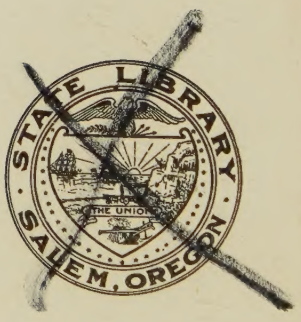
810.9
S44a
Club
Eng lit. 1



DISCARD

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/bwb_S0-DTK-285

HANDBOOKS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

EDITED BY PROFESSOR HALES.

Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net each.

THE AGE OF ALFRED (664-1154). By F. J. SNELL, M.A.

THE AGE OF CHAUCER (1346-1400). By F. J. SNELL, M.A. With an Introduction by Professor HALES. *3rd Edition, revised.*

THE AGE OF TRANSITION (1400-1580). By F. J. SNELL, M.A. 2 vols. Vol. I. The Poets. Vol. II. The Dramatists and Prose Writers. With an Introduction by Professor HALES. *2nd Edition.*

THE AGE OF SHAKESPEARE (1579-1631). By THOMAS SECCOMBE and J. W. ALLEN. With an Introduction by Professor HALES. 2 vols. Vol. I. Poetry and Prose. Vol. II. The Drama. *4th Edition, revised.*

THE AGE OF MILTON (1632-1660). By the Rev. J. H. B. MASTERMAN, M.A. With Introduction, etc., by J. BASS MULLINGER, M.A. *6th Edition.*

THE AGE OF DRYDEN (1660-1700). By R. GARNETT, C.B., LL.D. *7th Edition.*

THE AGE OF POPE (1700-1748). By JOHN DENNIS. *8th Edition.*

THE AGE OF JOHNSON (1748-1798). By THOMAS SECCOMBE. *6th Edition, revised.*

THE AGE OF WORDSWORTH (1798-1832). By Professor C. H. HERFORD, Litt.D. *8th Edition.*

THE AGE OF TENNYSON (1830-1870). By Professor HUGH WALKER. *7th Edition.*

LONDON: G. BELL AND SONS, LTD.

HANDBOOKS

OF

ENGLISH LITERATURE

EDITED BY PROFESSOR HALES

THE AGE OF JOHNSON

LONDON: G. BELL & SONS, LIMITED,
PORTUGAL STREET, KINGSWAY, W.C.
CAMBRIDGE: DEIGHTON, BELL & CO.
NEW YORK: THE MACMILLAN CO.
BOMBAY: A. H. WHEELER & CO.

THE

AGE OF JOHNSON

(1748-1798)

BY

THOMAS SECCOMBE

WITHDRAWN
From EOU Library
Eastern Oregon University
1410 L Avenue
La Grande, OR 97850

LONDON
G. BELL AND SONS, LTD.
1913

First Published, December, 1899.
Reprinted, 1902.
Third Edition, Revised, 1907.
Reprinted, 1909, 1911.
Sixth Edition, Revised, 1913.

TO

TWO GOOD GEORGIANS AND SOUND

JOHNSONIANS

GEORGE WHALE AND GEORGE RADFORD

1913

CONTENTS.

PAGE

INTRODUCTION . . . . . ix xxxvii

CHAPTER I. ESSAYISTS AND CRITICS 1

Samuel Johnson—Oliver Goldsmith—Joseph Warton—Thomas Warton—Thomas Gray—Minor Critics.

CHAPTER II. MEMOIRS AND LETTERS 38

Lord Chesterfield—Horace Walpole—James Boswell—Thomas Holcroft—Samuel Bundy—Wolfe Tone—Madame D'Arblay—Mrs. Thrale—Mrs. Trench—Thomas Twining—Rainy Day Smith—Dr. Alex. (Jupiter) Carlyle.

CHAPTER III. POLITICAL WRITERS 66

Edmund Burke—Junius—Thomas Paine.

CHAPTER IV. STUDY AND RESEARCH.

I. *Economists and Philosophers* 88

Adam Smith—David Hume—David Hartley—Erasmus Darwin.

II. *Naturalists and Geographers* 98

Gilbert White—James Bruce—Arthur Young—Thomas Pennant—Henry Swinburne—John Pinkerton—John Hawkesworth—County Historians.

III. *Classical Scholars and Humanists* 105

Samuel Parr—Horne Tooke—Gilbert Wakefield—Richard Porson—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

CHAPTER V. THE THEOLOGIANS. 110

William Paley—Joseph Priestley—Samuel Horsley—Thomas Paine—Bishop Watson—Conyers Middleton—William Warburton—Bishop Lowth—John Wesley—Charles Wesley.

CHAPTER VI. THE HISTORIANS 127

Thomas Carte—George Lyttelton—David Hume—Tobias Smollett—William Robertson—Edward Gibbon—Thomas Somerville—Robert Watson—Robert Orme—Oliver Goldsmith—Adam Ferguson—Minor Historians.

PAGE

CHAPTER VII. THE GREAT NOVELISTS 153
Samuel Richardson—Henry Fielding—Tobias Smollett—Laurence Sterne.

CHAPTER VIII. MINOR NOVELISTS 189
Fanny Burney—Henry Brooke—Henry Mackenzie—Clara Reeve—Mrs. Radcliffe—Joseph Strutt—Thomas Day—Hannah More.

CHAPTER IX. THE DRAMA 199
Samuel Johnson—Edward Moore—John Home—Samuel Foote—Arthur Murphy—James Townley—David Garrick—George Colman—Hugh Kelly—Richard Cumberland—Oliver Goldsmith—John O'Keeffe—Charles Macklin—Frederic Reynolds—Richard Brinsley Sheridan—Thomas Holcroft—John Tobin—W. H. Ireland.

CHAPTER X. THE POETS.

I. *The Tradition of Pope* 222
Poets Laureate—William Whitehead—Henry James Pye—Samuel Johnson—Charles Churchill—John Wolcot—Christopher Anstey—*The Rolliad*—*The Anti-Jacobin*—William Gifford—Minor Satirists—Oliver Goldsmith—William Falconer—Richard Glover—James Grainger—Minor Bards—Erasmus Darwin.

II. *The Transition* 244
William Collins—Thomas Gray—The Wartons—Thomas Russell—Christopher Smart—William Cowper—James Macpherson—Thomas Chatterton—William Blake.

III. *Allan Ramsay's School* 285
The Hamiltons—Jean Elliot—James Beattie—Alexander Ross—W. J. Mickle—John Logan—Michael Bruce—Robert Fergusson.

IV. *Robert Burns* 297

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE 315

INDEX 335

INTRODUCTION.

The period with which we are to deal in the present volume ranges from 1748 to 1798, thus including almost two generations, and more great names in our literature than any other 'Age' included in this series. In some of its aspects, as an age in which continental travel was still a mark of distinction, or as the period of *Waverley* and *Redgauntlet*, it seems singularly remote; while in others it is strangely near to us, and, indeed, it is far from easy to realize that the present gracious occupant of the English throne is the granddaughter of George III., whose reign, commencing in 1760, covers nearly the whole of our epoch. Two generations pass across the scene, yet there must have been not a few old men who, having witnessed the fall of Sir Robert Walpole, the great military successes of 1759, and the disasters and humiliations of 1781, lived on to see the signal triumph of British Conservatism in the Peninsular War, the overthrow of Napoleon, and the rise in the heavens of that brilliant literary constellation of which Scott and Byron, Wordsworth and Shelley, were luminaries. Horace Walpole himself, who had an interview as a child with George I., lived down to 1797, and his *Letters* and *Memoirs* are a chronicle in brief of his time.

In literary development, as in all the essential factors of civilization, the age was one of rapid and vigorous growth. It is, however, a noteworthy fact that from the time of Coleridge and the great Romantic Renaissance there have

been a number of critical writers of no mean order, who have carried out a kind of literary boycott of the eighteenth century, or who, having made a rapid incursion to deliver Blake and Chatterton, and possibly Gray, from the bonds of a century into which (they protest) they must have got by mistake, have denounced the age unsparingly as dull and unprincipled, ugly and brutal. As the fourteenth century with the thirteenth, so, entirely to its disadvantage, the eighteenth century has been contrasted with the seventeenth, and its general tone held up for public reprobation.

Like other periods, the eighteenth century has its ugly and depressing sides; its distaste for the unknown, the mysterious, the transcendental is a feature especially repugnant to enthusiastic Romanticists, by whom a dislike for prosaic common sense, however great the prose may be, is genuinely and sincerely felt; it is a recognized tendency, moreover, in a generation to underrate or to despise the achievements of its great-grandfathers. Some such considerations as these may serve to explain a portion of the critical reaction against the tendencies of the eighteenth century, but they by no means explain the whole of it. Many of the imputations against the century are intelligible enough, but when we come to the reiterated charge of dullness we are driven to account for the phenomenon as another illustration of the human weakness for depreciating things of the qualities of which we are ignorant, of describing a *terra incognita* as an arid desert, as the outcome, in brief, less of prejudice than of ignorance.

Up to the time of Swift the great scholars of Western Europe were prone to assume a complete and exhaustive knowledge of all extant literature, and, indeed, many of their treatises read as if they were designed to show how many authorities the learned writer could cite upon any given topic. At a time when a library of about a thousand

folio volumes might be held to comprise the whole of learned and polite literature worthy of the name, the claim was not so preposterous as it might now appear. Yet the pedantry of this kind of pretension was so mercilessly lashed by Swift and his disciples that it has never again reared its head; and since his day the press has been so prolific, and the over-population of our libraries has advanced to such a pitch, that a reader, however omnivorous, has perforce to neglect huge tracts of literary territory. How is he to arrange his itinerary with the least possible loss of pleasure and instruction to himself? It is for an answer to this question that the man of books turns as to a guide-book to the literary critic. England has produced some great literary guides from the time of Addison to that of Matthew Arnold; but can it be said that our criticism has progressed *pari passu* with our enormous book-production, or that the ability manifested has been anything like in proportion to the increasing importance of the critic's function? When in a great library one asks to be conducted to the presses devoted to English critical literature, one can hardly fail to be struck by the extreme paucity of the achievements of our critics as a whole; regarding the vague and irregular tracks which they have left over the vast region of English literature, can one fail to cast an eye of admiration, not unmixed with envy, upon the well-beaten *sentier* of French literary criticism? Bewildered, then, as he often is by a lack of adequate direction, or even more probably misled by the extreme importance attached by his journal to the 'Books of the Week,' it is scarcely to be wondered at that the reader of to-day adopts the ingenious method of elimination to which we have already adverted, and stigmatizes as dull a period with which his opportunities of acquaintance have hitherto been strictly limited. He is, in truth, arriving at the conclusion that

the eighteenth century is dull, by the same process that many Englishmen pronounce German literature to be stupid, and by which George III. doubtless decided that much of Shakespeare was 'sad stuff.' There was an old superstition that the application of a dead hand was a sure remedy for swellings, and when one is vexed by the tumidity with which so much work of a purely ephemeral order is acclaimed, one is irresistibly tempted to prescribe a severe application of the great literature of the dead past—to be well rubbed in. How much better, indeed, if in the wise words of Froude, 'each age studied its own faults, and endeavoured to mend them, instead of comparing itself with others to its own advantage'!

It would be interesting, and not perhaps unamusing, if we had space to deal here with the various attempts that have been made by well-meaning critics to juggle with the chronology of the eighteenth century. One demonstrates convincingly that it begins in 1660, while another would retard its commencement until 1714. Nor is opinion less divided as to when it should close; one authority says 1748, another 1760, another 1782, and yet again, 1798. In French eyes, it is needless to state, not merely a century but a whole era came to an end in 1789. The consensus that Johnson and Chatterton were of different centuries is almost overwhelming. Such vagaries are laughable enough, and it would certainly be convenient if we could palm Martin Tupper off upon the twentieth century, or ignore the fact that no English poet in the nineteenth had so wide a circulation during his lifetime.

Assuming, as a mere working hypothesis, that the eighteenth century commenced on January 1st, 1701 (12 William III.), and concluded on December 31st, 1800 (41 George III.), we shall now endeavour within the briefest limits of space to consider, first, how far the specific charges

brought by the Romantic school of critics against the age (and especially the period 1748-1798) are well founded, and then, while fully admitting the faults and the failures with which humanity in the eighteenth century is especially chargeable, to appeal to some of its more distinctive achievements in justification of its claim, as one of the greatest creative periods in our national annals, to a somewhat larger share of the regard and veneration of English readers than it has of late been the fashion to accord to it.

In regard to the sweeping but reiterated charge of *dullness*, in addition to what we have already said, we can only claim that the great names in any one of our chapters constitute a sufficient refutation. If the first chapter, with Johnson, Goldsmith, and Gray, prove inconclusive, take the second, with Boswell, Chesterfield, and Walpole; here surely we have no less than three several refutations, for the state of mind of the man who can describe Boswell's biography or Walpole's *Letters* as dull is to the ordinary literary imagination unthinkable. People of the critical calibre of George III. may perhaps yet be found to call Fielding dull, and Cowper brutal, and Uncle Toby unprincipled; but if Sheridan and dullness are convertible terms, we may reasonably expect to hear that Shakespeare is shallow, Milton no scholar, Hume obtuse, Tennyson coarse, or George Meredith stupid.

In the foregoing incomplete enumeration, the reader will perceive that the names of two men of genius, the most conspicuous of our period—those of Edmund Burke and Robert Burns—are omitted. The contrast between these two men is a singular one—Burke perhaps the loftiest and Burns the homeliest, in the best sense of homely—that our literature has to show. The man who enunciated in memorable words the fundamental principle that 'magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom, and a

great empire and little minds go ill together,' was pre
eminently one whose first characteristic was loftiness o
thought. It would be impossible to find among our senato
(and he did more than any man to invest the House o
Commons with the dignity and gravity of a senate) a nam
freer from suspicion of meanness or selfishness. Hi
appeals are always made to the nobler sentiments of men
which so few English speakers venture to address. He i
not ashamed to employ arguments which in the hands o
less earnest men, taking their ideas at second-hand, woul
degenerate into claptrap. He addresses his audience, no
merely as politicians and voters, but as Englishmen, a
professed statesmen, assembled for the common purpose o
vivifying and directing an empire. Turning to Rober
Burns, so deservedly the idol of an inspiring local patriot
ism, so perfected yet so typical a product of the chapter o
his country's literature that began with Allan Ramsay
who has ever more truly and powerfully appealed to tha
sense and feeling of home, which it was the special glory
of the eighteenth century to draw out to its full maturity
than that Ayrshire ploughman when he sang:

> 'To make a happy fireside clime
> To weans and wife;
> That 's the true pathos and sublime
> Of human life.'

The *ugliness* of the eighteenth century is often insisted
upon, and that not only by readers of the diatribes of a
prejudiced witness like Dickens, but also by many who
have studied the unlovely aspects of life as depicted by
Fielding and Smollett, by Hogarth and Rowlandson; and it
is certainly true that there lingered on until the close of the
century but too many features of a semi-barbarous past.
The English were always regarded as an inartistic race, and
in 1775 a great German æsthetic critic laboriously de-

monstrated that high art was inconceivable in England—this at the very moment when the greatest school of painting in the eighteenth century, and the greatest that England has known, was developing its fullest powers. It is very possible that the eclectics of to-day have a firmer taste than that of the architect of Strawberry Hill; but it is very far indeed from sure that in those arts which may be said to proclaim the general artistic sense of the people, such as architecture, furniture, and costume, we are in any degree superior to our forefathers in the days of Chambers and of Chippendale. In any case it can only have been by a queer freak of irony that the nineteenth century has been impelled to pronounce judgment upon the ugliness of the eighteenth. A very able foreign observer has discerned two quite different Englands occupied by men of our race in this island of Great Britain to-day:

'If you mean the England of Jane Austen, of George Eliot, of Thomas Hardy, you imagine a country of large silent pastures with a fresh and clear verdure, spotted in white and red by recumbent cattle, leisurely chewing the cud, of spacious manor-houses situate at the end of a perspective of ancestral oaks, of deep lanes which wind towards peaceable little hamlets, of snug parsonages tapestried with honeysuckle; here and there a little English church rears its weatherworn granite tower against a grey sky, sending out every Sunday over solitary fields its harmonious chime of church-going bells. You perceive countrified visages, the heavy rustic figures of labourers, prosperous farmers with faces ruddy and massive, sitting stiff and straight in their gigs as they drive to the neighbouring market, clean-shaved parsons, pale and aristocratic of feature, alumni of Oxford or Cambridge, related to the squire in all probability, or at least to the squirearchy; then the squire himself with energetic and clean-cut countenance, brisk and alert in gesture, strong and virile in carriage, but most at ease in the saddle, and visible oftenest to his fellow-parishioners over the hedges, riding his favourite hunter. A strong and ancient hierarchy here of

patriarchal pattern, in which each individual falls at once into the place that birth assigns him, and is sufficiently content to remain there—a human existence calm and regular, the same to-day as a hundred years since, sharing peacefully in the large out-door life of plant and animal silently going on around.

'But there is a second England very different from this. Here one perceives vast expanses of bricks under a livid sky, lit up by a vague gleam from a blood-red sun, contorted chimneys emitting steady spirals of dense smoke, miles of yellowish streets, with occasional strips of black water shaded away into the mist, washing with leaden gleam the shadowy sides of huge vessels and of barges laden with coal, immense quays fringed with interminable warehouses, and huge and sinister-looking cranes and derricks, all of a wearying and oppressive sameness; enormous tunnels penetrate the soil, and down through the darkness, to the accompaniment of the tremor of machinery and the noise of engines and whistles, half stifled by the close sulphurous odour of the nether air, pale men of haggard mien, with faces worn by nervous anxiety and struggle are hurried automatically along.'[1]

The first tableau represents the England of small towns and populous fields, as it remained with little alteration down to the time of Gilbert White; the second is a picture, but slightly exaggerated, of the industrial England which is more especially the product of the nineteenth century. When this century reproaches its predecessor upon the ugliness exhibited in its national life, we may expect the suburb to take up its parable and lecture the country upon deformity of outline.

The critics who are devoted to Romanticism find the eighteenth century dull and 'middle-aged,' *prosaic* and *uninspired*; yet the more we investigate below the surface, the clearer traces do we find of the Romantic movement, which is implicit in a constant series of writers from Dyer and Thomson to Chatterton and Blake.

[1] A. Chevrillon, *Sydney Smith et la Renaissance des Idées libérales en Angleterre*, 1894.

When Addison began his famous survey of the poetic excellences of Milton in *The Spectator* he was content to examine *Paradise Lost* under the four heads of the Fable, the Characters, the Sentiments, and the Language. But, as we know, he finally emerged from the stage in which he considered this judgment sufficiently complete, and discovered a principle of poetical appeal which enabled him to transcend mere formal considerations by substituting the power to affect the imagination for the Aristotelian test of symmetry; thereby emphasizing the fact that the achievement itself, and not the means taken to secure that achievement, ought to be the first object of a critic's consideration. Johnson's training was too scholastic, his mind too magisterial, and his instincts too conservative to relinquish the old-fashioned formal tests of excellence in a play or a poem. The critical canon of Addison nevertheless formed a germ which was to fructify abundantly during the eighteenth century.

But if even in Queen Anne's time a contrary current is discernible, in a period so rich and various as the Age of Johnson the danger of a sweeping generalization (such as 'devoid of romantic feeling') is exemplified in a much more striking fashion. The breath had scarcely left the body of the Grand Monarque before an intrigue was set on foot to dispute the provisions of his will. So with the critical testament of Pope: within a few years of his death we find Joseph Warton repudiating its authority, and denying to Pope the highest kind of poetic excellence; while Thomas Warton in his noble monument to early *English Poetry* exalted 'fancy and invention' at the expense of the Augustan qualities of good sense and judgment. Both literally and metaphorically the end of Pope's reign was marked by the substitution of 'landscape' schemes (of such artists as Bridgeman and Kent) for the

formal gardens (of Le Notre, the gardener of Charles II., and his successors, London and Wise), in which the trimness of Loo was grafted upon the spacious geometry of Versailles. Johnson, as we know, summarized a Highland peak as 'a considerable protuberance'; when he got to 'such a place as a writer of romance might have delighted to feign,' he regarded it with unfeigned disgust; he fully shared Goldsmith's resentment against 'hills and rocks that intercept every prospect,' and he may well have inspired Gibbon's description of Caledonia as a region of 'gloomy hills assailed by the winter tempest, lakes concealed in blue mist, and cold and lonely heaths over which the deer of the forest were chased by a troop of naked barbarians.' On the other hand, we have Gray *extasié* over the mountain monotones of Ossian, and pronouncing with an almost Ruskinian earnestness upon the obligation of mountain pilgrimage; while in successors of Thomson, such as Beattie and Cowper, we can trace very clearly the succession of the great landscape school of English poetry. If, on the one hand, we find Chesterfield expressing his unspeakable contempt for the frivolous pedants who occupy their minds with 'knicknacks, butterflies, shells, etc.,'[1] we must, on the other, find a place in our synopsis

[1] Cf.: 'No piping nor fiddling, I beseech you; no days lost in poring upon almost imperceptible *intaglios* and *Cameos*. . . .' The noble earl, to whose mind there was 'nothing so illiberal and ill-bred as audible laughter,' made a partial exception among the sciences in favour of astronomy. 'Ask my friend l'Abbé Sallier to recommend to you some meagre philomath, to teach you a little geometry and astronomy, not enough to absorb your attention and puzzle your intellects, but only enough not to be grossly ignorant of either. I have of late been a sort of *astronome malgré moi*, by bringing last Monday, into the House of Lords, a bill for reforming our present Calendar, and taking the New Style. Upon which occasion I was obliged to talk some astronomical jargon, of which

for Gilbert White, the first and greatest of our hedgerow philosophers. Johnson, a staunch upholder of the Popean concordat, did his utmost to smother with contempt the literary exhumations and the 'new-fangled tricks,' the ancient ballads, and the new-old sonnets which he saw springing into recognition:

> 'Wheresoe'er I turn my view,
> All is strange yet nothing new;
> Endless labour all along,
> Endless labour to be wrong;
> Phrase that time has flung away,
> Uncouth words in disarray,
> Tricked in antique ruff and bonnet,
> Ode and elegy and sonnet.'

He employed similar weapons against Percy, and threatened poor Ossian with the bludgeon; but the rising tide was too strong for him, though he did not live to see the flood. He could only express unqualified amazement at the performance of that 'extraordinary young whelp,' Thomas Chatterton. The infant genius of Chatterton was almost strangled by the false taste of the premature Gothic revival; but we hail with reverence such verses as these, expressing the aspiration of Elle's sprite:

> 'To hear the chantry-song sound in mine ear,
> To hear the masses of our holy dame,
> To view the cross-aisles and the arches fair!
> Through the half-hidden silver twinkling glare
> Of yon bright moon in foggy mantles dressed . . .'

as a protest against Smollett's sour and contemptuous

I did not understand one word, but got it by heart and spoke it by rote from a master' (February, 1751-2). The current prejudice against Chesterfield is unfortunate, for he is not only the most elegant, but also the most diverting of the prose authors of the eighteenth century.

'disgust' at the 'melancholy gloom' of Lincoln and York Minster. Even within the limits of the classical prose of our period we shall find a sufficiently marked contrast between the stately periods of Gibbon and the delicate porcelain of Sterne, that first of prose impressionists. Sterne's sentimentalism, again, is one of those diversities which must disconcert the serious belief of those who would regard the century as a lofty but uninteresting plateau. It was primarily, perhaps, a protest against the rationalizing tendencies that were prevalent—a plea for a *morale de cœur* in place of the enlightened self-interest of official orthodoxy. The same movement—to supply an antidote, as it were, to the prevailing common sense—was carried into other and further extremes by Ann Radcliffe and Clara Reeve, in *Zeluco* and in the *Longsword* of Thomas Leland. A more violent opposition still is that between the Epigoniads and the Athenaids of the period, or the lifeless dogmatism of the rhetorical criticaster Blair and the exquisite lyrics of Burns and of Blake. The most robust believer in the miscreance of the eighteenth century can hardly fail to be staggered by such contradictions as these. Profounder still lies the fact that this age of the negation of spirituality, of Fielding and of Hume and of Horace Walpole (who compared Dante with a Methodist parson in Bedlam), was also the age of the Wesleys, of the revival of mysticism and spirituality in religion, of the most exquisite devotional hymns (such as those of Charles Wesley, Cowper, and Toplady), and (in Smart's *Song to David*) of the noblest poem which the ancient grandeur of the Hebrew psalmody has ever inspired.

The unshaken believer in the immensity of modern progress is fain to point to the *brutality* of the age of whipping-posts, and hulks and gin-hells and debtors' prisons, and, if necessary, to base our claim to have attained a higher

plane of morality and civilization upon our emancipation from these evils alone. That great strides have been made not only in police and sanitary administration, but in general amenity of manners, since the days of Jonathan Wild and of John Wilkes, is a fact as satisfactory as it is undoubted; but if we come to take the measure of the general advance in the public sense of morality and of decency, we shall find that the progress made between Dryden's day and the close of the eighteenth century was considerably greater than that made during the hundred years that have elapsed since the death of Horace Walpole. All the really great steps that have been made in the direction of elevating the national conscience since the death of Dr. Johnson have been due to men trained at the close of our special period—among whom it suffices to name Howard and Wilberforce, Bentham and Romilly. So much is chattered to-day of progress, and so much importance attached to the unaided efforts of Time as a finisher and perfecter of the human species, that the modern Englishman is in some real danger of looking down upon his great-great-grandfather as a very rude and unsophisticated being.

Superficially the changes due to the growth of machinery, and consequently of population and production, have been very considerable; but the two great institutions which are in so many respects the backbone of our national life, the English Church and the English public school, are essentially the same; no less distinctive and persistent has been the disposition of England to abide by its old aristocratic polity of governance—the ideal constitution of Burke discernible to this day beneath all the trappings and disguises that the ingenuity of Whig doctrinaires has devised for its benefit. The old 'Venetian oligarchy' that owed its origin to 1688 is no doubt enlarged since the day when a few hundred people, secure of their position,

formed English society, and the atmosphere of a compact and intimate aristocracy is very greatly modified. Yet in spite of reform and franchise and education bills, the country, the army, the church, are governed hardly less exclusively than in Johnson's day by the noblesse and the gentry, reinforced, not as then, by the nabobs, but by the organizers and chieftains of the subsequently developed industrial helotry—the second nation of Disraeli's *Sybil;* now, as then, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say by wealth—wealth upon the condition of its being consolidated and extending over more generations than one. It is only necessary to scratch the surface of the average Englishman of to-day, and to scrape off a few affectations of the hour and a few habits due to his superior command of machinery, to reveal a man almost identical in all profounder respects with his Johnsonian ancestor. As a counterpoise to his increased power over nature he has lost some of the old individuality—the result of the beach pebble attrition with his kind which is an inevitable feature of the modern industrial life in our large towns. As a whole, however, the persistence of the type is that which is most palpable. The English now and then seem a race apart, silently but none the less superbly conscious of superiority, strongly insular, self-controlled and conservative, a nation of shop-keepers and colonists, envied (often very unreasonably) even more than disliked by their neighbours; a good deal less influential than they imagine in the evolution of the planet, yet very influential, largely by reason of a literature amazing in its richness and variety, a literature which has been judged by competent critics in respect of its intensity and originality to rival the shapelier, and in some respects maturer, literatures of Greece and of Gaul.

Elaborate refutation is scarcely perhaps needed in answer

to those who would pretend to ignore, or systematically to depreciate, the achievements of the eighteenth century. To affect not to perceive a century which of necessity looms so large in the receding past were about as sensible as to try to evade the laws of perspective: attempts to minimize the value of large and original work in literature, however well concerted and ingenious, can never attain permanent success. In this particular case it is only fair to say that the defects with which the eighteenth century is charged by a superficial criticism are not in any way distinctive—are not in reality peculiar to the eighteenth century at all. It is when we come to examine the great qualities of the period that we shall find its genuine and characteristic defects thrown into a proper relief.

Few would deny that the first twelve years of our period were not only decisive, but together form an epoch which in importance as regards results has scarcely been equalled in our annals. Then were firmly laid the foundations of our over-sea empire; then was perfected that new species of literary product, the novel, which in the hands of its greatest masters has exercised an empire even more world-wide over the minds and imaginations of men. It is certainly very curious to note that this great and germinal period was heralded by a literary forecast (not altogether devoid of skill and insight) in which scarcely a vestige of hope for the future is allowed to penetrate through the general atmosphere of gloom and depression. The author, John Brown (1715-1766), expounded his views in *An Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times* (1757), a book which in Cowper's verse 'rose like a paper kite and charmed the town,' and which in sober prose went through several editions.

'Admitting that his countrymen have still some spirit of liberty, some humanity, and some equity, Brown argues that

their chief characteristic is "a vain, luxurious, and selfish effeminacy." At our schools the pupils learn words, not things; university professorships are sinecures; on the grand tour our young men learn foreign vices without widening their minds; we go to dinner in chairs, not on horseback, and spend money on foreign cookery instead of plain English fare: conversation is trivial or vicious; for solid literature we read silly plays, novels, and periodicals, though, amidst this general decay of taste and learning, one great writer, to wit Warburton, "bestrides the narrow world like a colossus"; the fine arts are depraved; opera and pantomime have driven Shakespeare into the background; our principles are as bad as our manners; religion is universally ridiculed, and yet our irreligion is shallow; Bolingbroke is neglected, not because he is impious, but because he fills five quarto volumes, whilst Hume's flimsy essays may amuse a breakfast table; honour has gone with religion; we laugh at our vices as represented on the stage, and repeat them at home without a blush; public spirit has declined till a minister is regarded as a prodigy for simply doing his duty, and if the domestic affections are not extinct, we may doubt whether their survival is not another proof of our effeminacy. The professions are corrupt with two exceptions, law and physic are still tolerably sound, because directly useful even to the most selfish and effeminate; but our politicians are mere jobbers, and our officers mere gamblers and bullies; whilst our clergy have become, and deserved to become, contemptible, because they neglect their duties in order to slumber in stalls, "haunt levées," or follow the gainful trade of election jobbing. Low spirits and nervous disorders have notoriously increased, and made us incapable of self-defence; our cowardice appeared in 1745, and was due not to a decay of spirit in the lower orders, but to the prevalence amongst their superiors of the sentiment which led a gentleman to say, "If the French come, I'll pay, but devil take me if I fight." Suicide is common, but it is the suicide of ruined gamblers, not of despairing patriots. The officers of the army divide their time in peace between milliners' shops and horse races; officers of the navy, even in time of war, attend chiefly to prize-money. The chain of self-interest, now the only binding chain, extends from the lowest cobbler to the King's Prime Minister; but it is but a rope of

sand, and the first shock will dissolve us into an "infinity of factions." Our colonies have outgone us in "fashionable degeneracy," and if the French take North America we shall be confronted by a naval power equal to our own. "Thus, by a gradual and unperceived decline, we seem gliding down from ruin to ruin; we laugh, we sing, we feast, we play," and in blind security, though not in innocence, resemble Pope's lamb licking the hand just raised to shed his blood.'[1]

Within two or three years of this despondent tirade the British arms were successful in every quarter of the globe, and Chatham had proved himself the organizer of victory in the most distant parts of the earth's surface. It was a signal triumph over the great monarchy which Henri IV. and Richelieu had bequeathed to Louis XIV., and it was the achievement of the English oligarchy as settled in 1688. 'England,' wrote one of the most enlightened of our foreign critics, 'degraded by the selfishness of Charles II., as it had formerly been devastated by civil war, distracted by childish theological disputes from 1600 to 1640, enslaved by the Elizabethan autocracy, brutalized by Henry VIII., only developed its full resources after 1688.' During the century that followed, in spite of disasters, in spite of crimes, it was rapidly fulfilling its destiny in becoming 'le centre lumineux de l'Europe du Nord,' and when the clock of Time struck the hour of Revolution it dared to fight alone against the revolution hydra, the great Napoleon. Details might be objected to in the generalization by M. Philarète Chasles (which we have thus summarized), yet it can scarcely be denied that during the long period of Titanic contest for Colonial Empire—a drama in which the curtain fell successfully upon the glorious peace of 1763, the shameful loss of our colonies in 1783, and the

[1] Leslie Stephen's *English Thought in the Eighteenth Century*, ch. x., § 6.

phœnix-like triumph of 1815—the crisis of material expansion was accompanied by manifestations of great intellectual and especially literary grandeur. An illustration of the way in which imaginative vigour and strenuous action go hand in hand was added to those already afforded by Periclean Greece, by Augustan Rome, by Ghaznevidian Persia, by Republican North Italy, by Catholic Spain, by Elizabethan England, and by the *grand siècle* in France.

There was an underside to both the great empires, the early triumphs of which at the outset of our period it is so interesting to contemplate; but the statesmen who committed Great Britain to a world-wide empire, a disproportionate population, and a ubiquitous trade could hardly be expected to foresee that their country thereby was to lose many of its insular advantages, while from the great founders of the empire of the Novel it was perhaps mercifully hidden that the novel was destined not only to wield an offensive tyranny over every other kind of imaginative literature, but, owing to over-production and abuse, to provoke the denunciations of the censors of a distant age as a kind of literary chloral. As a revelation of the immense, hitherto unsuspected, power over men in the mass that was latent in literature, the discovery of the modern novel was hardly less striking than that of the steam printing-press. Benign though its influence was to prove as a whole, like modern journalism, it brought unforeseen evils in its train, one of the worst of which, an enervating sentimentalism, is, as we shall see, most distinctly traceable to our period.

One of the most distinctive intellectual features of the eighteenth century as compared with its predecessors was the widespread spirit of religious toleration. Equal rights were not, indeed, accorded to the different religious sects which co-existed side by side with the official Anglicanism in England, and various archaic penal statutes

might have been invoked at any time against sceptics and unbelievers; but, as a matter of fact, from 1714 onwards scarcely anyone thought of invoking, still less of enforcing, such laws. One of the chief characteristics (and weaknesses) of the age was an amusing complacency, a tendency to optimistic generalization, based too often upon very insufficient data, traceable very clearly from Pope and Bolingbroke to Robertson and Adam Smith. The idea, which was in all probability formulated in the first instance at Versailles under Louis XIV., that society had pretty well reached its final development, and that only slight and superficial changes in manners and sentiments were henceforth to be anticipated, found a most congenial soil in Augustan England. With this came an inclination in England to regard the state of things before the civil war as more or less barbarous, a strong consensus of feeling that antiquities were best left exclusively to lawyers and dryasdusts, a profoundly ignorant contempt for the mediæval period, now nicknamed 'the dark ages,' and a disdainful pity for the 'gloomy' Gothic cathedral and the 'superstitious' worship which it was built to enshrine. The states of mind that a tolerant age found it most difficult to condone are illustrated by three of its bugbears, 'mysticism,' 'fanaticism,' and 'enthusiasm.' The supreme latitudinarianism of the supreme head of the Church (George II.) served as an example which the chief dignitaries of the establishment did their best to follow. A little later in the century Wilberforce affords us in the case of Thomas Whalley[1] 'a true picture of a sensible, well-informed and educated, polished, old, well-beneficed, nobleman's and gentleman's house frequenting, literary and chess-playing divine.' When you look behind this amiable (and typical)

[1] Born in 1746, author of *The Fatal Kiss*, a poem (1781), and *Verses to Mrs. Siddons* (1782).

product, you find a curate starving upon a pittance and doing the rector's work in a fen-parish so unhealthy that the bishop of the diocese (Ely) when he conferred the benefice upon his well-connected friend, made the express stipulation that he should never enter into residence. Among the curates upon whom the parochial work devolved, nine out of ten carefully abstained from dwelling, when in the pulpit, upon Christian doctrine. Such topics exposed the preacher to the dreaded charge of fanaticism. Even the sober Crabbe was stigmatized as 'a Methody,' because he introduced into his sermon the notion of future reward and punishment. An orthodox clergyman, it was held, should be content to demonstrate to his people the worldly advantage of good conduct, and to leave heaven and hell to the ranters. Yet the Church at the close of George II.'s reign was (in a thoroughly worldly way) benevolent and philanthropic, and upon the whole decidedly prosperous. The old Protestant dissent seemed dwindling, and never had the prospect of a general comprehension seemed so likely to be eventually realized. The churchmen, however, in their complete indifference to the spiritual side of Christianity, and to the hidden spring that moves man to be religious, had entirely under-estimated both the strength of the Protestant spirit and of the schismatic temper in the English race.

The theological passion that had responded to the fierce call of Knox, the gentler enthusiasm that had kindled at the voice of Herbert, was in reality far from extinct. The preaching of the Wesleys and Whitefield from 1748 onwards woke up the religious heart of England. The vast crowds which on moor or hillside, in the deserted quarries of the west or the windswept downs of the north, listened spellbound to the new preachers, 'almost maddened by the passionate tone of exhortation, lifted into heaven and shaken over hell' in turns as the sermon went on, crying aloud,

writhing on the ground — these crowds demanded the means of giving vent to their religious emotion. Their needs descended to Cowper through John Newton, and found vent in his hymns and poems, constituting one of the direct causes of the renaissance of intense passion and personal feeling in English poetry.

The same schismatic spirit, which seems implicit in the intense love of independence that is characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon, was abundantly manifested in the great historical event of the century, the revolt of the American colonies. One of the disadvantages of the great victories of 1759-60 was that by ridding the colonists of all danger from the French it gave them both the idea and the possibility of accomplishing a much more complete emancipation from European connection. In men of lofty ideas such as Burke, arising above the mere squalor of faction, the misunderstanding due to the arrogant assertion bred of ultra-Imperialist notions on the one hand, and to a somewhat sordid and narrow view of self-interest on the other, must have given rise to some inexpressibly sad thoughts; for the eventual separation did not merely deal a terrible blow at British prestige, it was also the death-blow to one of the fairest prospects of humanity.[1]

[1] It is a circumstance of happy augury that the political and social schism which split up the English race has not been followed, as was gloomily predicted, by a bifurcation of tongue—at least as far as the written language is concerned. The solidarity of English literature on both sides of the Atlantic has, indeed, been confirmed and assured by a small series of lucky incidents. Among these may be mentioned: (1) Among the greatest of Johnson's successors in lexicography have been conspicuous two Americans, Noah Webster and William Dwight Whitney. Both Webster's *International* and Whitney's *Century Dictionary* have been at least as widely used and appreciated in England as in the States. (2) The dilatoriness of the United States Government in according an equit-

But while losing the Western hemisphere, England, 'in a fit of absence of mind,' as has been said, was gaining empires elsewhere. One of the most remarkable of these conquests was that which English literature (not without valuable aid from British commerce) was gaining for the English language. English literature in the seventeenth century had been to the rest of Europe a note of interrogation. Shortly after the Restoration (1660) the French government had caused diplomatic inquiries to be made, just as in the present day a consul-general in the Corea might be directed to ascertain if there were any native literature. The great French writers of Molière's day had established French as the polite language of Western Europe, and in preference to the hitherto universal Latin as the language of diplomacy. By the Age of Johnson all this is completely changed. Voltaire and Prévost had already begun to eulogize, and then more gradually to popularize, our literature, and they were being zealously followed by Diderot and by Rousseau. Papers like the *Journal Etrangère* made English literary topics the staple of their communications. A regular class of 'Anglomanes'

able measure of copyright protection to British authors has flooded America with standard English authors sold at a fraction above cost-price. (3) The hitherto unrivalled excellence of the great American illustrated magazines has made them literally, what the first French Review professes to be, *Reviews of Two Worlds*. A writer in New England always has readers in Old England in view, and *vice versâ*. (4) Franklin, as we shall see, was to all intents and purposes an English writer, who modelled himself upon Swift and Defoe. Among his successors three of the greatest and most widely popular, Washington Irving, Hawthorne, and Longfellow, are peculiarly English in tone and sentiment as well as in manner, and consequently in phrasing. Of the other American writers in the Pantheon of World Literature, Poe, Emerson, and Lowell (to whom may possibly be added Thoreau and Holmes), all may strictly claim to be wells of English undefiled.

began to be recognized, at their head Suard, the translator of Robertson, who claimed for himself the consideration of a magister whenever England or English subjects came up for discussion. A large group of French critics looked to England for emancipation from the bonds of classicism, for untutored strength and originality, and for the development of individualistic philosophy, no less than for a practical embodiment of the noblest conceptions of liberty.

Simultaneously the English language was admitted to be establishing itself as a dangerous rival to that of France. In 1783 the Royal Academy of Berlin proposed as the subject for its prize essay, 'To what circumstance is due the Universality of the French tongue?' and the winning essay by Rivarol bore the motto 'Tu regere *eloquio* populos, O Galle, memento.' Gibbon formed the idea of writing his history in French, as he wrote many of his letters and some portion of his *Memoirs*, but Hume, strongly tinged though he was with the spirit of the *Encyclopédie*, induced the historian to write in English. Our solid and increasing establishment in America, he urged, promises a superior stability and duration to the English language; and his advice was conceived in a prescient spirit at least as far as the language is concerned. Only three years after Rivarol's essay, a German writer, Janisch, in his prize essay upon a comparison of fourteen languages, assigned the general palm of excellence to English, as the interpreter of the literature of Europe. Rivarol himself had already conceded that, as far as its literature was concerned, England might be deemed to dispute the palm even with France. Some fifty years later Thomas Watts, the great linguist, pronounced the prospects of the English language (the coping-stones to the popularity of which had been laid in the meantime by the world-wide fame of Scott and Byron) to be the most splendid that the world had ever seen, and

there is little doubt that to-day the writer of English addresses the largest audience.

There is ample justification for saying that this great position was secured between 1750 and 1800, the period which witnessed the culmination of English prose—for it is upon a sound, clear, and flexible prose alone as a substructure that the world-wide popularity of a language can be reared. When Voltaire began to write, the superiority of French as a vehicle for popularizing knowledge and conveying information upon a variety of subjects to the general reader seemed quite beyond challenge. In clear, direct, and forcible expression the only competitor we could possibly venture to put into the field would be Swift. As the century advanced, however, the perfect adaptability of English to almost every kind of prose, and its capacity to express the nicest shades in each, were triumphantly vindicated. In the highest varieties of prose it is sufficient to mention the names of Chesterfield, Goldsmith, and Sterne; in prose dialogue, Sheridan and Boswell; in memoir or chronicle, Hervey and Walpole; in argumentative prose, Paley and Watson; in controversy, Horsley and Lowth; and in the delightful sphere of the familiar letter, in which Lady Wortley Montagu had toiled in vain after Mme. de Sévigné, such exquisite artists as Cowper and Gray.

By the excellent work which he put into his *Dictionary*, Johnson refined, as he undoubtedly consolidated, the English language. In his later life, together with not a few of his early eccentricities of manner, he threw off much of his ancient fondness for long words, involved phrases, and balanced epithets, and in his *Lives of the Poets* he has left a monument of strong, masculine, and dignified prose.

On the other hand, it must be admitted that with the increasing dignity of English prose there went a certain liability to pomposity, and Johnson cannot be acquitted

of having assisted the evil tendency, for the influence of his periodical essays, though it can easily be overrated, must yet have been considerable. The stimulus given to science by the foundation of the Royal Society, and the ever-growing ardour with which scientific speculation was pursued, exercised a not altogether favourable influence upon our speech.[1] The need for a wider scientific vocabulary gave an impulse to the excessive Latinization of the language, thus oversetting the delicate balance which is so noteworthy in the beautiful phrases of the English Prayer Book. At a critical moment Johnson threw his influence upon the same side. It is impossible to say how far his personal influence may have extended, but since his day the tendency has been permanent for purely English words to lose the precision that attached to them in the days of Swift, and for words of Latin origin to be preferred in their stead.

There seemed some ground for apprehension that what

[1] Curiously enough a committee was appointed, shortly after its foundation, by the Royal Society, in order to consider the improvement of the English tongue. John Evelyn wrote on June 20th, 1665, a very interesting letter on the subject to Sir Peter Wyche, chairman of this committee, recommending, among other things, a liberal admission of foreign words. 'Let us,' he says '(as the Romans did the Greek), make as many of these do homage to us as are like to prove good citizens.' A good many French words were admitted to the English language during the second half of the eighteenth century, but the reciprocity was fairly maintained upon the whole. English writers borrowed : anachronism, anecdote, badinage, denouement, epaulet, reconnoitre, cotillon, cabriolet, creole, suicide, adequate, aggrandize, appreciate, decadence, inadvertence. Most of these have done homage. The French borrowed from us during the same period : budget, cabine, club, coke, corporation, croup, drawback, excise, gentleman, interloper, jury, jockey (libre-penseur), obstruction, pamphlet, parloir, vote, toast.

our prose was gaining in lucidity, sobriety, and order, it might be losing in colour, in sensitiveness and delicacy of tone—that its increased efficiency as an instrument of thought might be symptomatic of atrophy in regard to the higher, imaginative qualities. The danger appears sufficiently real for us to value very highly the devotion of Sterne in the quest of the *mot propre*. He did not, it is true, dedicate his life to the pursuit, as did Stevenson. A banal epithet or a clumsy phrase did not disturb the action of his heart, as it did Flaubert's; but he went so far as to place an entirely new value upon choice of words and variety of periods, upon the 'transitions' and the 'cadences' of English prose.

It is surprising how many types of literary production with which we are now familiar were first moulded into definitive and classical form during the Johnsonian period. In addition to the novel one need only mention the economic treatise, as exemplified for the first time in the admirable symmetry of *The Wealth of Nations*, the diary of a faithful observer of Nature such as Gilbert White, the historico-philosophical tableau as exemplified by Robertson and Gibbon, the light political parody of which the poetry of *The Anti-Jacobin* affords so many excellent models; and, going to the other extreme, the ponderous archæological or topographical monograph, as exemplified in Stuart and Revett's *Antiquities of Athens*, in Robert Wood's colossal *Ruins of Palmyra* (1753), or the monumental *History of Leicestershire* by John Nichols. Such works as this last might well seem the outcome of Horace Walpole's maxim: In this scribbling age 'let those who can't write, glean.' In a word, the literary landscape in Johnson's day was slowly but surely assuming the general outlines to which we are all accustomed. The literary conditions of the period dated from the time of Pope in their main features,

and it is quite possible that they were more considerably modified in Johnson's own lifetime than they have been since. The booksellers, or, as they would now be called, publishers, were steadily superseding the old ties of patronage, and basing their relations with authors upon a commercial footing. A stage in their progress is marked by the success of Johnson's friend Strahan, who kept a coach, 'a credit to literature.' The evolution of a normal status for the author was aided by the definition of copyright and the extinction of piracy, first in Scotland and Ireland, and eventually in America.

Upon the whole, it would seem that poetry, history, and most critical or speculative work of a high order were decidedly better paid then than now. The demand was then relatively much stronger for the moral essay or the book of solid information, so much so that the period has been defined as one in which authors had ceased to write for students and had not begun to write for women; when, supplementing the professed student who devoured folios of erudite stamp, there appeared as a class of literary consumers a growing body of strong-headed, practical men. To this period we must at the same time refer the appearance upon the foothills of the Parnassus range of a 'monstrous regiment of women' authors. The era of literary overproduction definitely commences, and ever since the Age of Johnson, in all the lower grades of letters, the scope of the purveyors of books has been enormously increased, while competition has produced its inevitable results.

Taking a final glance at the period as a whole, one observes more and more clearly how the relative superiority of our political machinery reacted in a favourable sense upon the literary development. While trembling upon the brink of the industrial changes that were so largely to

transform their external conditions, the people still clung with an intuitive attachment to their old insular ideals, and one can point to no period in which the nation's life, manners, and literature have been more distinctively English, or more thoroughly and greatly original. The germs of the great Romantic movement—the revival of the older balladry and poetry, the widening popularity of the newer landscape poetry—the forces about to animate a new generation, all can be discerned in stages of vigorous growth; but upon the whole the period is one less of transition than of termination, the garnering up of a great age—the harvest of the Augustan period in our literature after its rich blossoming in the days of Queen Anne.

The best service that the unknown writer of a small book upon an important subject can render to his readers is a conspicuous act of homage to the eminent writers who have written great books upon it. The primacy among such writers is due upon all grounds to William Hazlitt, most stimulating of critics; with his opponents when living he may have been irritable, but to the Whigs and Tories of a past age his geniality is impartial. Opposed to him in many ways stands Robert Southey, one of the first of our biographers, whose *Life of Wesley* and *Life and Letters of Cowper* merit a large share of the eulogy that has been lavished upon the *Life of Nelson*. On many of the writers of Johnson's day Macaulay has written with an imperishable vigour, and his voice still rings and echoes so loudly in our ears that we are in danger of losing much that is uttered in a lower key. Of the century that he surveyed with such incomparable brilliancy, he was never to enter into full possession; but his mantle has fallen upon worthy successors in Mr. Lecky and Mr. Morley,

eminent (as he was) in politics and letters alike. It is significant that the first of our living critics has chosen the same century as his province; but the praises of the author of *English Thought in the Eighteenth Century* are best read in the *Letters* of Lowell, a worthy rival in critical good sense, whose own *Study Windows* open so delightfully upon *Selborne*. Then there is the biographer of *Hogarth* and *Horace Walpole*, who, to fill up insterstices, has given us those *Vignettes* of the eighteenth century that rival Meissonier in delicacy and sparkle. A like devotion to the minutiæ of our period is manifested by Dr. Birkbeck Hill and Professor Bury; for where shall we find such great books so well edited as Boswell's *Johnson* and Gibbon's *Decline and Fall?* We have reserved, for the purpose of emphasis, an expression of the gratitude that is due from every student of the eighteenth century to those French critics who are, at the present day, treading in the footsteps of Suard and Villemain, of Chasles and De Rémusat, of Scherer and Sainte-Beuve. Where writers such as Montégut and Stapfer, Texte and Chevrillon, are in the field, we confine ourselves with difficulty to specify but three: Alexandre Beljame, whose study of the transformation of literary conditions at the commencement of the century is laboured with an amplitude and a technical skill that stir every reader to amazement; Léon Morel, from whose superb monograph on *James Thomson* it seems invidious to select for especial praise the chapters upon the sentiment of Nature in English poetry; and Auguste Angellier, who, venturing bravely within the jealously guarded jurisdiction of the Northern Lights, has erected a literary beacon that will shine wherever admirers of *Robert Burns* are to be found.

T. S.

HAMPSTEAD.
September, 1899.

'There has been much extravagant talk among romantic critics of Johnson's prejudices, and even of his incapacity as a judge of poetry. Time will avenge him on these critics; and Time has begun to do his work. The minor poets of our own day may well be glad that Johnson is not alive among them.'

WALTER RALEIGH, *Six Essays on Johnson.*

'Son nom semble avoir survécu à la plus grande partie de ses écrits. On les vante plus qu'on ne les lit. Il parlait bien mieux qu'il n'écrivait: le travail refroidissait son inspiration; dans ses livres il est fort au-dessous de nos grands écrivains; mais, dans sa conversation, il était doué d'une chaleur qui entraînait, d'une force des expressions qu'il trouvait sans les chercher.'

DE SÉGUR ON DIDEROT, *Mémoires,* iii, 41.

'The world is not so constructed that a fool, by sheer force of loquacity and indiscretion, can make a pompous old dogmatist into one of the great live figures of history. What happened was something very different. A man of profound humanity and conquering intellect lived a private life in London, never seeking public fame or exalted company, content to amuse his leisure hours with the conversation of his friends. So great was the force of his mind and character that he became famous in spite of himself, and his lightest sayings were treasured and chronicled by those about him. But only one of them fully saw what was passing before the eyes of all. Not everyone can see a great event while it happens, or a great man while he lives. If Boswell had this power, it was because his mind, naturally quick and curious, was made almost preternaturally sensible by the overwhelming reverence and affection that he felt for Johnson. . . . It was not Boswell who made Johnson; it was Johnson, who by his wealth of tenderness and sympathy, his understanding of the human situation, its joys and sorrows, awoke in the breast of his own generation a response which, diffused at first, and speaking in many voices, at last gathered strength and definiteness, and expressed itself in the voice of James Boswell.'

WALTER RALEIGH, *Six Essays.*

THE AGE OF JOHNSON.

CHAPTER I.

ESSAYISTS AND CRITICS.

Dr. Johnson is more readily accepted as a literary figure-head than any English author, and when we speak of 'The Age of Johnson' the expression is less an arbitrary chronological convention than an admission that in the popular imagination Johnson's figure dominates the literary group in which he was a unit. The fact is rather an anomalous one, for as an author—even in a period distinguished by no one commanding influence of the comprehensive genius of a Shakespeare or a Swift, a Voltaire or a Hugo—Johnson can hardly be said to occupy an undisputed place in the first rank. The mocking inquiry that De Quincey makes of Dr. Parr's admirers, 'What has he written?' or the verdict that Lecky more recently applied with great force to an author famous in our own day,[1] might with little modification be employed in the case of our 'literary dictator.' As Mr. Dobson only half playfully asks:

[1] 'Of all the books, essays, pamphlets, that issued from the pen of Gladstone, it is more than doubtful if there is any one that will be hereafter valued either for the beauty of its expression or for the intrinsic wisdom of its contents.'

> 'Who now reads Johnson? if he pleases still,
> 'Tis most for dormitive or sleeping pill.'

The memory of other authors, says Macaulay, is kept alive by their books, but the memory of Johnson keeps many of his books alive. His writings were admired by his own age—his was indeed the singular destiny of being regarded 'in his own age as a classic, and in ours as a companion'—but there must have been a very large body of dissentients even among his contemporaries; and when we speak of Johnson as literary dictator, the mental reservations that we have to make are truly considerable. He was not in any sense like a Boileau or a Pope, admitted as arbiter and feared as a censor by everyone who aspired to be considered a wit. From all the most original minds of his day he was in some way or other alienated, the solitary but important exception being Edmund Burke. Hume was his *bête noir*. Adam Smith he disliked, and Monboddo was his laughing-stock; by Walpole, whom he regarded as a fribble, he was reciprocally despised; Gibbon thought of him as Chesterfield would have done, as a powerful but very rude old Tartar. Fielding he would not touch for fear of being defiled; Sterne he read, but only 'on a journey,' and then apparently with shame. Gray was too fine for him, and Churchill too coarse; Warton too romantic, and Foote too pedestrian; Capell too narrow, and Voltaire too free. Johnson was thus in a very partial sense only the literary representative of his age; but he was, as we shall perceive, greater as a man than as an author, and as a man he was to a rare extent typical of a common English ideal.

The English are undoubtedly fond of moral commonplace, in which Johnson abounded, but he is not specially dear to us on that account. We readily admit that he is over sententious—his didacticism is often exceedingly com-

monplace, his truisms over true. Yet no man has been more indulgent to the weaknesses of others or more honest in acknowledgment of his own. He was indeed the victim of inconsistency and of strange prejudices, but they were not hypocritical or time-serving prejudices, for we know from abundant testimony that his good deeds were as numerous as his good sayings. The truth of his hold over our imaginations is that deep down in his nature are to be found many, if not most, of the qualities which we English especially prize. A man with his roots stubbornly in the past; a respecter of the traditional order and of property, not from interest, but from instinct; brave, with a certain dogged pride and boastfulness about himself; contentious in argument, yet ready to admit and to pardon most forms of human weakness; a lover of truth and a hater of cant and artifice; merciful to the weak, but obstinate upon slight pretext in opposition to strained authority or in defence of professional or sectional rights of prescription, Johnson in conversation and temper was just such an Englishman as might be found the little king of many a tavern parlour. The unusual combination of these qualities with those of a scholar, and a wit, and a writer-of-all-work, eminent for the force and dignity of his pen, contributed to give Johnson his unique position. The discovery of a Xenophon for the British Socrates in the person of Boswell was all that was needed for his memory to be kept alive with an ardour second only to that of Shakespeare. And, thanks to Boswell and his rivals and his editors, wherever Johnson pervades there we may confidently expect an atmosphere of good humour and good things.

Born at Lichfield on September 18th, 1709, Samuel Johnson was the son of Michael Johnson, a bookseller in the western midlands, who settled at Lichfield after various peregrinations, and imbibed some of the prejudices of

a cathedral city; and who transmitted to his son, besides a sentiment of conservatism in Church and State, a powerful frame and a 'vile melancholy.' His mother [Ford] was of gentle Warwickshire descent. Samuel as a youth suffered from scrofula, and was touched for the evil by Queen Anne, whose silver penny he retained along with the recollection of a lady in diamonds and a long black hood. No less than his recollections, the roots of Johnson's literary and political sentiment went back to the days of Queen Anne. He learned Latin at Lichfield school, and learned it well. He could converse in it readily, and often did so until quite late in life. 'My master whip't me well,' he vouchsafed in explanation of his facility. He believed in the rod, saying of the humane Dr. Rose's boys that what they gained at one end they lost at the other; and, like Cowper, he had no faith in emulation as a stimulus. At Oxford he seems to have been poor and struggling, and, though he enjoyed a certain reputation for wit and scholarship, insubordinate. Like Gibbon, like De Quincey, he was scarcely influenced at all by the regular curriculum, and he left without taking a degree. Like his contemporaries ('I never knew a man who studied hard'), he received but little aid from his tutors in combating 'the disease of idleness.' In October, 1729, he inscribed the pathetic resolution, '*Desidiæ valedixi.*' The two leading events of his university career were, first his rendering into Latin hexameters of Pope's *Messiah*, a performance which was shown to the great man in 1731 and elicited his approval, and secondly his reading of Law's *Serious Call*, which powerfully affected him—'I expected to find it a dull book, but I found it quite an overmatch for me.' From this time his religious sense remained active until the end.

Samuel Johnson (1709-1784).

Johnson's father died in December, 1731, and his inheritance proved no more than £20. After a dismal experience as an usher he went to Birmingham, where he translated Lobo's *Voyage to Abyssinia* for the chief bookseller-publisher of the town, and in July, 1735, being then twenty-six, he married a widow, Elizabeth Porter (born Jarvis). She was twenty and a half years older than he was, and she had a fortune of nearly £1,000; but the marriage was 'a love match on both sides' (so Johnson told Beauclerk). The newly-married pair set up a school at Edial, near Lichfield, where Johnson had two pupils, George and David Garrick. It was suggested that he should take orders, but he was reluctant to adopt the pulpit, his predilection for more secular haunts being already in grain, and in 1737 he determined to try his fortune in the capital as a literary adventurer. He set out with a few guineas, three acts of the tragedy of *Irene* in manuscript, and two or three letters of introduction in his pocket. His wife followed him next year.

No one ever did more than Johnson to regularize the position of the paid author and to emancipate him from the patron; but the transition period was a trying one for the professional writer. 'Johnson entered on his vocation in the most dreary part of the dreary interval which separated two ages of prosperity. Literature had ceased to flourish under the patronage of the great, and had not begun to flourish under the patronage of the public.' The booksellers of the day were the smallest of small capitalists, and liable to have even their comparatively small gains pilfered by pirates in Dublin, if not nearer home (for the law of copyright was still in an embryo condition); they could only subsist at all by 'sweating' their authors. Such occupation as was open to the professional 'hackney' was soon obtained by Johnson. From 1738 he was em-

ployed by Edward Cave upon *The Gentleman's Magazine*, now seven years old. One of his chief tasks was the compilation from rough notes supplied by Cave of the parliamentary debates. The idea was to supply 'the essence of parliament,' but as direct reporting was forbidden, the speakers were introduced under transparent nicknames as senators of Lilliput. Where the notes were defective, Johnson drew upon his own imagination, taking care, as he afterwards declared, 'that the Whig dogs should not have the best of it.' In this same year (1738) he got £10 for his poem *London*, 'in imitation of the Third Satire of Juvenal,' in which he adopts the conventional mode of Pope and the artificial theories about the corruption of town life, as subsequently developed by Goldsmith and Rousseau. Pope prophesied that the author would soon be *déterré*. In the meantime, however, he was occupied upon translations and even less remunerative work. Osborne the bookseller had the temerity to reprove him for some negligence in preparing a catalogue of the Harleian Library, and was knocked down by the offended scholar with a folio Septuagint. 'I have beat many a fellow,' said the great man afterwards to Mrs. Piozzi, 'but the rest had the wit to hold their tongues.' In 1744 he wrote off at a white heat his powerful though erroneous *Life of Richard Savage*, a scamp whose talent was threadbare enough, but whose wide experience of life had gained him the ear and the sympathy of Johnson, ever ready to listen to a tale of distress. *The Life of Savage* contributed greatly to extend Johnson's reputation. He was one day sitting in Robert Dodsley's shop when that bookseller took occasion to observe that a dictionary of the English language would be a work that would be well received by the public. Johnson caught at the idea, but after a pause said, 'I believe I shall not undertake it.'

He had, however, pondered such a work, and Dodsley's suggestion probably clinched the matter. The bookseller induced him in 1747 to address a scheme or 'Plan' of the dictionary to Lord Chesterfield, then Secretary of State and the contemporary Mæcenas. The payment of the work was undertaken by a combination of booksellers. Johnson was to receive a sum of £1,575, out of which he had to pay several amanuenses. Asked by Dr. Adams how he expected to finish such a work in three years, while the French Academy of forty had taken forty years to compile their dictionary, Johnson replied jocularly, 'Sir, thus it is: this is the proportion; 40 times 40 is 1,600. As 3 to 1,600, so is the proportion of an Englishman to a Frenchman.' It took five or six men the best part of eight years before the *Dictionary* was complete. In the meantime, in January, 1749, appeared his second poem, *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, a poem more sincere in its melancholy than its predecessor, an exercise greatly admired by Scott and by Byron, and indeed, as an expression of rhetorical gloom, hardly to be surpassed. The same year saw the production of Johnson's tragedy *Irene*, at Drury Lane, through the kind offices of his friend Garrick. The player's zeal procured for *Irene* a better reception than it deserved (it ran for nine evenings). Apart from its frigidity and its lack of dramatic interest, the blank verse in which it is composed is execrably bad, speaking volumes as to Johnson's subsequent judgments upon pre-Drydenian verse. The great lexicographer probably cherished some illusions about his early tragedy, but when asked how he felt upon his ill-success, replied, 'Like the Monument.'

About a year after the representation of *Irene*, Johnson began to publish a series of short essays on morals, manners, and literature. This species of composition had been brought into fashion by the success of *The Tatler*,

and by the still more brilliant success of *The Spectator*. A crowd of small writers under the first two Georges had attempted to rival Addison and Steele, and the London booksellers still had the utmost faith in these weekly or bi-weekly issues.[1] In March, 1750, while his *Dictionary*

[1] During the *Rambler* and *Idler* period, that is, between 1750 and 1760 (as Dr. Nathan Drake points out), not less than twenty periodical papers were candidates for public favour. The most notable of these were *The World*, started by Edward Moore in 1753, and numbering Chesterfield, Horace Walpole, Soame Jenyns, Lord Hailes, Joseph Warton, and numerous other notabilities of the day among its contributors; and *The Connoisseur*, started by Colman and his friend Bonnell Thornton in January, 1754, and numbering among its volunteers Cowper and Duncombe, Lloyd and Orator Henley. Then there was the short-lived *Dreamer*, started by the once famous wit Dr. William King (1685-1763), principal of St. Mary Hall, Oxford; there was Goldsmith's ephemeridal *Bee* (1759); there was *The Visitor* (1760) of Dr. William Dodd, whom Johnson tried in vain to save from the gallows; and there was poor Kit Smart's *Universal Visitor* (1756). Excluding the political periodicals, such as Smollett's *Briton* and Wilkes's more famous *North Briton*, we come a little later to *The Mirror*, written largely by the 'man of feeling,' Henry Mackenzie, followed by the more deserving *Lounger* and R. Cumberland's *Observer* (1785), which brings us down to *The Microcosm*, started at Eton on November 6th, 1786 (see Chap. X.). But the most direct of all *The Rambler's* rivals was *The Adventurer*, started by Dr. John Hawkesworth (1719-1773) in 1752. He was aided in this not only by Joseph Warton and Richard Bathurst, but also by Johnson himself. It appeared every Thursday and Saturday, for twopence, down to No. 140 (March 9th, 1754), and affords an excellent example of the growing *influence* of Dr. Johnson's style. The allegories and domestic tales in which these essays abounded became the natural property of the novelists of the next age. Hawkesworth, apart from his claim to rank as a classical essayist, is remembered for his edition of Swift (1765) and his severely criticised edition of Cook's *Voyages* (1773). To get an idea of the richness of the periodical literature of the eighteenth century the student must bury himself in Nathan Drake's most instructive though somewhat ill-arranged *Essays* (1810).

was in mid-course, Johnson entered this field of industry with his *Rambler*, which continued to appear at the price of twopence every Tuesday and Saturday down to March, 1752. The monthly *causerie* of to-day exhausts, after a short interval, the capacity of many of our writers to interest their readers. Johnson wrote *The Ramblers* with practically no extraneous aid, amid a variety of other labours, and though the circulation was less than five hundred he won some judicious admirers. This explains the fact that as soon as the flying leaves were collected and reprinted they became extremely popular, and were widely regarded as models of wholesome sentiment and a perfect style. In them we see Johnson first definitely adopting the style for which he is specially renowned and deliberately translating his thoughts from the vernacular idiom into the splendours of his 'Latinistic speech.' The wags maintained that the hard words were used to show how indispensable was a large folio dictionary. 'His *Essays* I detest,' wrote Horace Walpole. 'They are full of what I call *triptology*, or repeating the same thing thrice over, so that three papers to the same effect might be made out of any one paper in *The Rambler*.' Of all the fifteen thousand *Ramblers* sold, the dust upon very few is disturbed at the present day. As Mr. Raleigh pleasantly remarks, 'The otiose prolongation of the periods, and the superabundance of polysyllabic vocables, render the task of the intrepid adventurer who shall endeavour to peruse the earlier performances of this writer an undertaking of no inconsiderable magnitude.' But from these levels Johnson, having reached the perfection of the sententious, could scarcely fail to decline; and consequently, in his second series of essays, known as *The Idler* (1758-60), the vein is considerably lighter, and we are treated to the portrait of Dick Minim, a criticaster whom Johnson has drawn for us *ad vivum*.

The great work, the 'Plan' of which had been addressed to Chesterfield in 1747, at length appeared on April 15th, 1755, in two folio volumes, at two guineas each, as *A Dictionary of the English Language, in which the words are deduced from their originals and illustrated in their different significations by examples from the best writers.* Johnson's *Dictionary* was a great advance upon its predecessors;[1] the excellence of its definitions and the judicious selection of illustrative passages (a feature new to the work) make it entertaining as well as useful. Philology, however, was less of an exact science then than now, and the most obvious defect of the *Dictionary* was due to Johnson's etymological deficiencies, his ignorance of the early forms of the language, and his indifference to the growth of words and significations. He simply aimed at fixing the actual sense of words employed by the best authors, and this he did surprisingly well.

When the *Dictionary* was just about to appear, Chester-

[1] Before 1755 the standard English dictionary was that of Nathan Bailey (d. 1742), which reached a 24th edition in 1782, and which Chatham read twice through; it was upon an interleaved copy of Bailey that Johnson and his assistants worked. Such well-known personages in various spheres as Daniel Defoe, Edward Cocker, and John Wesley were sponsors for dictionaries of which we may be sure there were plenty of purchasers. For their etymologies and derivations all the compilers alike were indebted to the *Etymologicon* of Francis Junius, a contemporary of Isaac Casaubon! Johnson corrected four editions of his work. Some of his humorous definitions—such as lexicographer, 'a harmless drudge'—are justly famous. The commissioners of *excise* were so sore about his definition of that word that they took the opinion of the Attorney-General as to whether they could not proceed against the work as libellous. Some young ladies imputed to Johnson as a good deed that he had omitted all 'naughty words.' 'So, my dears,' he replied, with a sly good humour very characteristic of him, 'you have been looking for them.'

field bethought himself of the quasi-responsibility which he had incurred by accepting the dedication in 1747. He had, said Johnson, not too politely, 'for many years taken no notice of me, but he now fell a-scribbling' in *The World* about the forthcoming work. Ninety-nine authors out of a hundred would have condoned the neglect in consideration of a recommendation so flattering as that of the great and urbane Chesterfield; but Johnson was made of sturdier stuff. 'I wrote him a letter,' he tells us, 'expressed in *civil terms*,' and nothing that Johnson ever did is upon the whole more admirable than this civil epistle. His letter is not animated by a tone of indignant moral reproof (like Burke's *Letter to a Noble Lord*, or Hazlitt's to Gifford, or Cowper's *Valediction*), but as a polite and overwhelming snub administered by a poor scholar to a great noble it has never been approached, and it marks a new era in the story of literary self-help. The rebuke so well deserved was prepared with unrivalled spirit and with evident enjoyment by Johnson, and it appears to have been taken in admirable part by its victim, than whom no one could better have appreciated the peculiar merit of the execution.

The *Dictionary*, which added so greatly to Johnson's reputation, added nothing to his pecuniary resources, for the payment had already been anticipated, and Johnson had to fall back upon the old forms of drudgery. He abridged his *Dictionary*, issued proposals for an edition of Shakespeare, and commenced a new series of essays, entitled *The Idler*. These varied labours did not suffice to keep him out of debt, and twice during a twelvemonth after the completion of the great *Dictionary*, he was carried to spunging-houses, and was only released through the intervention of his good friend Samuel Richardson. In 1759 his affectionate nature received a shock by the death of his mother at Lichfield, aged ninety. 'I have

only you now,' he wrote to his stepdaughter Lucy Porter. He had sent his mother money to the last from his ill-supplied purse, and, in order to pay her funeral expenses and outstanding small debts, he wrote in the evenings of a single week his ethico-imaginative romance, *Rasselas*. (He got £100 for the effort; novel-writing had already established itself as the remunerative branch of the profession. Johnson was well aware of this, or he would not have experimented in a *genre* of writing for which he had no faculty.) *Rasselas* is modelled upon one of the homily-tales of *The Spectator*, having for its theme the author's favourite topic of *Vanitas Vanitatum*, and recalling in some particulars Voltaire's simultaneous but much more brilliant assault upon optimism in *Candide*. The plan of *Rasselas* supposes a happy valley in Abyssinia, where the royal princes are confined in total seclusion, but with ample supplies for every conceivable want. Rasselas, who has been thus educated, becomes curious as to the outside world, and at last makes his escape with his sister and the ancient sage Imlac. Under Imlac's guidance they survey life and manners in various stations; they make the acquaintance of philosophers, statesmen, hermits, and men of the world, and discuss their experiences much in the style of *The Rambler*, with the result that by common consent they resolve upon returning to the happy valley. Macaulay's strictures upon Johnson's geography are just about as applicable as they would be to Lilliput, for *Rasselas* is clearly to be ranked in the class of *voyages imaginaires*. It is a fine example of Johnson's sonorous phraseology, sober-hued wisdom, and penetrative wit.

In July, 1762, through the representations of influential friends to the much-abused Tory minister Bute, Johnson was granted a government pension of £300 a year, as a recognition mainly of his services to literature in connec-

tion with the *Dictionary*. He had defined a pension in that work as 'pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country'; but when the opposition jeered, Johnson said robustly that he wished the noise twice as loud, and the pension twice as great. Lucian in like case had issued an *Apology*. He now said good-bye to the hard labour of the Grub Street galley-slave, and indulged his constitutional indolence. In 1763 he made the acquaintance of Boswell, and in 1764, with a weekly supper at the Turk's Head, Gerrard Street, Soho, was started the famous 'Club,' a reincarnation of more Bohemian gatherings of earlier days in Ivy Lane and its purlieus.[1] The fierce light that plays upon the throne of an elected monarch was henceforth upon Johnson. The more remarkable is the legacy that he has left to his countrymen of an essentially noble character. While living from hand to mouth, it is recorded of him that he would put pennies into the hands of outcast children sleeping in the streets, so that when they woke they might find a breakfast. Later in life he spent the greater part of his pension in bounty. For himself he had few needs but conversation. A London tavern was his natural theatre; his topics, metaphysical discussion, moral theory, systems of religion, and literary anecdote. General history he cared little for; but biography was his delight, and he had many of the qualifications of a first-rate

[1] 'The Club,' as it is simply denominated, has maintained to this day its glorious tradition. Gibbon and Fox joined in 1774; Adam Smith in 1775; Sheridan, Lord Ashburton, Sir Joseph Banks, Windham, Lord Stowell, and Lord Spencer in 1778. During the last eighty years, out of fifteen prime ministers, seven have been members of the Club. Hallam, Grote, Milman, Macaulay, Sydney Smith, Tennyson, were members, as were Lord Acton, Mr. Lecky, Mr. Balfour, Lord Dufferin, Lord Rosebery, and Sir R. Jebb. For particulars as to the later history of the Club, see *Edinburgh Review*, July, 1898. It celebrated Johnson's bicentenary 18 Sept. 1909.

biographer. One of the chief arts he recognized was the management of the mind; but though endowed with this faculty to a remarkable extent, and also with humour, he could not dominate either his melancholy or his growing aversion to put pen to paper. 'Presto,' he once said to a dog at the house of his friends the Thrales, at Streatham, 'you are, if possible, a more lazy dog than I am.' Nevertheless, in 1765, stung by a gibe from Churchill, he managed to get out his edition of Shakespeare,[1] described as 'at press' as early as 1757, and in 1775 he published his *Tour to the Hebrides*, describing the journey he made to the Western Islands with Boswell in 1773. After this he wrote nothing (apart from his admirable letters to Mrs. Thrale and others, and a few minor poems and fragments) until 1777, when he commenced the most permanent of his writings, and that one which falls least behind his conversation in excellence. *The Lives of the*

[1] The previous editors of Shakespeare had been Nicholas Rowe (8 vols., 1709-14), Alexander Pope (6 vols., 1725), Lewis Theobald, 'the Porson of Shakespearean criticism' (7 vols., 1733), and Thomas Hanmer (6 vols., 1744). Warburton revised Pope (8 vols., 1747), but he displayed more contempt for other people than industry to improve upon his predecessors. The sixth editor, and the first to come within our limits, was Johnson himself with his eight-volume edition. He must be classed with Hanmer and Pope as a plain and common-sense, not a profound or a very scholarly editor; and his best notes are those in which he had an opportunity of showing how attentively he had during many years observed human life and human nature. The later eighteenth century was distinguished by three devoted, diligent, and in some respects really great editors—Edward Capell (10 vols., 1768), George Steevens (10 vols. in revision of Johnson, 1773), and Edmund Malone (10 vols., 1790). Reed and James Boswell the younger (nephew of the biographer of Johnson) co-ordinated the results obtained by previous editors in the famous edition of 1821, known as 'Boswell's Malone.'

Poets forms Johnson's title to rank as a great critic; it also shows us how narrow were the limits of his critical perception. Anything much before Dryden, with the solitary exception of Shakespeare's plays, was to Johnson's mind archaic, and having little historic sense, and no adequate conception at all of a theory of development, archaic stood to him for 'imbecile, childish.' Like many of his contemporaries, Johnson's faith was that 'poetry properly began with Waller, and had gone on improving ever since.' Thus, when the booksellers proposed to commence the English Poets from the middle of the seventeenth century, he fully acquiesced in their scheme, and the only modification that he suggested was the inclusion of Blackmore, Watts, Pomfret, and Yalden.[1] He sent *The Life of Cowley* to press in December, 1777. Then quickly followed those of Waller, Denham, and Butler. In August, 1778, he finished *The Life of Dryden*, which he wrote *con amore*. Early in 1779 he disposed of Milton, and in March, 1780, appeared twenty-two lives out of the fifty-two that were to be given. The lives mentioned are

[1] Johnson was pre-eminently fitted for the task, apart from his literary capacity, as a depositary of literary tradition, history, and anecdote, as far back as Congreve or even Dryden. His knowledge he had derived 'partly from books, and partly from sources which had long been closed; from old Grub Street traditions; from the talk of forgotten poetasters and pamphleteers who had long been lying in parish vaults; from the recollections of such men as Gilbert Walmesley, who had conversed with the wits of Button's; Cibber, who had mutilated the plays of two generations of dramatists; Orrery, who had been admitted to the society of Swift; and Savage, who had rendered services of no very honourable kind to Pope. The biographer, therefore, sat down to his task with a mind full of matter. He had at first intended to give only a paragraph to every minor poet, and only four or five pages to the greatest name. But the flood of anecdote and criticism overflowed the narrow channel.'

those which Johnson was best qualified to elucidate, and he performed the second part of his task with little zest and a good deal of reluctance. 'I am seeking,' he writes, for 'something to say of men about whom I know nothing but their verses, and sometimes very little of them.' The toil was irksome, and he was not unready to receive assistance. '*The Life of Young* was written at my request by a gentleman [Sir Herbert Croft] who had better information than I could easily have obtained.' In the case of Savage, Johnson made use of the *Life* he had written nearly forty years before, just after his friend's death. Its length and minuteness render it out of all proportion to the other *Lives*. He had got the whole finished by Easter, 1781, having written, as he tells us, 'in my usual way, dilatorily and hastily, unwilling to work, and working with vigour and haste.' The result was a rough biographical history of English poetry during the ages of Dryden and Pope.[1] The style is much less pompous and sesquipedalian than in his moral essays, though occasionally (as in his brutal assault upon *Lycidas*, which drew from Cowper the remark that he would like to dust old Johnson's jacket till his pension jingled in his pocket) he seems almost wilfully perverse and contentious. The robust common sense of many a stray comment suggests a comparison with honest old Tom Fuller, a character with whom Johnson had not a little in common, nor is the gay flicker of malice, so noteworthy in Fuller, absent in his successor.

In April, 1781, Johnson lost his generous friend Henry Thrale, a prosperous brewer, who gave him a regular

[1] For a good list of some of the more egregious errors, see Professor J. W. Hales's Introduction to the Bohn edition of the *Lives*, 1890, vol. i., pp. xix-xxi. A very interesting preliminary 'skeleton, of his *Life of Pope*, was given by Disraeli in his *Curiosities of Literature*, first series, *ad fin.* See also Hill's edition, 3 vols., 1905.

'asylum' at his large house at Streatham; and the three remaining years of his life were, to a large extent, embittered by his alienation from Thrale's widow, his former pupil, whom he had alternately flattered, caressed, and tyrannized over for sixteen years. Deprived of the comfortable haven he had so long found in Thrale's family, he endeavoured to find solace in his old resources, and even started a new club and talked of a journey to Italy. At the close of 1783 his health began to fail; but although sorrowful and much perturbed by the fear of death and hell, in which he firmly believed, he was not left desolate. Many of his old club friends attended his death-bed, notably Bennet Langton, Windham, and Reynolds, whom he enjoined to read his Bible and not to paint on a Sunday. Fanny Burney, whose *Evelina* he had acted with a quaint buffoonery that delighted his intimates, wept at his door. Burke nearly broke down when he parted with his old friend, saying, 'My dear sir, you have always been too good for me.' On December 13th, 1784, he died, and seven days later was laid to rest in the Abbey. 'The names of many greater writers are inscribed upon the walls of Westminster Abbey; but scarcely anyone lies there whose heart was more acutely responsive during life to the deepest and tenderest of human emotions. In visiting that strange gathering of departed heroes and statesmen, and philanthropists and poets, there are many whose words and deeds have a far greater influence upon our imaginations, but there are very few whom, when all has been said, we can love so heartily as Samuel Johnson.'[1]

Like Shakespeare, like Swift, and like Scott, Johnson attached an importance to the πράκτικος βίος, greater than

[1] See the perfect model of a short life by Mr. Leslie Stephen in the *English Writers*.

that usual among men of letters. This cast of mind enabled him to take up a manlier attitude for literature, of which he was such a stalwart representative, than had hitherto seemed feasible. His bravery, his love of truth, his rugged integrity, the deep underlying tenderness of his nature ('tears trickling down the granite rock' is the picturesque phrase of Carlyle), contributed a type of literary man calculated to win a respect for the profession that could scarcely have been accorded to Dryden or to Pope. The deep melancholy that overhung his life enhances our respect for his valiant qualities and the spirit of encouragement and helpfulness that he diffused about him. In Johnson, Cowper, and Swift it seems hardly fanciful to distinguish the preponderance respectively of masculine, feminine, and neuter traits of the same hypochondriacal malady. But there was little of Swift's cynical misanthropy or of Cowper's shrinking timidity about Johnson. He was as little of a hermit as his old 'patron' Chesterfield, and of a spirit as eminently qualified for society. Chesterfield's arena happened to be the aristocratic salon, while his was the literary tavern. Strangely familiar as he has been rendered to us by an almost unparalleled sequence of brilliant writers and diligent editors, there is yet one more anomaly to confront ere we take leave of this extraordinary man: the last of the old Tories, the last representative of many blunt, unfashionable faiths and virtues, he is at the same time strangely aloof from us, and far more remote from our normal view-point than almost any of his contemporaries. If Walpole or Gray were to return to things sublunar they would call at the Conservative Club and reciprocate gossip with Mr. Austin Dobson or Mr. Gosse on terms of perfect ease or good-fellowship; and we can readily imagine Gibbon discussing with Professor Bury the additions and emendations which

the lapse of time had rendered necessary or desirable in his famous *History*, or Burke falling in with the deference of Mr. Balfour, or agreeing to differ on certain reserved points with such a sympathetic critic as Mr. Morley. But if Johnson were to revisit the earth and were to consent to be present at a dinner of the literary fund, the managers of that praiseworthy charity would probably find it scarcely less difficult to place him than if Dean Swift himself were to swagger up to the high table. The juxtaposition of Johnson and Swift would be truly interesting. Assuming the soundness of Pope's well-known proposition, humanity, since Shakespeare, has had no properer students than these two men.

The career of Oliver Goldsmith is a fitting appendix to that of his almost parental adviser. Goldsmith was no great critic, it is true, though apart from a few queer prejudices he had an instinctive good taste; but as an essayist he is so charming that in his best work we have a distinct foretaste of Charles Lamb, while as a literary man-of-all-work (to use Scott's expressive phrase) he was incomparably the most brilliant of his own period, if not of any period.

Oliver Goldsmith (1728-1774.)

Oliver Goldsmith came of a clerical family, his father, Charles Goldsmith, being vicar of Pallasmore, where Oliver was born on November 10th, 1728. The Irish Protestants cherished the memory of Cromwell, and so it came that Goldsmith bore the name of the stern Protector; no two great men ever had less in common, unless it were Goldsmith and his countryman Wellington. In 1730 Goldsmith's father moved from 'Pallas' to Lissoy, Kilkenny West, where the poet's early life was spent; and there he came under the sway of the village master [Paddy Byrne]:

> 'A man severe he was and stern to view,
> I knew him well and every truant knew

Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face :
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault ;
The village all declared how much he knew,
'Twas certain he could write and cypher too ;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge :
In arguing too the parson owned his skill ;
For e'en though vanquished he could argue still ;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.'

Other lineaments of Lissoy were afterwards blended into the finished picture of 'sweet Auburn' in *The Deserted Village*, but if the poet really had Lissoy in his mind it was Lissoy greatly idealized. The ejectment he depicts so movingly he may indeed have seen in Munster; the rural paradise he is much more likely to have seen in Surrey or Kent.

As a boy Goldsmith was ugly and dull, was constantly in ill-health, and everywhere thought next door to a fool. Nevertheless, he rhymed from an unusually early age, and his one good friend in the family, his 'Uncle Contarine,' detected some latent wit in him. This discovery resulted in his being sent to a 'classical' in place of a hedge school, and eventually, in June, 1745, he was sent as a sizar to Trinity College, Dublin. His father died in 1747, and even with the help of Uncle Contarine and a crown now and again obtained from a bookseller for a street ballad, the sizar had the utmost difficulty in eking out his

finances and paying his numerous fines. He was continually in hot water, and his lawlessness reached a climax when a month or so after his father's death he gave a dance and supper in his college rooms to friends of both sexes. His tutor entered the room in a rage and administered a horsewhipping *coram publico*. He managed eventually in the same undistinguished kind of way as Swift to scramble through his B.A. degree (February, 1749), and then for about two years lounged about his mother's cottage at Ballymahon; a bishop would not ordain him—they said because of his scarlet breeches. He threw up a tutorship that was obtained for him, and after starting on horseback and fairly provided with money for America (where he might have anticipated Washington Irving), he turned up again penniless at home. Again and again the excellent Uncle Contarine supplied him with money for outfit, and had to be content with some more or less true tale about its disappearance. At last, in 1752, he started for Edinburgh to study medicine. There in the students' 'Medical Society' he gave his contemporaries a notion of what a clubbable man he might become under favourable auspices, singing Irish songs, telling funny stories, and writing an occasional letter with a taste in style already formed and unerring. The whole of 1754 and 1755 he spent abroad, rambling as far as Padua, where he is said to have studied for six months, and visiting, among other places, Paris, Strasburg, Leyden, and Louvain. He has often been pictured as a musical mendicant, piping a merry strain at the cottage door on a summer evening in the south of France, with a Gainsborough landscape and Petit Trianon peasants footing it to the music after the day's toil.

He may, of course, have participated in such Arcadian scenes as that depicted by E. M. Ward, or described by

Pierce Library
Eastern Oregon University

Sterne in the last section but one, 'The Grace,' of the *Sentimental Journey*, but the manner in which he supported himself during these two years is in reality a complete mystery. What is certain is that he landed at Dover on February 1st, 1756, and reached London shortly afterwards in great destitution. He was then in rapid succession usher in a country school, a chemist's assistant, a physician in Bankside, Southwark, painfully carrying his hat in such a manner as to conceal a patch in his coat, a corrector of the press, and again an usher. While ushering at Dr. Milner's, in Peckham, he met a bookseller named Griffiths, proprietor of *The Monthly Review*. Griffiths divined the rich deposit of 'copy' latent in the young dominie and determined to annex it. In April, 1757, accordingly, Griffiths installed him in his own house as resident hack for *The Review* at an 'adequate' salary. From Griffiths he was transferred as a going hackney to other accredited jobmasters, such as Smollett (who ran *The Critical*) and Newbery (purveyor of children's books in St. Paul's Churchyard). His *Chinese Letters*,[1] which appeared in Newbery's *Public Ledger* during 1760, raised his price and his reputation, and he moved into better lodgings in Wine Office Court, Fleet Street. There he made the acquaintance of Dr. Johnson. In 1764 he was one of the nine original members of the famous 'Club.' In this distinguished fraternity, of which Johnson was recognized as

[1] The *Chinese Letters*, containing the inimitable humorous portrait of Beau Tibbs, were reprinted in 1762 as *The Citizen of the World*. In 1757 Horace Walpole had published anonymously a squib called *A Letter from Xo Ho, a Chinese philosopher in London, to his friend Lien Chi, at Peking*. Goldsmith, as 'scribbler general' to *The Monthly Review*, described this as being in the manner of Montesquieu—his *Lettres Persanes*. The machinery of the *Chinese Letters* was no doubt immediately suggested to Goldsmith by this little tract; indirectly by Voltaire's *Contes*.

ruling elder, Goldsmith was the representative of poetry and light literature, Reynolds of the arts, Burke of political eloquence and political philosophy. There, too, were Gibbon, the greatest historian, and Jones, the greatest linguist, of the age; while Garrick 'brought to the meetings his inexhaustible pleasantry, his incomparable mimicry, and his consummate knowledge of stage effect.' In such a company it is not to be marvelled at if 'Goldy' sometimes blundered fearsomely when endeavouring 'to get in and shine.' But though laughed at, he was sincerely loved by his associates, and even Boswell, jealous though he was of his fame and his intimacy with Johnson, was not blind either to the innate goodness of Goldsmith's disposition, or to the drollery of many of his sallies.

In 1762, through Johnson's influence, Goldsmith, when under arrest for debt, received £60 for his yet unfinished *Vicar of Wakefield*. The work was published in 1766, and established his reputation. Meanwhile, in 1764, the publication of *The Traveller* had brought him into the front rank of living poets. In 1768 his comedy of *The Good-Natured Man* was performed at Covent Garden theatre, but was not a pronounced success. Two years later again, in May, 1770, he published, with a singularly happy dedication to Reynolds, his *Deserted Village*, which greatly increased his fame as a poet. This was followed by his successful play *She Stoops to Conquer* (see Chap. IX.), given at Covent Garden in March, 1773. Meanwhile he had 'written for bread,' or rather compiled with a flowing pen from materials that came readiest to hand, his histories of England, Rome, and Greece; his biographies of Nash and Voltaire; and his *Animated Nature*, drawn from Buffon with not a few grotesque interpolations, such as his description of tigers in Canada. He was latterly very well paid for his exertions, but he was so constituted that whatever his income might

be at a given time, he would always spend double the amount. His debts induced a despondency of mind (illustrated in his well-known answer to his physician, 'Is your mind at rest?' 'No, it is not'), and a low fever carried him off on April 4th, 1774, aged only forty-five. He was buried in the grounds of the Temple Church. A quaint testimony to Johnson's literary autocracy was the 'round robin' requesting that the epitaph for 'poor Goldy' should be couched in English. Johnson had already penned the immortal phrase, true at least of him to whom it was first applied:

> 'Nullum fere scribendi genus non tetigit,
> Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.'

After his death were printed the rich and flavoursome *Haunch of Venison*, and the noble fragment, *Retaliation*, written in self-defence during a brief literary craze for composing verse epitaphs. Here Goldsmith not only vindicated his genius, and, as usual, surpassed all comers, but in the prophetic description of Burke and the masterly delineation of Reynolds surpassed anything of the kind he had yet written.

More important than the extravagant and somewhat saddening, though often ridiculous, records of his later life in London are the scanty notices we have of Goldsmith's early career. For much of Goldsmith's very best work is closely reminiscent, and he had an extraordinary gift for heightening the serio-comic adventures of his discursive pilgrimage toward manhood. The goal of manhood he can hardly be said to have attained, for he remained until the last a great baby; he was in reality that for which Macaulay and Dickens mistook Boswell, an 'inspired oaf.' He had scarcely any thought in his composition; as he told Johnson, he could argue best by himself. But what Johnson called his ignorance constituted Goldsmith's stock-in-trade. In-

difference to the literary ideals of the time allowed free play to the excellent, gentle humour, which found its natural expression in his comedies, antagonistic in conception as they were to the sentimental dramas of the day. He managed, similarly, to retain among all the formalisms of the fashion the great gift of natural fun, partly inherited, in part derived from his close contact with the people. In his poetry, apart from the easy flow, the qualities which distinguish him most above the level of the school of Pope are the traits of artless nature, the semi-colloquial emphasis with which certain words or phrases are happily repeated, the unstudied wealth of metaphors. The even flow of his narrative, which so excites our admiration, indicates the profit that he derived from a discriminating admiration for Voltaire and the limpid French prose of that day. Amiable, various and bland, it needs his own pen, as Hazlitt says, to describe the careless inimitable grace with which he illustrates every kind of excellence.

Goldsmith had little originality; he could do nothing without a model before him. But although essentially imitative, whatever he touched he improved. It is not improbable that Goldsmith got some hints for Dr. Primrose from his eccentric contemporary, William Whiston, the 'monogamaniac,' and *The Vicar* is undoubtedly under obligations to Fielding's 'Parson Adams' and to a little piece called *The History of Mrs. Stanton;* but the best touches are all Goldsmith's own. No praise can really be too high for Goldsmith's style. If he had never written anything but the first two or three chapters of *The Vicar of Wakefield* they would have stamped him as a man of genius. Goldsmith begins by the taking admission, 'there are a hundred faults in this thing.' The chief fault is the plot, which has been shown by Craik and others to be a mere tissue of absurdities. Its shortcomings did not prevent

the book from captivating Europe. In Germany it produced, if possible, a greater impression even than in France. Goethe derived from it his first conception of world literature and many of his 'early moral ideas.' Jules Sandeau has depicted with force the conquest of its touching simplicity over a strong Philistine disdain. What reader is there in the world who is not the better for the story of the washes which the worthy Dr. Primrose demolished so deliberately with the poker; for the knowledge of the guinea which the Miss Primroses kept unchanged in their pockets; the adventure of the picture of the Vicar's family, which was too large to be got out of the kitchen; the group of the Flamborough family, all painted with oranges in their hands; or of Moses and the gross of green spectacles, or Dr. Primrose, the great monogamist, in his encounter with the expounder of the cosmogony? [1]

The decline of the classical English essay proceeded rapidly when Johnson and Goldsmith ceased to write, and those who had upheld it diverged naturally along the two

[1] The appearance of *The Vicar*, as Taine justly remarks, is a turning-point in the history of the novel. 'The moment approaches when purified manners, by purifying the novel, impress upon it its final character. Of the two great tendencies manifested by it, native brutality and intense reflection, one at last conquers the other: literature, grown severe, expels from fiction the coarseness of Smollett and the indecencies of Sterne; and the novel, in every respect moral, before falling into the almost prudish hands of Miss Burney, passes into the noble hands of Goldsmith. His *Vicar of Wakefield* is "a prose idyl," somewhat spoilt by phrases too well written, but at bottom as homely as a Flemish picture. Observe in Terburg or Mieris' paintings a woman at market or a burgomaster emptying his long glass of beer: the faces are vulgar, the ingenuousness is comical, the cookery occupies the place of honour; yet these good folk are so peaceful, so contented with their small but secure happiness, that we envy them. The impression left by Goldsmith's book is pretty much the same.'

paths of fiction and criticism, the latter of which we have now to follow.

Conspicuous among the men of letters who flourished under George III. were the two Wartons, both men of high culture and critics of no little erudition and influence, both also poets, and both alike to a great extent forgotten or indistinguishably confused.

Joseph Warton (1722-1800).

Joseph Warton, the elder of the two, was born in 1722, and educated at Winchester (where Collins was his schoolfellow) and Oriel. On leaving Oxford he enjoyed for a time, on terms which can hardly be deemed other than humiliating, the patronage of the Duke of Bolton; but this connection terminated abruptly, Warton returning to England from the Continent without having performed the special service for which he was retained. He produced in 1753 his edition of Virgil and his translation of the *Georgics*, in which he laments the necessity of using such coarse and common words as plough, sow, dung, ashes, calculated in his opinion to disgust every elegant reader. He was still too much under the dominion of the circumlocution mania, which prescribed that English poets of the age of Pope should call a woman 'a fair,' fish 'the scaly tribe,' and a caterpillar 'the crawling scourge that smites the leafy plain.' Joseph Warton also wrote for Hawkesworth's *Adventurer* and other periodicals pending his appointment at Winchester as second master. While there he produced, in 1757, the first volume of his ponderous *Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope*, a work long held as a model of critical thoroughness, and not without interest now as showing the clearness of Warton's insight into the different kinds of poetical excellence. 'The sublime and the pathetic,' he wrote, 'are the two chief nerves of all genuine poesy.' What is there transcendently sublime or pathetic in Pope?

He applies to that poet the character assigned by Voltaire to Boileau as the poet of reason, concluding that a clear head and acute understanding are not sufficient alone to make a poet. 'The most solid observations on human life,' he adds, 'expressed with the utmost elegance and brevity, are morality and not poetry. . . . It is a creative and glowing imagination, *aver spiritus et vis*, and that alone, that can stamp a writer with this exalted and very uncommon character.' Pope's great qualities are indeed fully recognised, but the recognition is counterbalanced by demands which showed the advent of a new era—one in which the greatness of wit and sense should be placed below greatness of imagination. Warton's book was dedicated to Young, and when the second volume was published, in 1782, the first was revised, with an introductory epistle by Tyrwhitt, who writes that under the shelter of Warton's authority one might perhaps now venture 'to avow an opinion that poetry is not confined to rhyming couplets.'

After eleven years as assistant, Warton succeeded Dr. Burton as head master of Winchester, a post which he filled with distinction and marked success down to 1793. Joseph Warton was a member of the Literary Club, but was very rarely seen there, though he was known, and for the most part esteemed, by the individual members. Cowper expressed great respect for him as a critic; his verses are deservedly forgotten.

Thomas Warton (1728-1790).

Thomas Warton, the younger and more worthily remembered of the brothers, was born at Basingstoke in 1728. While at Trinity College, Oxford, he wrote verses, and in 1754 published his *Observations on the Faerie Queene*, of which Johnson wrote in generous praise: 'You have shown to all who shall hereafter attempt the study of our ancient authors, the way to success by directing

them to the perusal of the books which those authors had read.' They were afterwards unhappily estranged, Warton being one of the very rare friends that Johnson lost. It appears that Johnson sneered at his poetry, while he was equally contemptuous of Johnson's literary judgment. Except in learning and laziness (the promise of both far exceeding the performance), they had not, perhaps, much in common. Tom Warton was described as the most under-bearing person that breathed, and, like old Robert Burton, he preferred the society of persons of mean rank to that of literary bigwigs. He also delighted in school-boys, and used to play amusing pranks with his brother's pupils at Winchester.

After Johnson's own *Lives of the Poets*, Warton's *History of English Poetry* (1774-81) was the most notable contribution of the age to a department in which Great Britain has rarely shone, that of literary criticism. Warton's theme was a much more arduous one than Johnson's. Both Pope and Gray had meditated a history of the different schools of English poetry, and Gray even made over some of his plans to his Oxford rival. Warton found the scheme of ranging the poets under different schools impracticable, and preferred to work chronologically—tracing from the earliest time down to 1600 the influence the classic and romantic movements exercised in turn upon English poetry.

In spite of the lawlessness of Warton's style and methods, we feel ourselves, in reading him, under the guidance of a strong, acute, and fearless mind, which refused to be bound by conventions, and which steers its way boldly through regions often completely unexplored. The writer's reading and learning were both prodigious, and the digressions show frequently a grasp and originality which go far to atone for the irrelevance. The age

of *The Divine Legation* was indeed one of super-erudite irrelevancies. It is needless to say that such a work abounded in errors, many to be imputed to the hazards of a first exploration, or to the state of learning at the time; others, beyond question, to Warton's consummate laziness. Ritson, whose abstinence from animal food cannot be said to have improved his temper, attacked the *History* venomously, commencing a minute and carping inquisition upon the book by traversing Warton's opening sentence. When all deduction is made, however, the book marks an epoch. If it was not his to solve the problems of his subject, Warton was at least the first to understand and propound many of the problems that have to be dealt with. He, moreover, expressed a feeling which was unknown to the school of Pope—a movement of sympathy towards the bedrock of Teutonic romance upon which the wonderful aptitude of the race for intense poetry is based.

Thomas Warton had been appointed professor of poetry at Oxford in 1757, and in 1785 he was made laureate. The chaplet, fresh from the brows of Tate and Cibber, he handed on with but little additional glory to Whitehead and Pye. It is not his *Birthday Odes*, but his careful cultivation of the despised sonnet-form that gives him his small but certain claim to commemoration as a poet. He handed on the torch to Thomas Russell and to Bowles; but apart from this influence, which is undoubted, some of Warton's own compositions in this form deserve to be examined. That 'written in a blank leaf of Dugdale's *Monasticon*,' ending—

> 'Nor rough nor barren are the winding ways
> Of hoar Antiquity, but strown with flowers,'

was warmly praised by Charles Lamb, to whom the sentiment was congenial. None of Warton's sonnets are, it

must be admitted, free from grave technical defects (and the rhyming is indifferent—thus, 'flowers' above rhymes with 'explores'); but they all show, as his other poetry does to a less extent, the influence of good antique models (especially of Milton's early poetry) and the stirring of an original and genuine though sluggish poetical impulse.

With increasing years Warton grew fonder of his ale and his pipe, of Oxford and of slumber. He was always good-natured and gentle, especially to children. He got decidedly fat, and Johnson said his talk resembled the gobble of a turkey-cock. He was uniformly popular at Oxford, and when he died in 1790, at the age of sixty-two, his funeral was attended by the vice-chancellor and by all the heads. It was suggested upon Warton's death that Cowper might set up a claim for the laureateship, a proposition to which Cowper's response was, 'Heaven guard my brains!'

The dawn of what is now called romanticism is seen to be flushing in the writings of the Wartons[1] and in the contemporary poems of Collins, but the critical writings of Thomas Gray[2] best represent the historic and poetic study of literature that held so fair a promise for the future. Unhappily Gray never brought his critical *Organon* to fruition, though in 1770, as we have seen, he sent a quantity of material to Thomas Warton. Warton did his best and made a rude trench, as it were, through a vast accumulation of materials; but neither his culture nor his genius were adequate to do justice to the delicate intuitions and the catholic taste of such a profound connoisseur and critic as Gray. The latter, by a somewhat cowardly re-

[1] See Warton's Poems in the eighteenth volume of Chalmers's *English Poems*, 1810; see also Dennis's *Studies in English Literature*, 1876, *The Wartons*.

[2] For a sketch of Gray's life, see Chap. X.

nunciation of a great task for which he was in almost every respect pre-eminently fitted, retarded the growth in England of a wide cosmopolitan school of criticism, such as we now associate most readily with the name of Coleridge. Nevertheless, Gray's letters and fragments afford a mine rich in suggestions for a liberal and scholarly criticism. The seventeenth century had explored the writers of antiquity too often in a 'dry as dust' fashion as a mine for precedents and citations. Since the conspiracy of Swift, Arbuthnot, and Bolingbroke against 'the pedants,' they had been cruelly neglected. Now Gray frequently cites them, but he does so in a discerning way and with the familiarity of old and close acquaintanceship. He questions some of the conclusions of Puttenham and Sidney; he admires the picturesqueness of Froissart, the 'Herodotus of his age'; he also knew Villehardouin and Commines. Pausanias and Athenæus he read through more than once. 'I take verse and prose,' he wrote, 'together like bread and cheese.' He lived with the old poets; read and re-read Æschylus and Pindar and the Greek epigrammatists; was familiar with Chaucer and even with Lydgate. Later on he loved Racine and Gresset, and in Johnson's despite waxed enthusiastic over Rousseau and his *Emile*. 'Remember Dryden; be blind to his faults,' he concludes one his letters. There is no trivial preciosity about his judgments; he spoke highly of stanzas in *The Castle of Indolence;* appreciated Montesquieu and Buffon; delighted in Clarendon's *Continuation*, and was an excellent critic of Shenstone. 'He goes hopping about his own gravel walks, and never deviates from the beaten path for fear of being lost.' He is in a characteristic mood in his letter to Hurd of August, 1757, which helps to explain his non-achievement of some of the great things posterity would have had from him. 'To be employed is to be happy. This

principle of mine (and I am convinced of its truth) has, as usual, no influence on my practice. I am alone and *ennuyé* to the last degree, yet do nothing. Indeed, I have one excuse. My health is not extraordinary—ever since I came hither [to Stoke]. It is no great malady, but several little ones that seem brewing no good to me. It will be a particular pleasure to me to know whether content dwells in Leicestershire, and how she entertains herself there. Only do not be too happy, nor forget entirely the quiet ugliness of Cambridge.' His expertness in dating architecture, his tastes for gardening and heraldry betokened the virtuoso. But where he really surpassed his age was his much deeper love for nature. His comments in his *Linnæus*, says Arnold, are those of an intelligent naturalist. His notes on the signs of the approach of summer almost suggest the delicacy of Richard Jefferies. He notes the changes of the landscape in the progress of the day; marks the hoar frost that melts and exhales in a thin bluish smoke; rejoices in the tender emerald green preserved late in the summer by the long rains. What sensitiveness to colour is there in his description of Saddleback, whose 'furrowed sides were gilt by the noonday sun, while its brow appeared of a sad purple from the shadow of the clouds as they sailed slowly by it.' Both he and Cowper, more directly perhaps in their letters than in their poems, show themselves prophetic of Wordsworth and Tennyson. Gray expressed what many cultured minds felt, and this closer affection for the varying moods of nature is symptomatic of the change of sentiment which the Lake school was to consecrate. No less important as a symptom of the growing revolt against the self-complacency of the moralizing *grand siècle* was Gray's interest in the pioneers of our English literature, and in the old Norse and Icelandic mythology as revealed now for the

first time on a large scale in Mallett's splendid monument of Scandinavian lore.[1]

The horizon was, in fact, simultaneously widening in several directions. Richard Hurd's *Letters on Chivalry and Romance*[2] (1762), in which he vindicated Gothic literature and art from the imputation of barbarism, gave the signal in England for that Gothic delirium which, though for a time disfigured by ignorant extravagance, was yet in a generation or two to confer such signal benefits on literature by refreshing it with new images and providing it with new enthusiasms. Such books as Spence's *Polymetis* (1747), Stuart's *Antiquities of Athens* (1762), and Wood's *Essay on the Genius of Homer* (1771), indicate a powerful revival of curiosity in a remoter past. The great revival of Shakespeare criticism and research by men like Capell, Steevens, and Malone, editions like Tyrwhitt's *Chaucer*

[1] The first book in Europe to excite a wide interest in northern mythology and the literature of the Eddas was the *Introduction à l'histoire de Dannemarc* of the Genevese, Paul Henri Mallett (1730-1807), published in 1755. The first two volumes of this important work were translated by Bishop Percy in 1770 as *Northern Antiquities*. In the meantime, in its French garb the book had profoundly impressed Gray and his disciples. Macpherson claimed to illustrate Erse poetry. The claims of the Welsh bards were first set forth in Evan Evans' *Specimens of the Poetry of the Antient Welsh* in 1764. Under such auspices wild and picturesque poetry became the rage both in England and in Europe among the advanced school of critics. The chief representative of the new taste was Gray. Johnson rallied the conservatives to the standards of Dryden and Pope. Walpole (who stuck in the middle of Mallett) occupied a midway position. At heart he was an Augustan, but in his desire to be in the *mouvement* and his love of novel and uncommon opinions he struggled to keep abreast with Gray and Ritson.

[2] Hurd's book seems to have owed its inspiration, at least in some measure, to Sainte-Palaye's *Mémoires sur l'ancienne Chevalerie*, the first volume of which appeared in 1759.

(1775-8), and collections like Grose's *Antiquities of Scotland* (1791), all point in the same direction. The *Ballads* of Ambrose Philips and D'Urfey were followed by *The Muses Library*, 1737. Edward Capell's *Prolusions* came in 1760. Men were groping hither and thither for materials as instruments of the historical criticism which Middleton had used with such effect in his *Essay on Miracles*. Highly valuable in this respect were the elucidations of mediæval handwriting embodied in Thomas Astle's *Origin and Progress of Writing* (1784). But the importance of these and similar new and significant investigations is overshadowed in importance by the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, published by Dr. Thomas Percy, Bishop of Dromore, in 1765, a sufficiently uncritical collection of ballads, some genuine and old, others hopelessly corrupted.[1] But the book marks an epoch, for from 1765 dates a lasting interest in our older poetry and our rich ballad literature. Less successful explorers in the same field, such as Joseph Ritson (1752-1803), were green with envy, and the old school, as represented by Warburton and Johnson, were not sparing in their condemnation and contempt. More discerning critics were full of encouragement, and the impulse once given, the reaction towards romanticism in poetry was fairly launched. Naïve old ballads such as *Chevy Chase*, which had stirred the blood of Sir Philip Sidney two hundred years before, were resuscitated from their long sleep and supplied to imaginative youth towards the close of the century a

[1] Percy gives 176 ballads; of these the nucleus was a folio manuscript written about 1630, containing 191 songs and ballads, some fragmentary. Of these Percy took 45. Other originals he derived from MSS. in the Pepysian, Ashmolean, and Bodleian libraries, and he included some printed ballads and a few furnished by the Society of Antiquaries, by Warton and Sir D. Dalrymple. He emended and filled in freely. The liberties he took were first revealed in Dr. Furnivall's edition of the nucleus-folio, 1868. Cf. p. 285.

mental food quite different from that in which their fathers and grandfathers had been reared. The dawn of a new kind of taste, a feeling for nature 'when unadorned, adorned the most,' is well represented in a sort of half lament in one of the interesting essays of Vicesimus Knox (1752-1821), himself in certain respects one of the pioneers of the new poetical reformation.

'The antiquarian spirit,' he says, 'which was once confined to enquiries concerning the manners, the buildings, the records, and the coins of the ages that preceded us, has now extended itself to those poetical compositions which were popular among our forefathers, but which have gradually sunk into oblivion through the decay of language, and the prevalence of a correct and polished taste. Thus the popular ballad, composed by some illiterate minstrel, and which has been handed down by tradition for several centuries, is rescued from the hands of the vulgar to obtain a place in the collection of the man of taste. Verses which a few years past were thought worthy the attention of children only, or of the lowest and rudest orders, are now admired for that artless simplicity which once obtained the name of coarseness and vulgarity.' Similar complaints had been heard, expressed in somewhat more ambiguous language, in Goldsmith's *Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning* (1759).

Such passages show that the literati of the day were not unconscious of the critical issue which was being joined. Johnson was the champion of the older Augustan school of Pope and Boileau, and his sympathies and arguments were ever on the side of the symmetry, the restraint, the decorum, and all the conventions of the great classical technique. He asked the professors of letters to submit to the old discipline, the established rules, to copy the recognized models and comply with the old conventions.

Like Goldsmith, he disliked, as a 'licentious' and erroneous innovation, the 'disgusting solemnity' of blank verse. He heartily despised romantic 'fopperies' and all new-fangled modes in literature.[1] He was there to chastise lawlessness, and, if necessary in the interests of correctness and propriety, he would chastise Milton himself. On the other side was a school, somewhat apologetically led by the Wartons, who, surfeited with Pope's rhetorical devices, fatigued by his portable platitudes and the unrelaxing brilliance and compression of the language in which he embalmed them, sought deliverance in poetry of a more intense, aspiring, and imaginative order. With the growing enthusiasm for Spenser (exhibited in imitations and studies such as those of Thomson, Shenstone, and Mickle) went an increasing love of landscape effects in poetry and a passion for the elemental forces of nature, in striking contrast to the narrow urban and gregarious proclivities of Queen Anne's day. The mediævalism of Gray and Walpole furnished the new romantic school with an almost unlimited supply of new constructive material, and the new movement, despite the jeers of Johnson and Colman, and the unbending conservatives, went on steadily, if somewhat circuitously, till it culminated in the masterpieces of Byron and Shelley, of Wordsworth and Walter Scott.

[1] Johnson waxed very merry over the ballad of *The Children in the Wood*, the stanzas of which he thus parodied:

'I put my hat upon my head
And walked into the Strand;
And there I met another man
Whose hat was in his hand.'

As for *Chevy Chase*, he said 'there is a chill and lifeless imbecility about it. The story cannot possibly be told in a manner that shall make less impression on the mind.' We can conceive what his opinion would have been of *We are Seven*.

CHAPTER II.

MEMOIRS AND LETTERS.

Bishop Burnet in his *History of his Own Time* had shown the way in which contemporary history, compounded with plenty of gossip and conjecture, could be rendered highly entertaining. The path which he had traced was followed —much less formally, it is true—by Lord Hervey in his malicious but enlivening *Memoirs of the Reign of George II.* (written in the early forties of the eighteenth century, though not published until 1848). Hervey's greater successor as a *chroniqueur* was Horace Walpole. Closely allied to these *Memoirs* are the chronicles not restricted to politics, but embracing literature and travel, represented by the clever *Letters* of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

After the middle of the century this kind of work multiplied abundantly. The golden age of letter-writing in England set in, and many of the best writers and the most cultured wits gave off as a by-product, if not a budget of letters, then either memoirs and chronicles or autobiographies, in which history and personal gossip (with its feminine, scandal) are blended with character-drawing and introspective study.

If a question of primacy were raised we should be inclined to assign the first place to Cowper, for though he threw his nets far less widely than Walpole, yet in depth

of feeling and in artless, spontaneous charm, his letters have no equal.[1] Then there are the delightful letters of Gray. We have but few letters of Goldsmith, though we have some interesting fragments of portraiture and a most graceful specimen of biography in his *Memoir of Richard Nash.* Hume and Gibbon both left autobiographical work of very great, though unequal interest. But as Cowper, Gray, Goldsmith, Hume, and Gibbon were respectively poets, essayists, or historians in the first place, and letter or memoir writers only in the second, the three great writers with whom we have to deal most fully under this head, as owing their fame primarily either to epistolary or biographic work, are Lord Chesterfield, Horace Walpole, and James Boswell.

It might well be contended that the first place among the miscellaneous prose-writers of our period belongs to Lord Chesterfield, one of the greatest masters of English prose style. He is a brilliant acquisition to English letters, for he added to them some of the grace that Mme. de Sévigné and St. Simon had lent to the literature of France. He showed that as a vehicle for the nicest points of communication, for diplomacy, for the minutiæ of instruction, and for the elegant turns which give an air of suave refinement to the most trivial narration, or mitigate the sharp edge of a strict injunction or an implied reproof,

[1] The canon of Letter-Writing is laid down rather well by Mackintosh. The letters of Walpole and Gray appear to him imitative (of Mme. de Sévigné), formal, and too extraordinary, excellent though they are as regards matter. 'Letters must not be on a subject. Lady Mary Wortley's letters on her journey to Constantinople are an admirable book of travels, but they are not letters. A meeting to discuss a question of science is not a conversation, nor are papers written to another to inform or discuss, letters. Conversation is relaxation, not business, and must never appear to be occupation; nor must letters.'

our language could quite well compete with any in Europe. It has to be realized that Chesterfield entered a world in which Clarendon and Temple were accepted as elegant models. It is true that Swift and Defoe had done much to simplify and to shorten the sentence, while Pope in his letters, and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in her much livelier ones, had considerably advanced the art of fluent narration; but no one probably did more than Chesterfield to regularize and abbreviate or to purge the written language of vulgarity and of ambiguity and of superfluous parenthesis.

Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield (1694-1773).

The training that surrounded the youthful Chesterfield was thoroughly aristocratic at every point. The son of an earl, and the grandson on his mother's side of the witty Marquis of Halifax, he was baptized at St. James's, Piccadilly (October, 1694), and educated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he acquired an enthusiasm for the Latin classics, against which he thought it right to be on his guard. He subsequently graduated in Flanders in the petty court attached to the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough. At twenty-one he became a Gentleman of the Bedchamber and a Member of Parliament. He also became a member of the famous oligarchical stronghold of White's and a familiar figure in the most exclusive salons of Paris. In 1726 he took his seat in the House of Lords, and two years later became ambassador at the Hague. Walpole's antipathy procured his dismissal, and he went on to offend the king by marrying his half-sister (a natural daughter of George I.) without making the least effort to disguise the fact that the attraction that he had in view was exclusively pecuniary. Nevertheless, when the Pelhams came in, at the beginning of 1745, Chesterfield was made Lord-Lieutenant of Ire-

land, and next year he was appointed one of the two secretaries of state. But he retired in 1748, from which date until his death on March 24th, 1773, he lived in literary, and at the same time influential and dignified, retirement. Shortly before his death he wrote, 'Tyrawly and I have been dead these two years, but we do not wish it to be generally known'; his last words were, 'Give Dayrolles a chair'—his good breeding only quitted him with his life. In his lifetime he authorized the publication only of a few political tracts. The famous *Letters* to his natural son, Philip 'Stanhope,' though never intended in any way for publicity, were published by the son's widow a year after his death in two volumes (1774). His supplementary *Letters*, addressed to his godson, also Philip Stanhope, who subsequently became fifth Earl of Chesterfield, were first published in 1817. The two series of *Letters* were originally written during the period ranging from 1737 to 1770.

As an educationist it must be admitted that Chesterfield in his *Letters* exhibited less than his usual penetration and *savoir faire*. The direction of these little masterpieces of tact and worldly wisdom to a tough, irresponsive, Dutch-built youth such as Chesterfield's son actually was, might seem almost worthy of being classed among pathetic instances of parental delusion; but this peculiar epistolary didacticism seems to have become almost a monomania with Chesterfield—witness the letters written to the godson long after the failure of the like treatment in the case of the son. There can, indeed, be little doubt that Chesterfield definitely injured his son by drying up the reservoirs of boyish enthusiasm and of the boisterous mirth natural to the period of youth. Later experimentalists have gone on quite different lines, and modern practice is all on the side of the games and exercises which Chesterfield so

heartily despised, as tending to prepare the secretions that enable a man to be formidable and successful in later life. His idea was apparently to falsify the maxim, *Si jeunesse savait! si vieillesse pouvait!*—or, according to the darker view of Chesterfield, to manufacture an Alcibiades out of a modest student.

But from every other point of view than that of immediate applicability these *Letters* of Chesterfield constitute an addition of a peculiar interest to our literature, especially in regard to the nervous elegance of the English style in which they are written. Voltaire spoke of Chesterfield as the most graceful of our writers. Wordsworth, with great insight, regarded him as the last great English prose-writer before Johnson 'vitiated the language.' Landor expressed a similar view. Sainte-Beuve assigns his work the *milieu* between *Telemachus* and the *Mémoires* of Grammont; 'but it is a rich book,' he adds: 'you cannot read one page of it without having to remember some happy observation.'

By typical Anglo-Saxons such as Johnson, Carlyle, and Macaulay, Chesterfield has not unnaturally been held in antipathy. 'This lord's directions concerning washing the face and paring the nails are indeed trustworthy'; the *minores virtutes* which were Chesterfield's preoccupation and absorbing study did not greatly appeal to Johnson or Carlyle. The severe indictment of Chesterfield (by Cowper) as the 'gray-beard corrupter of our listening youth' is even more unfair. The moralist may, no doubt, if he will, assess the nice risk entailed upon immaculate innocence by reading La Rochefoucauld. Yet, as a faithful presentation of human selfishness and pettiness, the 'odious mirror' has a very pertinent use indeed in showing us what too many of us either are or may become. Nine-tenths of Chesterfield's maxims are truisms of the man of the world.

His problem is: what are the conditions of success in public life? He treats it in the manner of Macchiavelli, *i.e.*, he enquires what actually succeeds, not what ought to succeed. As Bacon said of Macchiavelli, he only 'wrote what men do.' As in the case of the Florentine, however, the cue having been once given, in this case by Johnson, Chesterfield's reputation only became more and more sinister as his book was less and less carefully read. The notoriety which the *Letters* have acquired as a text-book of adultery, hypocrisy, untruth, and contempt for religion, constitutes a travesty of the facts of the case; for each of these particular faults was odious to Chesterfield, and his detestation of one and all of them is specially emphasized in the *Letters*. The latter, remember, supplement an education already solid, but lacking in the arts which make young men agreeable in society. Especially in the letters to his godson, which exhibit, with a few signs of age, a greater mellowness, one is continually struck by the vein of real tenderness which underlies so much worldly wisdom. One can trace throughout 'the efforts of a fine, distinguished, energetic nature grappling with a disposition naturally good, but indolent and clumsy.' The soil he was labouring he found receptive enough as regards morals, but when he came to *mœurs* the task was less easy; hence he came to dwell disproportionately upon those parts of the subject-matter which concern not morals, but the minor moralities, and, as he insists and again insists, 'the graces.'

Chesterfield's own criticism of his son was that he was too argumentative, too learned, and too laconic. Under the laconism he was apt to suspect that some irony might lurk. With regard to the learning he wrote: 'I'd rather you were in love with some determined coquette of condition . . . than that you knew all Aristotle and Plato by heart.' He had no elevated view of women, and his ideas on the

subject of *galanterie* were just about the same, but not a whit more refined, than might have been promulgated over the supper table at White's. That a man of his intellectual stamp should have seriously commended such ideas to his son for adoption is an indelible blot upon the ethics of the *Letters*. It may be remembered, however, that his advice was strictly confidential, and that he was addressing a member of a class in which (as it would have been idle to ignore) marriage was habitually regarded as a mere alliance, an *affaire de convenance*. Chesterfield had always more sympathy with foreign than with domestic modes of thought. His models were chiefly French, his maxims frequently (as his son remarked with some acumen) calculated rather for the meridian of France or Spain than of England.[1] 'I have often said and do think,' he writes, 'that a Frenchman who is fond of virtue, learning, and good sense, and has the manners and good breeding of his country, is the perfection of human nature.' Ultimately he sought a paragon among men in a combination of all that is best in a typical Englishman and a typical Frenchman—an ideal with which few will be found to quarrel.

In his hatred of insular *gaucherie* and Philistine prejudice Chesterfield anticipated Matthew Arnold. His own philosophical descent, with his ardour for a pagan self-culture and a finished epicureanism, may be safely deduced from Cicero and Horace among the ancients, while amongst the moderns he clearly had much in common with Fénelon and La Rochefoucauld. Fitness to live was to be assured, in his view, by effecting an equilibrium of the faculties and emotions of man—a 'harmony of man's nature ex-

[1] His English style, otherwise so excellent, was infected, like that of Temple, by a number of Gallicisms: thus he says, 'it is equal to me,' 'in the public,' 'of the one side and of the other,' 'upon your subject,' κ.τ.λ. See *Life* by W. H. Craig.

pressed in his *mœurs*.' As for social duties, he lays down his principle with admirable clearness. 'Your duty to man is very short and clear; it is only to do to man whatever you would be willing that he should do to you. And remember in all the business of life to ask your conscience this question: "Should I be willing that this should be done to me?" If your conscience, which will always tell you the truth, says no, do not do that thing. Observe these rules, and you will be happier in this world, and still happier in the next.'[1]

One of those who felt impelled to parody Chesterfield was Horace Walpole, a man who was probably more worldly, and certainly not less selfish, than Chesterfield himself. In answer to a question of George III. upon one occasion, Walpole said he was 'never anything,' and thereby supplied a clue to his own character and position among men of letters. He was unattached to any small secular clique, yet he was not in any respect like the scholar or the sovereign, 'above the clouds'; he was thoroughly worldly, and, if he were anything, as we are fain to think he must have been, it was a man of fashion. Few men have lived so much in the 'best society' as this man of fashion, who spent every spare moment in despis-

[1] Needless to say, Chesterfield was much too Olympian, and much too really serene and witty, to suffer more than a passing shadow of annoyance from Johnson's famous letter. He admired it for its literary adroitness and its mature vigour, and kept it constantly by him. The stories of Chesterfield's imperturbability are almost as numerous as those of his urbanity. When in Ireland as Lord-Lieutenant, he was told one morning that the people of Connaught were rising. He took out his watch, and said simply, 'It is nine o'clock, and certainly time for them to rise.' When he proposed a certain name to George II., and the monarch angrily said, 'I would rather have the devil,' the ex-minister reminded the king that the person nominated must be addressed in the commission as 'Our trusty and well-beloved cousin.'

ing and chronicling it. His contempt for the most eminent of his contemporaries, such as Goldsmith, Johnson, Chesterfield, Boswell, and that 'she-meteor' Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, was most marked; yet (after Joseph Spence) he may be called the founder of anecdotage in England—the precursor of Disraeli and of Greville. He was above all things a chronicler of the trivial, a mere gossip—he calls himself a garrulous Brantôme, and he was in many respects as *arrièré* as St. Simon—but he was a gossip in the grand style.

Horace Walpole [Fourth Earl of Orford] (1717-1797).

Born at London on October 5th, 1717, Horatio was the third and youngest son of the great statesman Sir Robert Walpole. His health was delicate, and his life seemed fragile; nevertheless, at ten he entered Eton, where his father had been the companion of Bolingbroke. There he met Thomas Gray, and became the devoted ally of Henry Seymour Conway. The memory of his father and his friendship for Conway became his two political passions. After his mother's death in 1737, he left King's College, Cambridge, and set out for Paris and Italy in company with Gray. They separated *en route* in consequence of incompatibility of temper—Gray being stiff and rather uncompromising, Walpole capricious and snobbish. At Florence he made the acquaintance of his lifelong correspondent, Sir Horace Mann. Their unique correspondence during forty-six years forms a familiar picture of English life and society from 1741 to 1786. On his return Horace sat in Parliament for Callington, and was provided for by his father. The sinecures that he enjoyed by letters patent provided him with a secure income of about four thousand a year.

Walpole was a man of slender passions. He lacked the

moral and physical vigour which enables the possessor to enjoy in their fullness all the good things of life, and to exercise in all their extent the faculties of our nature. He understood with perfect astuteness the world in which his lot was cast; he could observe it and finely depict it, but he could not dominate it in any way. While he could not be its master, neither would he be its slave: he would be content to amuse and instruct it; he would give it tastes and ideas. On every hand may still be seen intellectual traces of Horace Walpole's passage through the England of the eighteenth century. At the same time he held a little disdainfully aloof from the active combats of literature. He loved his books,[1] and the classics especially, as he also loved the arts, and architecture, and gardens; but he was more critical than creative; he touched on erudition rather than plunged into it, and thoroughly scorned the *profession* of letters. In all probability he was happiest and best as a *raconteur*. Together with his restless intelligence and easily fatigued temperament, he possessed a versatility which prevented the possibility of fatigue on the part of his hearers. To have heard him in this capacity, with his unrivalled tact, his volatile wit, his retentive memory, and his well-selected phrases, must have been a privilege indeed. Much of the charm of such a gossip has inevitably passed away; for Walpole could never have tolerated such a kindred spirit as Boswell about him. But much is happily caught and contained for all time in his marvellous *corpus* of *Correspondence*, which for pungent epigram and delicate persiflage there is nothing in our literature that can even approach.

A fop and a dilettante perhaps, selfish and trifling it

[1] Among his favourites we find, as we should expect, Mme. de Sévigné and De Grammont. He had a passion for books redolent of aristocracy.

may be, a man who does not in the least want to improve you or correct you or ennoble you, yet 'Horry' Walpole will take you out of yourself and amuse you as no one else can. Try the *Sortes Walpolianæ*, where you will, throughout Cunningham's nine or Toynbee's sixteen volumes of his *Correspondence*,[1] you are certain to light upon something bright and entertaining. After that of Cicero and Napoleon his correspondence is the most valuable as a document that exists. His style limpid, unstrained, admirably adapted to its purpose, resembles Voltaire's in its freedom from taint or affectation.

On the other hand, it may be admitted that the personality of the writer, where it is revealed, is not so wholly attractive. There is here a good deal of pose and pettiness, and a great want of spontaneity. It is in this essential quality that Walpole, as a letter-writer, falls so far short of Cowper or Fitzgerald. The elaborated witticisms, excellent though they often are, cannot replace the intimate charm of a delightful character utterly free from self-deception or pose. We are made to feel too often that Walpole had no heart and few convictions. Such sympathies as he had appear to be reserved for persons of rank. His letter is rarely addressed to the friend, but to the well-known antiquary or virtuoso.[2]

[1] Published 1857-9, but still incomplete. Clarendon Press edition, 1904.

[2] Considerable as Walpole is as a writer, he is scarcely less so as a virtuoso; more than any other man, perhaps, he helped to guide into England the stream of curiosities and works of art which made it during the eighteenth century a vast depot of *articles de vertu* and the market for old masters and choice bibelots. His passion for the embellishment of Strawberry was dictated in large measure, no doubt, like that of Shenstone, by mere vanity and love of notoriety; yet he certainly felt keenly, though vaguely, the beauties of the Gothic form, and he knew something of the *raison d'être* and evolution of the style. A new school rarely commences with the beautiful and the true. 'Gothic' was to be a mode before it became a science, and much exaggera-

His lack of sound literary enthusiasm is shown in his criticisms; Johnson was simply repulsive to him; he abused Thomson at the expense of Nat. Lee, ridiculed Richardson, saw nothing in Hume, and preferred Crébillon the younger to Marivaux. As a connoisseur of fine literature he was far below Chesterfield.

Apart from his wonderful correspondence, the best and ripest works of Walpole are those which most nearly approach it in general character: such are his back-stairs *Memoirs of the Last Ten Years of the Reign of King George II.*, a somewhat acid but most entertaining sketch of the political intrigues of the post-Walpole epoch, and *Memoirs of the Reign of George III.*, supplemented by a *Journal of the Reign of King George III. from* 1771 *to* 1783. These were alike published long after Walpole's death, respectively in 1822, 1845, and 1859. The vitality which Walpole manages to give to the prosaic personages and parliamentary debates of this historical period is truly astonishing.

As to *The Castle of Otranto* (1764), apart from its interest in connection with the rise of romanticism and the early history of the novel, what Gilly Williams wrote of it to Selwyn in March, 1765, is as true now as when it was written: 'Such a novel,' he wrote, 'that no boarding-school miss of thirteen could get through it without yawning.' The machinery is pasteboard and the plot so puerile that Walpole himself was fully justified when he called it a 'frantic thing.' His tragedy, *The Mysterious Mother* (1768), is similarly a concatenation of mysterious horrors. The

tion marked its early manifestations. Walpole is said to have outlived three sets of battlements upon his fond mediæval castle. What is singular, however, is that he possessed this rare taste at all, not that he did not possess it as modified by a century of study and dilettanteism.

memory of Walpole is best served by leaving these two pieces severely alone. Another product of 1768 was the ingenious *Historic Doubts on the Life and Reign of Richard III.* Walpole's particular scepticism has not been justified to any great extent by subsequent inquiry, but the spirit of the book has remained a useful legacy to the historical investigator. The remainder of Walpole's works are chiefly compilations for the benefit of his famous press at Strawberry Hill. 'June, 1757,' he writes, 'I erected a printing press at my house in Strawberry Hill. 8 Aug. I published 2 Odes by Mr. Gray, the first productions of my press.' In 1758 he issued his own *Catalogue of the Royal and Noble Authors of England*, in 1762 *Anecdotes of Painting in England*, both creditable efforts of compilation, though in their present form they owe almost as much to subsequent editors as to the original writer. In 1764 he printed for the first time at Strawberry the curious *Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, written by Himself.*[1]

Of Walpole's later years, his fortunate friendship with the Miss Berrys, and his death at a ripe old age in the appropriate atmosphere of Berkeley Square, on March 2nd, 1797, there is little to say. He was a very grudging critic, and as a retribution his own great qualities as a literary artist have been too long eclipsed by the severely moral estimate of Macaulay. As a matter of fact, when you admit that he was a little dry, a little disdainful, a little difficult; when you add that he was not unexacting and by no means altogether free from pretension, and that his delicate frame rendered him irritable, the bad part will have been told: and, frankly, in what one calls 'the world,' is this a very severe burden with which to load his memory? He is

[1] For a full list of the Strawberry Hill publications see the Appendix to Mr. Austin Dobson's *Horace Walpole: a Memoir*, second edition, 1893.

continually actuated by the strongest desire to please, and there is scarcely a dull page in the nine volumes of his published correspondence. To stigmatize as affected the coquetry with which such a man endeavours to veil his foibles would surely seem to indicate a gross want of gratitude.[1]

James Boswell (1740-1795).

James Boswell of Auchinlech, the descendant of a high Scots legal family, was born on October 29th, 1740, and brought up at Auchinlech, the family seat in Ayrshire. His mother was connected with the noble house of Mar. He made studies at Edinburgh and Glasgow, cultivated the affable Mr. Hume, and sat under Adam Smith. His father, beneath his humour, secreted a cunning which he transmitted to his son, and the latter treasured the quality as an heirloom amid all the escapades of his giddy youth. In 1760 he migrated to London and Newmarket in order to enjoy the society of the worst possible company. Among rakes, as among rigid moralists, he was always *bon enfant*, amusing and good-humoured. He had, above all, what is called facility of manner; he took the liberty of exhibiting his foibles to the world with a *naïve* candour, and those who laughed at him generally liked him. In 1762, in his second visit to London, he laid himself out to cultivate men of letters. His ideal now seems to have been to oscillate between the literary tavern and the gaming table of aristocratic dissipation—in 'the metropolis,' be it understood—the provincialism of Edinburgh was his special abhorrence. His success was so complete that by May 16th, 1763, he attained the long-desired introduction to the literary dic-

[1] Walpole has been admirably criticised and appreciated by De Rémusat, by Leslie Stephen, and by Austin Dobson; yet so penetrating is the effect of Macaulay that all their efforts have barely sufficed to keep the balance true.

tator, and, two months later, Johnson exclaimed, 'I love the young dogs of this age.' The first meeting between these two inimitable worthies occupies one of the most famous passages in Boswell's *Life*. As in the case of the equally famous Wilkes episode, the Scotsman's success was the result of a carefully prepared plot. 'At last on Monday the 16th of May' [1763, Johnson aged fifty-four, Boswell twenty-two], 'when I was sitting in Mr. Davies's back parlour, after having drunk tea with him and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop. Mr. Davies having perceived him through the glass-door in the room in which we were sitting, advancing towards us,—he announced his aweful approach to me, somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Horatio, when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost, "Look, my lord, it comes," '—a passage happily prophetic of the wit and talent with which Boswell was about to heighten every incident of the association. The appearance of the new satellite excited some astonishment among Johnson's friends. 'Who is this Scotch cur at Johnson's heels?' asked some one. 'He is not a cur,' replied Goldsmith, 'he is only a bur. Tom Davies flung him at Johnson in sport, and he has the faculty of sticking.' And the bur stuck till the end of Johnson's life.

The curiously assorted pair met sixteen times previously to Boswell's departure for Utrecht in August. Boswell's father, who supplied the funds, cherished the idea that his son was going to Utrecht to study law; but nothing was farther from Boswell junior's intentions. In letters which are a delightful mixture of persuasion and persiflage he intercedes with his parent for an orthodox grand tour. The words of the apostle—'I must see Rome'—are borne in upon his mind; four months at least he must have on classic ground as a scholar and man of elegant curiosity.

'I shall see Voltaire. I shall see Switzerland and Rousseau.' His father found it useless to resist the sentimental enthusiasm of his son. With all his impulsiveness went a capacity for taking snubs and a determination to intrude upon, or at least by any and every means to ingratiate himself with, a select circle of celebrities. When he met Voltaire, he wheedled him into withdrawing the 'superstitious dog' that he had flung at Johnson, and substituting 'honest fellow,' by telling him how the doctor had conceived that a footboy whom Voltaire had employed as amanuensis might write about as well as Frederick the Great.

At Naples he was all effusiveness to the 'hero of liberty,' John Wilkes. But his greatest *coup* was to procure an introduction to Pascal Paoli, the Corsican patriot, from Rousseau. Paoli was the Garibaldi of the eighteenth century, and Boswell's ambition for the hour was to be Paoli's Englishman. Writing to Johnson with Melanchthon's tomb as his desk, he had been penetrated with 'solemn enthusiasm.' Conceive the *épanchement de cœur* as he landed at Corte. 'Sir,' he is said to have addressed Paoli, 'I am upon my travels and have lately visited Rome. I am come from seeing the ruins of one brave and free people. I now see the rise of another.' Paoli regarded him with a suspicion, which was, however, soon dissipated. Boswell assumed Corsican attire and, thus masquerading, called upon the elder Pitt shortly after his return to England. 'As for myself,' he wrote to Chatham a little later (in 1767), 'I am now fairly entered to the bar. I begin to like it. I can labour hard; I feel myself coming forward, and I hope to be useful to my country. Could your Lordship find time to honour me now and then with a letter? I have been told how favourably your Lordship has spoken of me. To correspond with a Paoli and a Chatham is

enough to keep a young man ever ardent in the pursuit of a virtuous fame.' This outburst of personal confidential talk is in Boswell's happiest, most characteristic style. His altruistic impulses were of short duration, but this exquisite egotism of his was a constant quality. Boswell's Corsican antics were crowned by the appearance in 1768 of his *Tour in Corsica*, which gained him the appellation of the 'celebrated traveller'; this was the recognition that he yearned for. He succeeded in interviewing Horace Walpole about the book, much against Walpole's wish, and then attacked Walpole, who readily forgave him, 'as he came to see me no more.' Gray, speaking of the intercourse between 'a green Goose and a Hero,' said it showed that a fool may write a valuable book by chance. All this time he was almost forgetting Johnson and ignoring the oath of eternal friendship sworn above the remains of Melanchthon.

In 1769 he was married, and his next enthusiasm was the Stratford Jubilee. But in 1773 his thoughts were finally diverted into the right channel; he got elected into the literary club, and formed the ingenious plan of a journey with his patron through the Hebrides. Mrs. Boswell's comment was that she had heard of a bear being led by a man, but never till now of a man being led by a bear. Erskine is said to have slyly pressed a shilling into Boswell's hand for bringing the show along to Parliament Close. Johnson ignored the ludicrous side of the perambulation which cannot have been hidden from his sagacity, and was himself, even in the frigid Mrs. Boswell's drawing-room, where he turned the heads of the candles downwards (according to his usual practice) when they did not burn brightly enough to please him. And Johnson gave his cicerone the best testimonial he had yet received, writing to Mrs. Thrale, 'I shall celebrate his good humour and perpetual cheerfulness. He has better faculties than I

had imagined, and more justice of discernment and more fecundity of images.' Goldsmith had asked Boswell how on earth he expected to drag Johnson's dead weight through the Highlands; but Boswell surmounted all difficulties. They returned to Edinburgh the second week in November, after a spirited tour of ninety-four days, adroitly arranged by Boswell so as to bring himself prominently before the public, present and future. Next year was arranged the visit to Lichfield, and in 1776 the masterly comedy of the dinner at Dilly's, at which was contrived the famous meeting between Johnson and 'Jack Ketch,' *alias* Jack Wilkes. In 1778 he was pretty constant in attendance on Johnson, though he varied the task of annotating by frequent flirtations and junketings, momentarily disgusting the doctor by getting very drunk while dining with a bishop. In 1780 and 1782 he was kept away from London by pecuniary difficulties; but in 1781 and 1783 he saw a good deal of Johnson. In June, 1784, he accompanied him to Oxford, and after their return on June 19th, with much kindness of heart he tried to arrange for Johnson to winter in Italy, and to obtain an augmentation of his pension for this purpose. His last farewell was said at the entry to Bolt Court, whither he had conveyed the doctor in Reynolds's carriage. Johnson, after getting down upon the pavement, 'sprang away with a kind of pathetic briskness, if I may use that expression, which seemed to indicate a struggle to conceal uneasiness, and impressed me with a foreboding of our long, long separation.' A few months later Johnson lay upon his death-bed; but Boswell made no effort to see him. The ten years that follow Johnson's death on December 13th, 1784, form, as far as Boswell is concerned, a piteous record of vain struggles and broken resolutions, followed by a gradual, helpless descent into a life of loose

pleasures and folly, brought to an end by a premature death on May 19th, 1795. It was, nevertheless, during these years that he was enabled to prepare that pyramidal *Life*, of which the truly great proportions are only now gradually becoming fully apparent.

Very shortly after Johnson's death Boswell set about seeing through the press his *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides with Samuel Johnson, LL.D.* (1786). Its immediate reception was somewhat chequered. As with Froude's *Reminiscences* when they first appeared, the wounds inflicted upon persons living were thought to outweigh the literary merit of the book. This is a new kind of libel, said one of the critics, by which you may abuse anybody, by saying some dead person said so and so of somebody else.[1] The book was rather coarsely but effectively caricatured by Peter Pindar and by Collins, an imitator of Rowlandson, in twenty large comic cartoons. The author's autobiographical admissions caused much satirical hilarity: 'It is the story,' said Walpole, 'of a mountebank and his zany.'

Henceforth Boswell was 'kept up,' saved from himself and his terrible proclivities, mainly by his *magnum opus*. Mrs. Piozzi's *Anecdotes* appeared in 1785, and Sir John Hawkins's *Life* in 1787; but it was not until the 16th of May, 1791, that was issued (in an edition of 1,700) Boswell's last and most famous work, *The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.*, issued, like the *Journal*, after careful revision at the hands of Edmund Malone.

The great success of the *Life* was never for a moment a matter of doubt; but for a long time critics were in

[1] *The Life of Johnson*,' said Wordsworth, 'has broken through many pre-existing delicacies.' The king thought that some strong means ought to be taken to preserve Johnson from his friends. See Boswell's *Letters to Temple* (ed. Seccombe), 1908.

doubt as to the proportions of merit which were to be assigned to the biographer and his subject, the exhibitor and the exhibited. As a general rule, owing to the widespread feeling that Boswell had been recklessly indiscreet and needlessly circumstantial in matters of detail, the opinion prevailed that the interest of the book was due almost exclusively to the fame and personality of Johnson, and that Boswell was a mere reporter, or (if report spoke true) scarcely more than a Silenus about the person of a Socrates.

This view of Boswell as the foolish and irresponsible author of a great and wise book was set forth with a great amount of point and epigram by Macaulay. Carlyle, though he does something to rectify the impression thus conveyed, still pleads too much for Boswell as a kind of Sancho Panza, to whom special indulgence is due. This view would be perfectly just if Boswell's *Life* were no more than a tissue of Johnsonian *logia* linked together by a few illustrative anecdotes or by formal padding. No one would think of ranking the author of the *Memorial de Saint Hélène* (extremely interesting though it is) with Saint Simon, among the great classical writers of France. But *The Life of Johnson* is very far indeed from being a mere report of conversations;[1] it is a finished portrait, not

[1] 'Let anyone,' says Jowett, 'who believes that an ordinary man can write a great biography make the experiment himself. I would have him try to describe the most interesting dinner-party at which he was ever present: let him write down from memory a few of the good things which were said, not forgetting to make an incidental allusion to the good things that were eaten; let him aim at giving what I may call the dramatic effect of the party. And then let him compare the result with Boswell's account of the famous dinner at Mr. Dilly's, the bookseller in the Poultry, where Johnson was first introduced to Wilkes, and he will begin to understand the nature of Boswell's genius.'

an embellished photograph. Of its most distinguishing characteristics it will suffice to mention first the style—a style pre-eminently limpid and happy, displaying a rare judgment in the use of words; and together with these positive qualities a complete absence of straining after literary 'realism,' no attempt at high colouring, none of the dreary 'word-painting' from which we have all suffered so much. Then there are the inimitable glosses by which Johnson's motives are explained, his state of mind upon particular occasions indicated, the general feeling of his company conveyed. This was part, of course, of the artistic conception which Boswell had formed of his hero.

It has been pointed out that Boswell attempted to extenuate some of his own foibles by attributing their counterparts to his friend, and there is no doubt whatever that his presentation of the great man is an artistic *rifacimento*. The artistic qualities that Boswell displays are the means by which he enables his subject to rank not among the spectral and shadowy figures of history and biography, but with Falstaff and with Mr. Pickwick, among the flesh-and-blood creations of livelier fiction. It is needless to point out how dramatic Boswell's groupings always are—the very fashion that he adopted of giving the conversations not in the neutral tints of *oratio obliqua*, but in full *oratio recta*, was a stroke of original genius. There is a touch of genius, too, in the *naïf* and persistent assiduity ('Sir, I will not be baited with "what" and "why." Why is a cow's tail long? Why is a fox's tail bushy?'), and even in the abnegation of personal dignity, with which he pursued his hero. It implied a generous capacity for appreciating human excellence.[1] As Boswell

[1] Gray's old theory that any fool may write a great book by chance, and Macaulay's emendation, that Bozzy wrote his book because and not in spite of the fact that he was a fool are now deemed equally untenable. Despite his ludicrous immoralities,

himself said of Goldsmith: 'He had sagacity enough to cultivate assiduously the acquaintance of Johnson, and his faculties were gradually enlarged.' In fine, the more we study Boswell, the more we compare him with other biographers, the greater his work appears. Great men are scarce (to use the bookseller's distinction), but great biographers are positively rare. Character—the vital principle—is the *ignis fatuus* of the well-intentioned and efficient biographical chronicler. The great result is attained by a striking variety of means—witness Aubrey, Clarendon, Rousseau, Gibbon, Lockhart, Trelawny, and Trevelyan—but Boswell by his striking combination of imaginative insight and historical veracity would seem likely to retain a unique position as the greatest of all masters of the resources of the biographic art.

The minor performers in the class of memoirs and letters are very numerous, and many of the works are not only diverting, but also illustrative in a remarkable degree of the period. Few, however, attain the distinction which is needed to give them rank as permanent literature, and fewer still are typical in their character or formative in their influence. The character, indeed, of this style of literature lends itself but too easily to discursiveness and diffuseness, and to a somewhat careless and rambling manner; the lack of discriminative power which is destructive to future fame is often contributory to immediate popularity; the laborious accumulation of detail is apt for the moment to obscure deficiency in the higher qualities of truth, simplicity, and artistic selection.

Among many writers of genuine interest, and some of real individuality, a selection is likely to be somewhat arbitrary; we must be content with enumerating, how-

Boswell was 'a better man than Macaulay.' His quasi-divine candour makes us laugh; but while laughing we admit that Boswell was a humourist and portraitist of the highest order.

ever briefly, the memoirs of Holcroft, Burdy, and Tone, the voluminous diaries of Miss Burney, the anecdotes of Mrs. Piozzi, and the letters of Twining and Mrs. Trench.

Thomas Holcroft (1745-1809).

Thomas Holcroft, a man of versatile energy, author of forgotten travels, verses and novels (*Alwyn*, 1780), an indifferent translator, a mediocre playwright, concentrated what was best in him into one fragment of literature: *Memoirs*... 'written by himself and continued to his Death from his Diary and Notes' (1816). As often the case with vital books, it was produced under almost incredible conditions, for it was dictated a sentence or so at a time from the author's death-bed; and it was not published until nine years after Holcroft's death, and then apparently with difficulty, for Hazlitt had completed his task of editing it by 1810. Fortunate as he was in his editor, the first seventeen chapters, which appear exactly as he left them, are indubitably the best. His grandfather, he tells us, was a cooper in the most desolate part of Lancashire, and his father was a shoemaker, in whose shop, as a child, he pored over the *Seven Champions of Christendom*. Extreme poverty drove the father to traverse the country as a pedlar, taking his wife and child with him. How vivid is his account of his father's early pride in him, and of the despair when it was found necessary to encourage him to beg; also his first sight of a quack doctor and his merry andrew at Wisbech Fair—an incident in which he traces his first 'attraction to the dramatic art.' The portrayal of his wanderings as a boy of ten through the miry by-roads of the north of England, of the ruinous hovel near Rugeley which he called 'home,' of the surpassing miseries and hardships that he had to endure, and the adult responsibilities that he had to bear, has a ring of sincerity and pathos which give Holcroft no mean place as a narrator of childish ex-

perience. His first rung up the ladder was scaled when, at thirteen, he obtained a jockey's place at Newmarket, and no more graphic account of the singular life of a stable lad is probably to be found than in the chapters he devotes to this part of his career. When the turf or the theatre become the main topics, literature is but too apt to stray. This danger was averted by the perfect *naïveté* with which he records his experiences. The other besetting danger of an autobiographer, that of a gradual diminution of interest, was evaded by Holcroft, for he died when his book was in mid-career, on March 23rd, 1809.

Samuel Burdy (1759-1820).

Samuel Burdy is known by one little masterpiece, *A Life of Philip Skelton* (1792), a muscular Christian who nobly revived the Protestant faith in the remote wilds of Donegal between 1730 and 1760, whose income was strictly limited to £40 a year, and who died in 1787. Burdy, the admirer, and, on a modest scale, the Boswell of this singular man, was born about 1759, and made the acquaintance of Skelton not before 1781. The result of the association was a book, justly characterized by Lord Macaulay as delightful. It gives the real life of a minister who, like Dr. Primrose, was a good man, labouring, upon a pittance, among the poor in the west of Ireland, and is richly interspersed with anecdotes, racy alike of the soil, the queer, profusely generous, Irish nature of Skelton, and the wit of his humblest parishioners.

Wolfe Tone (1763-1798).

Among the more exceptional autobiographies of the period must be included that of Theobald Wolfe Tone, a formidable rebel, who, in the words of Mr. Goldwin Smith, was as near being a fatal enemy to England as Hannibal was to Rome, but who eventually committed suicide while under sentence of death in November, 1798. His *Diary*, first

published in Philadelphia in 1826 by his son, has been often reprinted. A candid separatist and conspirator, Tone was remarkably free from declamatory vapour and revolutionary cant. He was full of faults, drank and swore like a trooper, and was, in fact, more of a soldier and adventurer than a political revolutionary or statesman. His *Diary* is occasionally humorous, often witty, and he has a strange gift for apposite tags and quotations.

Mme. D'Arblay (1752-1840).

Fanny Burney, or Madame D'Arblay, as she became in 1793, claims originality rather as a novelist who will always occupy a place in the second rank than as a diarist and memoir-writer. In addition to her *Early Diary* (ed. A. R. Ellis, 1889), some seven volumes of *Diary and Letters*, forming a selection from her multifarious scribblings, appeared 1842-6. The work has been claimed as a classic, but that it can never become. The stories of Dr. Johnson (which showed for the first time how gentle and endearing he could be) and of his group will live in literary history; but the disproportionate amount of trivial and tedious narration which the writer bestows upon the farthing rushlights of the court of George III. incline us to believe that the martyr of Macaulay's over-coloured description, at least in great part, deserved her fate as second keeper of the queen's robes (and lap-dog). She returned in 1791 to Chelsea and her father's circle. The strange and pretentious *Memoirs of Dr. Burney*, which she issued in 3 vols. in 1832, is an awful example of Johnsonian euphuism. The tendency to verbosity and to long Latin words which had been perceived in *Cecilia*, and is distinctly felt in the *Diary*, has now become intolerable. An east wind becomes in this jargon the 'rude fierceness of wintry elemental strife'; to be starved to death is 'to sink from inanition into nonentity'; and

Mrs. Thrale, when a party of clever people sat silent, is said to have been 'provoked by the dulness of a taciturnity that, in the midst of such renowned interlocutors, produced as narcotic a torpor as could have been caused by a dearth the most barren of all human faculties.'

Mrs. Thrale (1741-1821).

Hester Lynch Salusbury, known to Johnson as Mrs. Thrale, but who became, in 1784 (after Thrale's death and much against Johnson's advice), Mrs. Piozzi, was a very charming woman, frank, vivacious, extremely clever and well read in English literature. She came short of the high, old-fashioned English idea of perfect decorum, and she showed a certain hardness when she sacrificed the affection of her old friend and her children for Piozzi; yet, upon the whole, it is impossible to avoid liking her. She had a fatal facility in composition, but two of her books at least will live on account of their subject: *Anecdotes of the late Dr. Johnson during the last twenty years of his Life* (1786), written in Italy after her second marriage, and giving a very lively picture of Johnson, though coloured in part by the desire to defend her own conduct; and, secondly, *Letters to and from Dr. Johnson* (1788).[1]

Melesina Trench (1768-1827).

Melesina Trench, a studious beauty, lived much in the best society of Europe, and was the writer of a very interesting *Journal and Letters* (first published by her son, Archbishop Richard Chenevix Trench, in 1862), marked by an excellent style and a perfect natural taste. The artless yet finished idiomatic style of these letters and the great refinement of the writer's opinions seem to indicate the real development that had been going on at once in English prose

[1] Johnson wrote her hundreds, and loved her to the point of not wishing her to marry elsewhere. Their quarrel was a disaster to letters. (See Broadley's *Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale.* Introduction by the present writer, 1910.)

and in cultured English taste. The same tendencies are evident in the Twining correspondence.

Thomas Twining (1735-1804).

Thomas Twining, born in January, 1735, a member of the well-known tea-dealing family of Twining, was designed by his father to enter the tea business, but was eventually sent to Cambridge. There he obtained a fellowship at Sidney-Sussex, and became an excellent linguist and musician. Most of his life was spent in a little parsonage in Essex, whence he wrote delightful letters to his friends, letters at once scholarly and literary, and showing a genuine critical discernment. 'Whether he wielded an argument,' wrote his friend the great Dr. Parr, 'or tossed about an opinion, all was natural, original, and most delightful.' He died at Colchester on August 6th, 1804; but his *Letters*, mainly to his brother Richard and to Dr. Burney, were not published until 1882. Twining's literary judgments upon the books of his own day are, in the main, surprisingly sound, and well deserve the attention of students of this period. He has a catholic affection for Swift and Fielding, but he cannot bear Lord Chesterfield's *Letters*, with their 'pedantry of gentlemanship.' Of Boswell he writes: 'Yet there is a *naïveté*, a candour and a *bonhomie* about the man that makes me like him. . . . I have met with those who call the book tiresome: I never read a book that was less so.' Of peculiar interest is the evidently quite genuine enthusiasm with which he writes to Dr. Burney about his daughter's novels, especially *Cecilia*.

Of Johnson's *Lives* he has much to say. The 'best thing' in it is his 'critique upon Cowley, or rather upon what I think he calls the metaphysical style of poetry. . . . Johnson's mind is fettered with prejudices, poetical, political, religious, and even superstitious. As a reasoner he is nothing. He has not the least tincture of the *esprit*

philosophique upon any subject. He is not a poet, nor has he any taste for what is properly called poetry; for imagination, enthusiasm, etc. His poetry—I mean what he esteems such—is only good sense put into good metre. He sees no promise of Milton's genius in his juvenile poems. He feels no beauties in Mr. Gray's *Odes*. Did you ever see a more schoolboyish criticism than his upon Gray? What he says about blank verse I abominate. . . .' Another amusing tell-you-all-about-it biography is the *Nollekens and his Times*, by Rainy-Day Smith, Keeper of Prints and London Antiquary, who was born in 1766, and remembered holding Reynolds's spectacles and being patted on the head by Dr. Johnson.

A diarist of some importance was Dr. Alexander Carlyle (1722-1805), minister of Inveresk, whose racy *Autobiography*,[1] containing memorials of the men and events of his time—such as the Porteous Riot, Col. Charteris, Home, Hutcheson, Robertson, the '45,' Smollett, Hume, Blair, Adam Smith, Shenstone, Macpherson, the three eccentric Law-lords, Kames, Dalrymple, and Monboddo, Franklin, Mrs. Montague and her coterie, the travel and club life of the age in particular—was hoarded in manuscript and first published by John Hill Burton in December, 1860. The book, as we have it, gives an agreeable impression of a genial, liberal-minded, humorous, and sagacious minister of the Scots Kirk, but above all, an unrivalled picture of the literary society of Edinburgh in mid-eighteenth century. Carlyle was a good narrator, and had a keen eye for human foibles. But he well knew how to uphold 'the foundation.' A 'shrewd old Carle,' he was, and at the same time, the 'grandest demi-god' Sir Walter Scott ever saw.

[1] An excellent edition of 'Jupiter' Carlyle, with numerous portraits, appeared in 1910. Smith's *Book for a Rainy Day* was edited by W. Whitten, 1905.

CHAPTER III.

POLITICAL WRITERS.

If one were to be marooned upon an island with the works of a single author of the Johnsonian epoch, one would probably ask for Fielding or Burns; but if one had to name the greatest genius of that age, one would confidently answer Edmund Burke. 'Shakespeare and Burke,' said Mackintosh with truth, 'are above talent.' As a prose-writer Burke stands up with Swift and Scott, while for his ample store of political and moral wisdom we can find but one name to match him, that of Francis Bacon. His works constitute an armoury for politicians and statesmen, just as those of Plato serve metaphysicians, Galen physicians, Coke lawyers, Montesquieu and Adam Smith economists.

There is, as has been remarked, a certain unwillingness in the world to admit that the same man has excelled in various pursuits. Yet we find Erskine and Thurlow admitting that Burke had a profound knowledge of jurisprudence, and when Adam Smith came to London he was amazed to find to what extent Burke by sheer force of deductive reasoning had anticipated his own carefully constructed economic hypotheses.

Johnson's generous testimony to Burke's powers as a conversationalist is well known. 'Burke,' he said, 'is such a man that if you met him for the first time in

the street, where you were stopped by a drove of oxen, and you and he stepped aside to take shelter for five minutes, he'd talk to you in such a manner that, when you parted, you would say, "This is an extraordinary man."' And he appended to this—'Why, sir, if he should go into a stable and talk a few minutes with the ostlers about horses, they would venerate him as the wisest of human beings.' He did not grudge Burke his pre-eminence in the Commons; Burke, he said, would be the first man anywhere. But the most remarkable of his tributes to Burke's power of speech was made when he was ill, and some one brought up Burke's name: 'That fellow calls forth all my powers,' cried Johnson; 'were I to see Burke now it would kill me.' His range and intensity were equally marvellous. 'C'est le spectacle de la vie humaine sur le théâtre de la société qu'il aimait à contempler.'[1] His method of acquiring knowledge he has described in his own words. He took up one subject at a time, and stuck to it at a white heat till he was satisfied. He was not content to give his hearers the bare results of his powerful investigations; he took them rapidly over the field of exploration, for the survey of which his brilliant metaphors served as coigns of vantage. Who, asked Goldsmith, could expound like Burke, 'who winds into his subject like a serpent!' The wonderful persuasiveness, the glow of enthusiastic

[1] Thus it was very truly said of Burke, 'He cannot bear to blink or narrow a question, even when doing so may be supposed favourable to his views, but gives the hint of a difficulty in order to show his skill in overcoming it. It is contrary to the nature of the man to be pent up within a small compass: he must have room; give him vent or he continually threatens to explode and overwhelm you. He can no more be thrust up into the straitened corner of a subject—a trick which the practised debater and reasoner plays off on the more inexperienced—than you can squeeze an elephant into the cage of a parrot' (Prior).

appreciation that he excites preparatory to winning over his reader, is well shown by a few words in one of Cowper's letters. He wrote a satire upon Burke and his reforms one morning early in 1780, and called it *The Modern Patriot*. 'At night I read Mr. Burke's speech in a newspaper, and was so well pleased with his proposals and the temper in which he made them that I began to think better of his cause and burned my verses . . . what was just satire in the morning, in the evening becomes a libel!' This is the power that the Duc de Levis spoke of as residing in Burke when he first heard him speak in the Commons. His auditors passed, he tells us, in an instant from the tenderest emotions of feeling to bursts of laughter: 'never was the electric power of eloquence more imperiously felt; this extraordinary man seemed to raise and quell the passions of his auditors with as much ease, and as rapidly, as a skilful musician passes into the various modulations of his harpsichord.' [1]

Edmund Burke (1729-1797).

Born in January, 1729, the son of a solicitor in Dublin, Edmund Burke was educated at Ballitore school (1741-3), under Abraham Shackleton, to whom he always professed deep obligations. In 1743 he became a student at Trinity College, Dublin; but during the whole of his regular education he was much less academic than excursive. In 1747 he was entered at the Middle Temple, and he proceeded to London to pursue his legal studies in 1750.

[1] On the other hand, Burke must have often been far above the heads of his auditory. The commonplaceness of mind, whether assumed or real, which seems a necessary adjunct of the successful party politician, was beyond his compass; the natural bent of a lofty understanding to big conceptions and general views precluded his attaining to the cunning indispensable in the manœuvres of debate.

Indifferent to law, he soon surrendered himself to a state of *disponibilité universelle*. This is often a phase in which, while waiting for something to turn up, men relapse into idleness and sterility. But in Burke's case the pause was fruitfully employed in preparation for the full life that he was to lead. The periodical press offered him some outlet; when a man of genius is young there are few subjects upon which he has not some lesson to impart. He filled up his time by frequenting the theatre, studying logic and natural philosophy, and writing poetry. The first literary production of Burke that is preserved is his *reductio ad absurdum* of Bolingbroke's plan for throwing ridicule upon established religion. 'Show me,' he says, 'in his *Vindication of Natural Society* (1756) one absurdity in religion, and I will undertake to show you a hundred in political institutions and laws.' His *Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and the Beautiful* (1756) was more academic in tone, but is at least remarkable for its daring; for there are few subjects, as Tolstoi has shown, upon which ideas are more conflicting than this one of æsthetics. Setting out from a certain uniformity in the question of taste, the writer traces this consensus back to a general curiosity, to the constant operation of sensations of pleasure and pain, to the force of passion which has for its object beauty, and to the love of imitation. It showed at any rate that the principles of art criticism must be based upon psychological truth, and it stimulated its German translator, Lessing, in his great contribution to æsthetic thought in the *Laokoon* of 1766.

In 1759, under the auspices of Dodsley,[1] one of the chief patrons of that Grub Street of which he was still to some extent an inmate, Burke began a yearly chronicle of events under the title of *The Annual Register* (which still survives as a most useful record of contemporary history), re-

[1] See Straus's *Life of Dodsley*, the footman-poet-bookseller, 1910.

ceiving in payment one hundred guineas per annum to supplement a meagre allowance from his father, who was displeased at his alienation from the law.

From 1761 to 1765 Burke was in the employ of William Gerard Hamilton, known as Single-speech Hamilton; he accompanied him to Ireland, and was granted by him a pension of £300 a year from the Irish treasury. Hamilton was egotistic and exacting. In return for this pension he wanted to absorb the whole time and talent of Burke. This was resented, and the connection was broken. But a short time elapsed, however, before Burke was appointed private secretary to Rockingham, upon his taking office in 1765, and next year he entered Parliament for Wendover, and at once made his mark as a debater. In 1769, in his *Observations on the Present State of the Nation*, he defended the conduct of the Rockingham ministry during its one year of office, showing his remarkable grasp of details. But it was not until 1770 that he first showed his masterful understanding to the full in his *Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents*, one of the monumental pieces of political literature. The dissatisfaction manifested by the people in the long conflict between Parliament and public opinion, in the matter of Wilkes, was here analyzed, and, to a certain extent, explained and justified. As for the populace, he remarked, in referring to the outbreaks which had been sternly quelled, it is never for a passion for attack that it rebels, but from impatience of suffering. It is, however, when he leaves the purely temporary question, and goes on to explain the real substance of our constitution, and to defend on general grounds the spirit of party, that Burke gives evidence of his full power, not merely as the refuter of Bolingbroke's specious plea for the arbitrary suppression of parties by a 'patriot king,' but also as the interpreter for the first

time of the greatest qualities inherent in the English political system. In the rolling periods, so peculiarly adapted to a style dictated and not written, and owing much of its effect to stately sound and rhetorical artifice, Burke clearly shows his affinity to Dryden, the instaurator of modern English prose, while the effect of his careful study of Bolingbroke is constantly apparent in the balance of the long sentences. At the same time Burke's prose is thoroughly individual and quite unmistakable—that of a man 'pouring out his mind on paper.' After it, to Hazlitt, greatest of our critics, other styles appeared pedantic or impertinent. 'If there are greater prose-writers than Burke, they either lie out of my course of study, or are beyond my sphere of comprehension.'

When the American difficulties commenced, Burke denied no British rights, but questioned if it were practicable, wise, or safe to exercise them. 'The question with me is not whether you have the right to render your people miserable, but whether it is not your interest to make them happy.' When, therefore, the mass of the people, tenacious of their logical rights, as they deemed them, over a country which the British arms had rescued barely fifteen years ago from the aggressive schemes of France, determined to decide the matter by the sword, Burke's three impressive protests constitute what is perhaps his most powerful claim to wisdom as a statesman—to a position as a political Nestor. These three pieces, the *Speech on American Taxation* (April, 1774), the *Speech on Conciliation with America* (March, 1775), and the *Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol* (April, 1777), form, says Mr. Morley, the most perfect manual in our literature, or in any literature, for one who approaches the study of public affairs.

'If ever in the fullness of time, and surely the fates of men and literature cannot have it otherwise, Burke be-

comes one of the half-dozen names of established and universal currency in education and in common books, rising above the waywardness of literary caprice or intellectual fashions, as Shakespeare and Milton and Bacon rise above it, it will be the mastery, the elevation, the wisdom of these far-shining discourses, in which the world will in a special degree recognize the combination of sovereign gifts with beneficent uses. In these pieces Burke, pleading an unpopular cause, was aware that he could trust nothing to the sympathy or the prepossessions of his readers, and this put him upon an unwonted persuasiveness. But at the same time he remonstrates against the "thriving sophisms of barbarous national pride, the eternal fallacies of war and conquest," exposing with unanswerable force the deeply-lying faults of heart and temper, as well as of understanding, which move nations to haughty and violent courses.'

'The question with me,' he says in one of his deep aphoristic ejaculations, 'is not whether you have a right to render your people miserable, but whether it is not your interest to make them happy.' 'Nobody shall persuade me, when a whole people are concerned, that acts of lenity are not means of conciliation.' 'I do not know the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people.'

In the forefront of Burke's writings stands, together with his speeches on America, his *Reflections on the French Revolution* (November, 1790), a book which made Burke famous throughout Europe as the champion of the old *régime*. Apart, however, from its temporary drift, this is a treatise upon the value of prescription based upon historical continuity, and nearly every page contains a rubric, which the attentive reader will mark as of permanent and not merely ephemeral value. Much of the declamation against the pioneers of the Revolution may

appear to be windy, and, accurate as many of Burke's immediate predictions proved, it is evident that his mind was in some degree prejudiced and his taste occasionally warped when he speaks of the great upheaval, of which he was unable to take more than a very partial survey.[1] He regarded the movement almost exclusively from a governmental point of view, and from that of an aristocrat who wishes to govern for, but utterly ignores the possibility of governing through, the people. The cruel unfairness and absurd anomalies of the old system, the just aspirations of the typical peasant, as depicted so vividly in Erckmann-Chatrian's prose epic (*Vie d'un Paysan*), the eventual benefits conferred upon France at the price of revolution, terrible though that revolution in certain of its phases might be —all this was to a large extent concealed from Burke's passionate gaze. From the first he saw 'the glare of hell in the light which others took to be the dawn of the millennium.' His whole view, we must remember, was coloured by antipathy to the *à priori* school of philosophers who looked to Rousseau for a prescription that should regenerate human nature—the rising swarm of doctrinaires who thought to legislate mankind into paradise, and for whom Burke exhibited in anticipation all the contempt that a great biologist can feel for a social democrat. The spectacle of a deliberative body making a *tabula rasa* before the world of all its ancient institu-

[1] It is easy enough, of course, after the event to say that Burke was prejudiced; as a matter of fact, he probably foresaw the issue more accurately than any other living statesman, except, perhaps, Gustavus III. of Sweden. Pitt thought the revolution would render France innocuous for twenty years. Prussia and Austria both looked upon it as a providential arrangement by means of which they would be able without interference to partition the smaller German states between them.

tions and its historical organization excited to fury a man who had appealed with such a passionate conviction to history as the source of political wisdom. But great as was the passion that stirred his depths, Burke remained even to the end pre-eminently the philosopher and not the partisan in politics. As a thinker he insists upon the same principles, applies the same tests, and holds the same essential truths. Only, as he grows older, 'the shadows cast by his genius grow longer, while the horizon is lit up by a many-coloured rhetorical splendour.'

Burke wrote several treatises to supplement his *Reflections*, notably his *Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs* and his *Thoughts on French Affairs* in 1791; in the latter he showed with great force of reasoning that the Revolution signified not merely a scheme of political innovation (bad though that would be in itself), but the propagation of a new political and social *doctrine*. These and similar pieces culminated in his fiery and powerful, but too imaginative and declamatory, *Thoughts on the Prospect of Peace with a Regicide Directory* (1797), which was left in a fragmentary state.[1]

In 1795 Burke was granted a considerable pension for his services to the country and to Pitt's government. The Duke of Bedford in an unlucky hour assailed the grant of the pension—the chief of the house of Russell was the most unfit person in the world to protest against grants by favour of the crown. Burke was a rhetorician, after all, and although the effort was unproductive, and lent itself but little to his favourite theme—the iniquitous Revolution—yet the temptation to speak back was too strong for him. His *Letter to a Noble Lord* (February, 1796) is 'the most splendid repartee in the English language.'

[1] A full list of Burke's numerous writings is prefixed to the still unsuperseded *Memoir* by James Prior (1824).

'In one thing,' he says, 'I can excuse the Duke of Bedford for his attack upon me and my mortuary pension. He cannot readily comprehend the transaction he condemns. What I have obtained was the fruit of no bargain; the production of no intrigue; the result of no compromise; the effect of no solicitation.' But such extenuation was not to serve the 'poor rich man' for long. 'The Duke of Bedford conceives that he is obliged to call the attention of the house of peers to his majesty's grant to me, which he considers excessive and out of all bounds.' 'Surely,' concludes the tormentor, 'the noble duke must be in a dream. Why, the crown grants to the house of Russell were so enormous as not only to outrage economy, but even to stagger credibility. The Duke of Bedford is the leviathan among all the creatures of the crown. He tumbles about his unwieldy bulk; he plays and frolics in the ocean of the royal bounty. Huge as he is, and whilst he "lies floating many a rood," he is still a creature. His ribs, his fins, his whalebone, his blubber, the very spiracles through which he spouts a torrent of brine against his origin and covers me all over with the spray—everything of him and about him is from the throne. Is it for *him* to question the dispensation of the royal favour?'

The passage well illustrates the eastern opulence of imagery, displayed in metaphor and simile, which Burke had at the disposal of his profound knowledge and experienced judgment. Occasionally his Celtic wealth of fancy got the better of him, his metaphors became confused, his invective became tumultuary; but he was not without the saving grace of humour, that rarest endowment of the perfervid rhetorician. Despite the griefs and disillusionments of his later days, it is a delightful picture we conjure up of Burke in his retirement at Beaconsfield, amid a circle of friends and correspondents

including the purest and noblest-minded men of that age.

After Stratford few shrines in England are more venerable than that at Beaconsfield, where a monument was erected in 1898 as a memorial of the undying fame of the man who died there on July 9th, 1797. To the intellectual qualities, the exercise of which has made his name immortal, he united great benevolence and a steady eagerness to help others, especially his poorer friends and neighbours. Miss Shackleton describes in a delightful passage how she came to Beaconsfield to see 'farmer' Burke, and how she found him at Gregorie's, and how he presented her to Crabbe. Burke took her into the grounds to see his dog swim, and showed her his stables and animals, finishing up the day by compounding pills for his poorer neighbours who were ill. As he compounded the rhubarb he told his visitor a story. 'I am like an Irish peer I used to know, who was also fond of dealing out remedies to his neighbours. One day he met a funeral. Whose funeral was it? "Oh, my lord," was the answer, "that's Tady So-and-so, the man whom your lordship cured three days ago."'

Apart from his solitary eminence as a political seer, Burke stands almost alone as a philosopher who is also literary in the highest sense. The harmony of sense and sound, outside supreme poetry, has seldom been attained to such perfection as in his prose. Our emotions are attuned to noble feeling, our ears to perfect utterance, and our judgment at the same time is captivated by the fairest and most rational of appeals. Like Voltaire, Burke is one of the writers who permeate modern thought, often where we least suspect it; but in Burke's case one is less moved to exclaim, 'How clever!' or 'How original!' than 'Is not this the quintessence of sound judgment and good feeling?' At its highest elevation this noble prose exhibits

a wealth of imagery which the great poets might envy, and a power of illustration dazzling in its brilliance, and in its fertility inexhaustible.[1] 'Not to know Burke,' said Matthew Arnold, 'is to be a very fragmentary Englishman.' To know him is at least a contribution towards becoming a good and a liberal-minded one. The study of Burke indeed refines the taste and exalts the imagination; 'it edifies and stimulates the moral nature, and enlarges, invigorates, and ennobles the understanding.'

The series of seventy letters, signed by Junius, first appeared in *The Public Advertiser* between January 21st, 1769, and January 21st, 1772. They were revised by the author and reprinted in March, 1772, in two small volumes, by Henry Sampson Woodfall. A greatly amplified edition, with additional letters (some of which are spurious), was issued in 1812, by George Woodfall. The original letters attracted the universal attention of English politicians, owing to the writer's apparent familiarity with current political topics and personages, and his boldness in commenting upon them. The climax was reached on December 16th, 1769, when Junius, in a letter 'to the king,' barbed a most indecent attack by an imputation of personal cowardice, and reminded George III. that the crown 'acquired by one revolution' might be 'lost by another.' Woodfall was prosecuted for printing and publishing this in *The Public Advertiser*, and acquitted on a technical point, while John Almon, who had issued and

[1] The variety in homogeneity of Burke is best indicated in the fine phrase of De Quincey: 'The splendours of Burke, yoked with the very finest, subtlest, and *most combining* intellect that has ever yet been applied to political philosophy, awoke no sense of disparity or false balance in his powers.' He had in a remarkable degree the quality of 'elastic accommodation to the fluctuating accidents of the occasion.'

sold several reprints of the letters, was punished by fine. The original letters are now among the additional manuscripts at the British Museum. There are, of course, editions of the *Letters* without end: the most convenient is Bohn's edition (1850, and reprinted), edited by John Wade, being a reprint of George Woodfall's issue of 1812, with some additional notes.

To indicate any express conclusion as to the authorship of the *Junius Letters* might probably need more space than has yet been devoted to the subject. That space is already enormous. Like Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, or the Man in the Iron Mask, Hannibal's route over the Alps, or the explanation of Napoleon's rout at Waterloo, the subject has begot a literature to itself, bristling with technicalities and expert opinions; but one opinion neutralizes another, and the twilight is not penetrated. All that seems tolerably certain is that the writer was one of a clique of dissident Whigs—Grenvillites, Wilkites, and doctrinaires—of whom Sir Philip Francis (1740-1818), a scheming politician of the third rank, and a most prolific pamphleteer—one of the Rigbys of that generation—was a more or less prominent member. The writer *may have been* Francis himself, but this is vehemently denied by some of the ablest investigators, such as Charles Wentworth Dilke, whom one would be glad to follow in this matter (so minute is his knowledge both of the period as a whole and of the intricacies of the special problem), were it not that he is so agnostic as to be wellnigh incomprehensible. 'The experience of a pretty long life has taught me,' he says, in his *Papers of a Critic* (1875, vol. ii., p. 176), 'never to believe a Junius "rumour," never to believe any story of or concerning Junius, no matter how confidentially or circumstantially told, which is *not proved*.' The perusal of the volume shows that he considers not one of the hypo-

theses advanced to be even plausible, and most of them are riddled through and through by his acute destructive criticism.

The short titles of a few of the books investigating the authorship will serve to attest the invincible self-confidence of Junius theorists:

1. *Junius ascertained . . . to be Hugh Boyd* (by G. Chalmers, 1800 and 1817).

2. *A critical Enquiry . . . proving Junius to be Lord Sackville* (by G. Coventry, 1825).

3. *Junius compared* [*and identified with*] *Lord Chesterfield* (by W. Cramp, 1850).

4. *Junius, Lord Chatham* (by John Swinden, 1830, and by W. Dowe, 1857).

5. *Facts . . . proving General Arthur Lee to be Junius* (by T. Girdlestone, 1813).

6. *Horne Tooke identified with Junius* (by J. H. Graham, 1828).

7. *Junius discovered . . . in Governor Pownall* (by F. Griffin, 1854).

8. *Letters on Junius* [*i.e., Earl Temple*] (by L. Newhall, 1831.)

9. *Junius unmasked* [*revealing Thos. Paine*], 1872; cf. with this Burr's *Thomas Paine was Junius*, 1880.

10. *An Enquiry . . . proving the Letters to be by Edmund Burke* (by J. Roche, 1813).

11. *William Burke, the author of Junius* (by J. C. Symons, 1859).

12. *'Junius,' by J. Wade* (by John Britton, 1851).

13. *Junius unmasked* [*revealing Edmund Gibbon*], 1819.

14. *Lord George Sackville proved to be Junius* (by J. B. Manning, 1828).

15. *Letters . . . proving* [*the Duke of Portland to have been Junius*] (by A. G. Johnson, 1816).

16. *Arguments demonstrating the letters to be by J. L. De Lolme* (by T. Busby, 1816).

Among the numerous other supposed writers it is sufficient to name Lord Shelburne, John Wilkes, Charles Lloyd, Barré, the second ('bad') Lord Lyttelton, and Lady Temple.

It is noteworthy that John Almon, who reprinted *Junius* in the *London Museum*, the factotum of the opposition Whigs, and one of the best-informed political quidnuncs of the day, never thought of connecting Francis with the *Letters*, but always suspected Boyd of the authorship. Dr. Parr, who knew something of the character of Francis, strongly deprecated the theory of his authorship (and, indeed, if Francis were the author, he was morally one of the vilest of men); but this was chiefly by way of preface to an absurd theory of Parr's own.

The Franciscan theory was first fully set out in a work entitled *The Identity of Junius with a distinguished Living Character* [by John Taylor], 1818. So exhaustively is the subject treated in this volume that but little has since been added either to the arguments or the evidence originally adduced. It was at once fiercely contested by G. Chalmers and (in a series of letters, collected in 1828) by E. H. Barker; and it has subsequently been subjected to very damaging criticism by Dilke and by William James Smith, who is said to have had the support of the judicious Croker (in the third volume of *The Grenville Papers*, 1853). The Franciscan theory was, however, corroborated by the investigations of Charles Chabot, an expert in handwriting, and it has been accepted as a good working hypothesis by such eminent historians as Lord Mahon, Lord Macaulay, and Mr. Lecky, who, by his lucid manner

of presentation, has robbed the subject of some of its terrors. The pithiest summary of this view is given by Mr. Leslie Stephen.[1]

Apart from difficulties in the details of the evidence (divergences of opinion between Francis and Junius, etc.), there is also this difficulty in accepting the Franciscan theory, that, assuming the motives of the writer to have been mainly selfish, one fails to understand why Francis should have been so anxious for the *rôle* of a political Ishmael, and why he should have entertained so profound a resentment against all the greatest personages of the time, including several (*e.g.*, the king) who had specially benefited his family. The strain of personal bitterness which underlies all the polish would certainly seem to suggest that, although Francis may have handwritten or even been the literary instrument—the Busch—of the letters, they were ultimately inspired by some much more considerable personality behind the curtain (a double one in this case), a real magnate, a principal in the transactions involved.[2] No difficulty can be experienced in fitting this part. The somewhat anomalous views (support of Wilkes and firmness to America), the rare friendships, and

[1] Article on Francis in *Dictionary of National Biography.*

[2] The sudden extinction of 'Junius' (after 1772) points to the dissolution of a partnership presided over not by a literary man (who would naturally be anxious to pursue the triumphs that he had won by means of a laboriously acquired mastery over a particular kind of literary missile), but by a statesman who employed the literary instrument merely as a means to an end, and when hope of achieving the end by such means failed, abandoned the campaign of anonymous invective without reluctance, and, possibly enough, with disdain. It seems pretty plain that the *Letters* were a Grenvillite manifesto, and it is significant that they ceased almost simultaneously with the death of Charles Lloyd, George Grenville's private secretary, on January 22nd, 1773. Lloyd was probably a go-between, if not a collaborator.

the general, almost universal, antipathies of Junius, coincide exactly with those of George Grenville and his brother Richard, Earl Temple—that 'malignant man, who worked in the mines of successive factions for nearly thirty years' (Walpole), and of whom Macaulay says: 'Whenever a heap of dirt was flung up, it might well be suspected that he was at work in some foul, crooked labyrinth below.'

But for the present it is probably best to regard the case as not proven (not even by the graphologists). A great many letters and documents will have to come out of their present repositories before the secret history of the first twenty years of George III.'s reign can be written. In the meantime, the fact that at any moment decisive evidence as to the authorship may come to light serves only to accentuate the proverbial danger of prophecy—and in the present state of the evidence no statement, however dogmatic in form, can be more.

Meanwhile the importance of Junius, whether from a political or literary point of view, is not likely to increase. It is, perhaps, to-day, no exaggeration to say that it has decreased, is decreasing, yet ought still further to be diminished. Junius, at his best, is hardly more than a very effective and very unscrupulous leader-writer. He has, we believe, been termed a plaster image of Burke, but this is a libel—upon the Italian modellers. Bred upon Bolingbroke and Pulteney and Chesterfield (from whom he derived a touch of Gallicism) and Johnson (from whom he caught a few tricks most detrimental to a really good style), he utterly lacked the force of a really great pamphleteer like Swift—still more utterly did he lack the depth and sincerity of a political sage like Burke; in *finesse* he is far beneath Halifax or Chesterfield, while he spurned the plain and homely thrust of Defoe, and later of Cobbett or Wakefield. He had only one key, that of

studied insult and invective; but invective loses all its interest when a lively appreciation of the circumstances and the characters is no more. What literary merit there is in the invectives of Junius is not sustained by our interest in the personality of the man who launched them, as in the case of Demosthenes or Cicero, or Milton or Burke or Hazlitt. In other words, the value of Junius tends to become more and more purely historical. The direct literary influence that he wielded over a class of political writers (best seen, perhaps, in the publicists of the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly* reviews of the early part of this century, of whom Macaulay and Jeffrey are the most brilliant examples) is certainly dwindling, if it be not already extinct. Nor can the fact be regretted. With abundance of hollow declamation and shallow aphorism, his coinage is not deficient in metallic lustre, but the metal itself is not genuine. Charles Fox, Lord Brougham, Lord John Russell, Lord Mahon, Sir Robert Peel, W. J. Smith, De Rémusat (whose study of Junius is excellent), and many others have stated, with perfect justice, that the reputation of Junius is far superior to his merit. But then there is the mystery—about which so many books are still to be written!

Burke and Junius were the two great successors of Bolingbroke in the eighteenth century as political writers. One wrote for his countrymen, the other for his faction; but both alike eschewed abstract political ideals and theories, and sought rather to adapt existing machinery than to model anew. Burke always sought the right principles to guide the action of an actual existing government, and provided he could get a hearing for this, he cared, perhaps too little, for the theory upon which such action should logically be based. For the French philosophers, with their schemes upon paper for the redress of grievances and the equilibrium of forces and parts in the

political machine, he had an unequivocal contempt. His conception of the progress of English politics as a series of false steps and blunders, culminating in a rude but well-worn and practical path of working compromises and illogical constitutional understandings, is a testimony to his intuitive grasp of an idea which the labours of many succeeding constitutional and historical students have made familiar.

But even in empirical England it was only natural that the opposite or theoretic school should have its exponents. Literary intercourse between England and France was of the most intimate kind, and it was to be expected that the French physiocrats and political doctrinaires should have their counterparts in this country. Conspicuous among these were men such as Horne Tooke (1736-1812);[1] Richard Price (1723-1791) of the 'Revolution' Club, whose once famous sermon, *On the Love of our Country* (November 4th, 1789), was the red rag that drew Burke into the controversial arena; James Mackintosh,[2] who answered Burke in *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*, but who, like Walpole and many other English admirers of Algernon Sidney, recanted their republicanism when the guns began to shoot; the more notorious Tom Paine; and last, but not least, 'Gunpowder Priestley,' as he was nicknamed, who vindicated the French Revolution in *Letters to Burke* (January, 1791), and paid for his zeal by having his house burned by a loyalist mob. All these idealists were swallowed up in the vast theoretic superficies over which extended Jeremy Bentham,[2] who from Priestley's formula, 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number,' evolved a system that was deliberately designed to embrace the whole universe. In the application of this principle Bentham arrived at various conclusions, which

[1] See Chapter IV., p. 106.

[2] For Mackintosh and Bentham see *The Age of Wordsworth.*

he advocated irrespective of the conditions of society in his day, and of the laws of social growth, which indeed neither he nor his disciples understood. He demanded, in fact, nothing less than the immediate remodelling of the government and the reconstruction of the laws.

By far the most effective of the republican writers of his day, as a much closer observer of the coarse texture of every-day life than his fellows, and as the most forcible exponent of the flagrant abuses of the time in language that could be understanded of the vast majority of his fellow-countrymen, was Thomas Paine, who vindicated the revolution bravely against Burke to the end, and who certainly did not recant a single one of his intransigeant opinions.[1]

[1] As an illustration of the well-defined common-sense style so admirably exemplified in England by Defoe, by Paine, and above all by Cobbett, we cannot omit a brief mention of the works of Benjamin Franklin, written in New England for the most part between 1750 and 1770, though not published in a complete form until 1806 (London, three volumes). Franklin's early reading consisted of little Quaker manuals and the still queerer hygienic didacticism of the 'Pythagorean' Thomas Tryon. His style was modelled upon plain, vigorous, pithy models—Swift, Arbuthnot, Defoe. Writing for men as busy as himself, the honest citizens of Boston, whose sobriety was as yet but little impaired by the follies or elegances of polite life, he aimed at simplicity and perspicuity rather than subtlety or refinement of style. His homilies were directed to promote thrift and independence rather than to satirize the playful immoralities of fashion. Having regard to these conditions and aims, Franklin's compositions are most admirably adapted to their object. The tone of familiarity, of goodwill and homely jocularity, the plain and pointed illustrations, the short sentences made up of short words, and the strong vulgar sense, clear information, and obvious conviction of the writer, render most of his moral exhortations perfect models of popular exposition; while his *Autobiography* will always remain one of the most delightful documents of egoistic sincerity that English literature can afford.

Thomas Paine (1737-1809).

Thomas Paine, the son of a small farmer at Thetford in Norfolk, was born in 1737, served in the navy, was dismissed from the excise, and migrated in 1774 to Philadelphia. Thence in 1776 he issued his short pamphlet entitled *Common Sense*, addressed to the inhabitants of America. Few pamphlets have had a career so triumphant. Written in a trenchant style, and with remarkable vigour and clearness, the brochure explains how America was going to ruin because of her connection with Britain. 'Our plan is commerce. What advantages do we derive from the connection? 'Tis time to part'—thus with breathless haste he argues, enforces, and concludes. His *Rights of Man* (1791), in answer to Burke's *Reflections*, exhibits no little controversial skill; but there is in Paine's style none of the organ's roll which hushes Burke's listeners into a state of veneration and awe. At the same time he has a clear, practical manner of exposition, and he develops the absurd sides of aristocracy, and monarchy, and primogeniture, and other such archaic institutions, with an acrid cleverness that is by no means destitute of point or humour. He was a perfectly sincere believer in the efficacy of theories about equality and fraternity. Robespierre pleaded eloquently for the abolition of the death penalty. Paine, as unscrupulous as William Godwin [1] in many of his private relations, was an enthusiastic humanitarian and philanthropist. In January, 1793, being then in Paris, he pleaded with a self-effacing warmth for the life of Louis XVI., and made this practical proposal: 'Let the United States of America be the safeguard and asylum of Louis Capet. There, hereafter, far removed from the miseries and crimes of royalty, he may learn to appreciate a true system of government.'

Paine has little sense of continuity in history and

[1] See *The Age of Wordsworth.*

no historical sentiment, but he develops his doctrines with a logical precision which is indeed frequently superior to that of Burke. He assumes that man is a purely logical machine without a past and without a future—entirely overlooking the complex processes by which human society has been built up from elementary passions, which are indeed humoured and purged, but never extinguished. Man, as we see him, is the product of innumerable forces; his character has been inherited from a long line of ancestors; his beliefs are a tradition from remote ages, modified but superficially by his own activity. This, the basis of Burke's optimistic view of prescription and established usage, is the conception to which all sensible men incline, but of which the revolutionary optimists such as Paine and Godwin were wholly unconscious. Time, the stern summarist, tends to show the shallowness of Paine's mathematical demonstrations and the depth of Burke's apologies and suggestions.

Paine's health was rickety, and his last years appear to have been spent under more or less deplorable conditions in America, where he died in June, 1809. His views, like those of not a few anarchists and insurgents, were in many respects progressive and humane; at the same time he identified himself so completely with those whose life was devoted to agitation against constitutional government, and who aimed at the subversion in England of institutions dear to the mass of the people, that he was ostracised and long regarded as a pariah. His controversial humour inclined him ever to the side of opposition, and his epithets in addressing the crowned brigands of Europe go far to justify such adjectives as crude and vitriolic. Nodier sums him up, not inaptly, as good by nature and a sophist by conviction. His life was the reverse of edifying; his writings cannot be overlooked by any serious student of the period.

CHAPTER IV.

STUDY AND RESEARCH.

I. *Economists and Philosophers.*

Adam Smith (1723-1790).

Adam Smith was born at Kirkcaldy, Fifeshire, on June 5th, 1723, thirty-four years after Montesquieu. He was the son of Adam Smith, Writer to the Signet, Judge Advocate for Scotland, and Comptroller of the Customs in the Kirkcaldy district, by Margaret, the daughter of John Douglas, a landed proprietor. The father died a few months before his famous son was born. The mother lavished the utmost care on the upbringing of young Adam, who repaid her affection with a beautiful devotion. From the Burgh School the boy passed to Glasgow College, and then to Balliol College, Oxford. Like other students of the century who were to achieve great eminence, he found the atmosphere of Oxford dull, heavy, and repressive. The eight Snell scholars at Balliol were regarded as Galileans; the authorities devoted themselves to the fortunes of James III.; the one advantage of the place was the fine library (now adorned by a statuette of Adam Smith), in which Smith had a free range. Though sociably inclined, he seems to have made no friends at Oxford, and suffered much from lassitude and laziness, which he tried to cure with 'tar water.' In 1746 he shook the dust of Oxford from his feet, and after two years without regular occupation, he

began some public lectures in the college at Edinburgh upon the then novel subject of 'English literature.' He had a talent for quoting poetry, and dreamed of becoming a poet himself. But he found rhyming beyond him, and he had a contempt for blank verse (for which Johnson 'could have hugged him'): 'They do well to call it blank, for blank it is.' It was in the following year, 1749, being then but twenty-six, that Adam Smith first addressed himself to what is pre-eminently 'his own subject'—economics; and in this early course he already adumbrates his great idea of natural liberty in industrial affairs.

The Edinburgh lectures bore an immediate fruit. On the death of Mr. Loudon, professor of logic in Glasgow College, in 1750, Smith was appointed to the vacant chair, and so began that period of thirteen years of active academic work which he always looked back upon 'as by far the most useful, and therefore by far the happiest and most honourable period' of his life. His popularity as a lecturer rapidly grew, and he had practically converted his fellow-citizens at Glasgow to free trade views long before he expounded them in a great book. His first publication of any importance, however, was not economic, but was the fruit of his lectures as professor of moral philosophy (he had been transferred to this chair from that of logic in 1752), and was called *The Theory of Moral Sentiments* (1759). It met with an unequivocal success when published in London by Millar, and received the approbation of so good a judge as Burke. 'The author,' wrote Burke in *The Annual Register*, 'seeks for the foundation of the just, the fit, the proper, the decent, in most common and most allowed passions, and making approbation and disapprobation the tests of virtue and vice, and showing that these are founded on sympathy, he raises from this simple truth

one of the most beautiful fabrics of moral theory that has perhaps ever appeared. The illustrations are numerous and happy, and show the author to be a man of uncommon observation. His language is easy and spirited, and puts things before you in the fullest light; it is rather painting than writing.' David Hume also, who had become one of Adam Smith's warmest friends, and with whom Smith always stayed on his visits to Edinburgh, commended the book highly. One of the indirect results was that, largely through Hume's influence, the author was selected, in the autumn of 1763, to be travelling tutor to the young Duke of Buccleuch, and set out in February, 1764, for Paris, Toulouse, Geneva. He did not omit to pay a visit to Voltaire, whom he held in profound veneration, and on his return through Paris in 1766 he visited Quesnay. Upon his return, Smith, whose pecuniary position was henceforward assured by a pension of £300 from the Duke of Buccleuch, spent some two years in retirement at Kirkcaldy, and it was during the period 1767-70 that he was perfecting the draft of his great book; but, nevertheless, between 1770 and 1776 the work was incessantly being altered, modified, and improved. These revisions were made for the most part in London, and the book also grew in size by the natural process of accretion. In 1775, while residing in London (where his headquarters were the British Coffee House in Cockspur Street), Adam Smith was admitted a member of the literary club—where the general verdict seems to have been that his talk was rather too professorial—and, like Gibbon, he attended Hunter's famous lectures on anatomy.

The *Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations*, promised as long ago as 1759, was at length published on March 9th, 1776. The year 1776 is accordingly an epoch. If Horne's aphorism be true, and those

books live the longest which have been carried longest in the womb of the parent, the longevity of *The Wealth of Nations* is assured, for it took twelve years to write and was in contemplation for nearly thirty. Gibbon, within a few weeks of its appearance, wrote with generosity and also with justice: 'What an excellent work is that with which our common friend, Mr. Adam Smith, has enriched the public! An extensive science in a single book, and the most profound ideas expressed in the most perspicuous language.' Great, however, as was its reputation at the outset, it rapidly grew until in 1857, in a moment of exaltation, Buckle wrote of it as in its ultimate results the most important book that has ever been written. This dictum was in no small measure anticipated by the German professor, C. J. Kraus, who wrote, in 1796, that no book since the New Testament was likely to produce more beneficial results than *The Wealth of Nations.* In Spain, forward as ever in reaction and repression, the work had the honour of being suppressed by the Inquisition on account of 'the lowness of its style and the looseness of its morals.' Its practical effects were seen in England within a few months of its appearance; for the budgets both of 1777 and 1778 were reinforced by means of new taxes based upon suggestions thrown out in *The Wealth of Nations.* These practical effects have continued ever since.

Great, however, as is the book's value as a mine of practical suggestions, it is Adam Smith's contribution to the *theory* of his subject—the vista that he opened of a regular system of mensuration for human motive—which gives him his rank among the greatest sages—Newton, Hume, Burke, Darwin—that our country has produced. He is entitled to such a place not as 'the founder of political economy,' as he is often and absurdly called. Montes-

quieu, who preceded Smith by many years, was the first to combine history and philosophy to modern purposes, and he was followed in France by a systematic, if eccentric school of economic philosophers. Smith's own countryman, Sir James Denham Stewart (1712-1780), had produced an acute and well-reasoned scheme of political economy from a strictly protectionist point of view. From 1760 onwards free trade theories, often discrepant enough, it is true, and lacking cohesion, were in the air, and many aspirations of the liberal theorists were embodied in the scheme of reform inaugurated by the great French minister Turgot in 1775.

To describe Adam Smith, therefore, as the founder of political economy is just as reasonable as it would be to describe Darwin as the founder of biology. The site on which to lay his foundations was surveyed and chosen by Smith himself; but, as in the case of other great fabrics of literature and philosophy, the ground had been prepared and levelled by the process of the trituration of great minds[1] for centuries beforehand. The distinctive achievement of Adam Smith was to discover the principle of rational connection between a vast assemblage of disjected and incoördinate facts and theories, in which what was sound and true was often linked to what was false and contradictory. He was the enchanter who educed order out of this chaos, and converted the study of political economy into a progressive science. In many respects his methods would seem to have resembled those of Darwin. His intellectual proceedings were calm, patient, and regular; he mastered a subject slowly and circumspectly, and carried his principle with steady tenacity

[1] Such as Bacon, Spinoza, Descartes, Leibniz, Hobbes, Petty, Locke, Montesquieu, Voltaire, Helvétius, Hume, and indeed many others.

through multitudes of details that would have checked many men who, with greater mental ardour, yet lacked the same invincible persistence. Adam Smith survived his great work for fourteen years, and died on July 17th, 1790. In 1787 he had met at a country house Pitt, Addington, and Grenville, who rose with one accord to accost him. 'Be seated, gentlemen,' said he. 'No,' said Pitt, 'we stand till you are seated, for we are your scholars.'

Into the majestic fabric of *The Wealth of Nations* he had concentrated all that was most valuable of the liberal thought of the day, and, like the great fabric reared by Burke, which is in many respects the fitting complement to it, his great work continues to permeate our national life and thought, often when we least suspect it. Every man, Smith argues, should be allowed to pursue his own interest in his own way, and to bring both his interest and capital into the freest competition with those of his fellow-citizens. Restrictive duties, prohibitions and bounties, by which legislatures have endeavoured to force industries into particular channels, are alike condemned, and the natural effort of each man to improve his own position, when exerted with freedom and security, is represented as the mainspring of national progress.

David Hume (1711-1776).

David Hume, born in Edinburgh, in March, 1711, came of a good ancient Scottish house. His father, Joseph Hume or Home of Ninewells, a small border laird of Berwickshire, died soon after his birth, and Hume, like Adam Smith, was left to the charge of his mother, a good woman of acute intellect. Like the greatest of his intellectual contemporaries, he owed little to academies, and practically everything to self-education. His own choice, he says in

an interesting passage, inclined him almost equally to reasoning and philosophy, on the one hand, and on the other to poetry and the polite authors. When he came of age he endeavoured to adapt himself to a practical life, but his adventures in law and business nauseated him. In 1736 he went over to France, as so many Anglo-Saxons have done, with a view of readjusting his scheme of existence. 'I went over to France with a view of prosecuting my studies in a country retreat; and I there laid that plan of life which I have steadily and successfully pursued. I resolved to make a very rigid frugality supply my deficiency of fortune, to maintain unimpaired my independency, and to regard every object as contemptible, except the improvement of my talents in literature.' After three years spent mostly at Rheims or in Anjou, Hume published his first work, *The Treatise of Human Nature*, which for intellectual precocity is probably without a rival in our language. It contains the germ of much of his later thought. In 1744 Hume failed to obtain a chair that he sought at Edinburgh; but a little later he went as secretary to General St. Clair, despatched upon a diplomatic errand to Turin. As Gibbon gained experience, turned to such good historical purpose, as a soldier in the militia, so Hume, with a like historical object, took lessons in diplomacy. His *Philosophical Essays on Human Understanding*, better known by its later title of *Enquiry concerning Human Understanding*, appeared while he was thus employed in 1748. At the close of 1751 was published the famous *Enquiry concerning the Principles of Morals*, followed at a short interval by *Political Discourses* (1752). These books had a profound influence upon contemporary speculation, and especially upon the group known as the physiocrats in France. The *Political Discourses*, termed the 'cradle of political economy,' had the

more immediate effect upon English thought, for in them were implicit a number of the doctrines which it fell to Hume's friend, Adam Smith, fully and comprehensively to develop. The influence of the *Enquiry* was even more far-reaching. It first embodied the leading principles of the utilitarian system in a definite and consistent form, and from its impact with contemporary thought sprang both the Scottish or common-sense school of philosophy and the first speculations of Kant. In its general aspect Hume's work was profoundly sceptical; but his destructive criticism prepared the way in several important departments of thought for more rational construction, as, for example, his demolition of the original contract theory opened the way for fruitful inquiry into the historical origin of institutions.

It would be superfluous, however, to say more of these remarkable essays here than just to indicate how well they represent the good-humoured scepticism of the writer as compared with the more acrid humours of the great continental critics of revealed religion. His aims consistently were to delimit the field of profitable speculation to matters in which we can proceed by means of experience and experiment, in preference to such fathomless inquiries as the origin of worlds. With regard to the special question of miracles his position, which elicited so great a storm of abuse, was simply that in proportion as a prodigy of any kind transcends or contradicts ordinary experience, so must the evidence for such a marvel surpass both in quality and in quantity that upon which we readily accept as true a fact that does not conflict in any way with our ordinary experience, or our ideas as to the chain of cause and effect.[1]

[1] For Hume's Philosophy see the edition of his works by T. H. Green, Huxley's *David Hume*, Compayre's *Philosophie de D. Hume*, 1874; Schatz, and Tesseire on the Economic Essays.

After 1752 Hume relinquished his philosophical studies. He was in that year appointed librarian to the Faculty of Advocates. Here, surrounded by books, he formed the design of writing *The History of England*,[1] which he endeavoured especially to make 'interesting.' 'He wrote his history,' said Horne Tooke, 'as witches say their prayers, backwards from Stuart to Tudor and so to Plantagenet.' Hume had scant respect for dominant Whig prejudices, but there was a *vis vivida* about his narrative which gradually won him readers even among his opponents. In 1763 Hume was appointed to a post in the British Embassy at Paris, and in the French capital was for the time being the reigning sensation. His scepticism rendered him *à la mode* to such an extent that great ladies were not content unless the '*gros* David' was to be seen at their receptions, while at the opera 'his broad unmeaning face was usually to be seen *entre deux jolis minois*.' David was much too sensible to lose his head, but his Parisian sojourn brought him into contact with the unfortunate Rousseau (already an 'out-pensioner of Bedlam'), who repaid much kindness by the fixed malignity of a suspicious lunatic. He spent the remainder of his days at Edinburgh in peaceful 'opulence,' sauntering agreeably and compiling the too brief and choice autobiographical memoir, *My Own Life*. There he died on August 25th, 1776. In countenance he resembled His Majesty King George III.

Scotsmen were at the acme of their unpopularity in England in Hume's time, and he liked to rail back at the 'depraved barbarians who inhabit the banks of the Thames.' But, apart from this somewhat factitious bitterness, no more genial spirit could be found than David Hume.

[1] See Chapter VI. See also *Correspond.* with W. Strahan, ed. Birkbeck Hill, 1888; H. Graham's *Scottish Men of Letters*, 1908; C. W. J. Francken's *D. Hume* (Haarlem, 1907).

In his letters we find just the vein of quiet pleasantry, often at his own expense, and sunny, amiable contentment, that we expect from the character of *My Own Life* and the chosen ally and best friend of Adam Smith. Unless it were among this same circle, which included, besides Smith, the historian William Robertson, it would be difficult to find so good an example of honourable independence and cheerful self-reliance among the great writers of our country. It is interesting for a moment to contemplate this Edinburgh group as typical of the intellectual aristocracy of the eighteenth century. The serenity of their outlook upon human life and their calm prospect of death, the amount of wisdom and toleration which they combined with principles liberal but in no wise subversive, and their union of great intellectual industry with a mild and placid scepticism conspire to give them an enviable place among great minds who have found life emphatically worth living.

The acuteness and subtlety with which Hume, by prolonging Berkeley's contention that Matter was an abstraction, had shown that Mind was to be considered as an abstraction also, led to a reaction of 'Common Sense,' as it was called. The founder of this school was Thomas Reid (1710-1796), a native of Kincardine, who occupied the chair of Moral Philosophy at Aberdeen from 1752, and in 1764 published his *Inquiry into the Human Mind on the Principles of Common Sense.* But this appeal to Common Sense in philosophy, or, as Reid's disciples, Oswald, Beattie, and Dugald Stewart put it, to external reality, as a fundamental law of human belief, is now pretty well understood to be on a par with Dr. Johnson's kicking a stone as a refutation of Berkeley.

Of more real interest in its consequences is the work of David Hartley (1705-1757), a fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge, who had scruples about signing the Thirty-

nine Articles and gave up the Church for medicine. In 1748 he published his *Observations on Man, his Frame, his Duty, and his Expectations*, which is historically curious as the first attempt to explain the physiological mechanism of psychological phenomena. Linked with this was the theory promulgated by Erasmus Darwin (1731-1802) in his *Zoonomia*. Hartley's theory was a combination of an idea thrown out by Newton as to vibrations of the ether being the cause of sensation with the doctrine of Locke respecting association of ideas. Darwin substituted for vibrations sensorial motions, and refined upon Hartley's theories in directions which have not commended themselves to subsequent thinkers. The same doctrine of association of ideas was applied to morals by Abraham Tucker (1705-1774) in his *Light of Nature Pursued*.[1] Hartley's views were also adopted with some modifications by Joseph Priestley (1733-1804), who sought to detach his psychological doctrine from his physical hypothesis.

II. *Naturalists and Geographers.*

Gilbert White (1720-1793).

Gilbert White was born on July 18th, 1720, in the little Hampshire village which his writings have rendered so familiar. Having obtained a fellowship at Oriel College, Oxford, he returned to Selborne as a curate in 1747; ten years later he accepted the living of Moreton-Pinkney in Northamptonshire, but imposed the duty upon a curate, and took up his permanent abode at his beloved Selborne, where he officiated as curate for many years and died, unmarried, on June 26th, 1793. He was a marked contrast to his self-complacent contemporary Buffon, but, like other great prophets of nature—Walton, Wordsworth, Darwin, Wallace,

[1] See p. 112.

Millet, Thoreau, Jefferies—he was singularly unworldly and essentially pure-minded and gentle-hearted. It is the absence of pretension about his famous *Natural History of Selborne* (which was published in 1789 and well received from the first) that gives to his unsystematic narrative the artless yet fresh and graphic directness of a series of impromptu notes and letters. The keenness of observation is there of the man who grudged to spend the daylight in his study; yet when he does find time for expression, his style is no less charming and unaffected than his interpretation is shrewd or his curiosity well directed.

The great majority of White's observations were made in an extremely small area. He did not go about seeking rarities, but concentrated his attention upon the fauna of his own parish and their habits; and here it may be noted that faithful and competent observers of the habits of animals are very much smaller in number than the students who are prepared to classify and arrange and dissect and anatomise them. Men like White, Waterton, Seebohm, Buckland, Selous, or W. H. Hudson form a small percentage of learned and accomplished ornithologists.

The letters which form the bulk of *The Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne* (London, 1789, 4to) were written apparently between 1766 and 1788. Forty-four were addressed to Thomas Pennant (apropos of the revised edition of Pennant's *British Zoology*, 1768-70) and the remaining sixty-six to the Hon. Daines Barrington. The *Antiquities* are comprised in twenty-six additional and unaddressed letters. The original edition, which was published at a guinea, bears no name on the title-page, but the Advertisement is signed 'Gil. White' (his usual signature). Since then upwards of seventy different editions have appeared, and among the numerous editors we find Mitford, Markwick, Aikin, Jardine, Rennie, J. G. Wood,

Frank Buckland (1875), and Prof. Thomas Bell (1877)—the last edition mentioned being the most desirable.[1] White did not in the least regard himself as independent of books. His remarks show that he knew Ray well, and was also familiar with the works of Derham and Willughby, of Benj. Stillingfleet and George Edwards, and even of the credulous Dr. Plot; among the poets he quotes Shakespeare, Thomson, Virgil, and Lucretius. The disjointed character of his work is explained by the fact that his book was not composed from notes, but consists of the notes and observations themselves, jotted down at first hand direct from nature in the evenings, after hours of patient study in the open air.

Apart from *The Natural History*, White left many other notes and fragments of observations in manuscript, and also *A Naturalists' Calendar, with Observations in Various Branches of Natural History*, forming excerpts from much fuller journals, published under this title by Aikin two years after White's death. This *Calendar* is appended to most of the later editions of *The Natural History*. Some additional letters have also appeared in Buckland's edition and elsewhere, as have about a dozen poems of no great merit in the style of Somerville.

There is little piquancy in Gilbert White. One does not read his *Selborne* with excitement (like Burke), or with avidity (like Fielding): it is in a low key; it touches only upon minor matters; it is not eloquent, or witty, or profound; it has only now and then a twinkle of humour or a glint of fancy, and yet it has lived a hundred years and promises to live hundreds more. Research and erudition are only apparently just beginning to concentrate upon White's life, and observations and the bibliography of his writings. 'In the meantime, how many learned and elaborate

[1] Two elaborate editions have appeared quite recently (Nov. 1899).

treatises have sunk beneath the waves upon which this cockleshell of a book rides so safely and buoyantly!' What is the secret of its longevity—of Selborne's perennial charm? It is not, as will have been seen, to be found in the purely literary qualities of the book, but to the fact that in White (as in most of the men whom clubs and societies of a later day commemorate) were implicit the tastes and passions of an era or eras succeeding his own. In venerating his work a later generation, amid influences tending to centralization and aggregation, pays homage to love of locality in parish and hundred and of simple country life, to sympathy for all kinds of animals, and to enthusiasm for observing birds and plants, and preserving all manner of old fashions and folk-lore. Such preoccupations as these—exceedingly rare, as rare almost as a love for mountaineering—in Gilbert White's day are cherished more and more in our own, as each year additional thousands are immured in interminable streets; and to the numerous folk whom the conditions of constant city life oppress *The Natural History of Selborne*, as the years roll on, becomes more and more of a classic.

These are some of the merits and other reasons for the remarkable and ever-growing vitality of White's book; but its endearing charm lies deeper in the sweet and kindly personality of the author, who on his rambles gathers no spoil, but watches the birds and field-mice without disturbing them from their nests, and in the spirit of the Man of Ross (Kyrle), quietly plants an acorn where he thinks an oak is wanted or sows beech-nuts in what is now a stately row.

Gilbert White is simply one observer, who, by reason of an unaffected literary style and a great talent for sympathetic interpretation of nature, is singled out by lovers of literature to represent a small but rapidly increasing band of workers in the field of natural history. Their work

possesses great interest, but an interest rather evolutionary than literary, and appealing rather to the historian of science than the historian of letters. Such work, as it progresses from the statement of first principles, and addresses itself more and more to experts upon selected matters of detail, must simultaneously recede from the fairer region of *Belles-Lettres*. It is perhaps enough, therefore, in this connection, merely to mention the well-known studies of Erasmus Darwin and of Priestley.

Less well known, though of primary interest as heralding new chains of investigation, are such treatises as the *Essays and Observations* (1756) of Joseph Black (1728-1799), the 'Nestor of the chemistry of the eighteenth century'; the *Experiments on Air* (1783) of Henry Cavendish (1731-1810); the *Theory of Rain* and *Theory of the Earth* (1784-5) of James Hutton (1726-1797), one of the founders of modern geology; or the *Meteorological Essays* (1793) of John Dalton (1766-1844), the mathematician and chemist.

A new constellation is formed by the explorers of the dark continent, among whom is conpicuous James Bruce (1730-1794), known by his *Travels to Discover the Sources of the Nile*, between 1768 and 1772, published at Edinburgh (5 vols., 4to, 1790). Its appearance gave rise to a storm of sceptical squibs (Johnson himself as sceptical as he was of the Lisbon earthquake), though many later travellers have confirmed the general veracity of Bruce's descriptions, notwithstanding their unscientific form. The great Mungo Park (1771-1806) commenced his astounding journey up the Niger at the close of 1795, but his *Travels*, first issued in 1798-9, barely come within our limits.

A good deal more important than these—they could scarcely be more interesting—are the famous *Travels* of Arthur Young. The 'Suffolk farmer,' as Young termed himself, was born in London on September 11th, 1741,

and showed early predilections for experimental farming and an intuitive gift for agricultural journalizing. His farming was nearly always conducted at a disastrous loss, but whenever he put pen to paper—and he was a prolific writer—he was successful. He had, together with an acute power of observation, a happy gift of selecting materials to interest his readers, and of giving a friendly and familiar turn to the most instructive parts of his narrative. The best known of his writings are the *Tour in Ireland,* 1780, and the more celebrated *Travels during* 1787, 1788, 1789, *and* 1790, *undertaken with a view of ascertaining the Cultivation, Wealth, Resources, and National Prosperity of the Kingdom of France* (1792-4). Apart from the excellence of his diarizing style and the pleasant candour of the writer, and apart also from the historical interest of a survey of France when upon the very eve of the great revolution, the wisdom of the economic dicta and of the comparisons instituted between French and English manners and customs (a topic since rendered so fruitful by Taine and Hamerton, Betham-Edwards and Bodley, J. Macdonell, and W. L. George) give the book a permanent value and render it one of the most delightful of all books of reference.

Thomas Pennant (1726-1798), the descendant of an old Welsh family, had his interest excited in natural history by reading Willughby's *Ornithology* while at Oxford, and in 1761 began his laborious *British Zoology.* He is best remembered by his antiquarian tours, notably his *Tour in Scotland* (1772), and his *Tour in Wales* (1778), and his very popular *Account of London* (1790). Yet his *Zoology,*[1] and especially his *History of Quadrupeds,* is of some importance as a pioneer effort at a systematic description of the mammalia based upon the classification of John Ray, for whom Pennant had a just and enthusiastic admiration. Pennant was a favourite with Johnson, who flew into a passion with Dr. Percy on his account. Another picturesque traveller in France and Spain was Henry

[1] First published, 1766; revised edition, 1768-70.

Swinburne (1743-1803), a 'modest and agreeable young man'—not wise and heavy, as Hannah More said his books were. The *Travels* would be dished but for his plates, but his *Courts of Europe* is still read (new ed. 1895).

From eminent travellers and tourists we come to the compilers of travels. The *General Collection of Voyages and Travels* executed by John Pinkerton (1758-1826) in seventeen volumes is still held in esteem, and entitles its compiler to be called an eighteenth-century Hakluyt. The chief, perhaps, of its numerous rivals was *Voyages of Discovery in the Southern Hemisphere*, drawn up by John Hawkesworth in 1773.[1]

[1] It would be a manifest omission to pass by the topography of the period without reference to a class of literary and learned compilations of which the later eighteenth century has supplied a lion's share of the most splendid examples and models—to wit, *County Histories*. Among those published within our limits were:

Daniel Lysons's *Environs of London* (1792-6).
Nicolson's and Hutchinson's *Cumberland* (1777 and 1794).
John Hutchins's *Dorset* (1774).
P. Morant's *Essex* (1768).
Edward Hasted's *Kent* (1778-99).
John Nichols's *Leicestershire* (1790-1815).
Francis Blomefield's *Norfolk* (1781).
John Bridges' *Northamptonshire*, as remodelled by P. Whalley (1791).
John Collinson's *Somerset* (1791).
Nicolson and Burn's *Westmorland* (1777).
T. R. Nash's *Worcestershire* (1781-99).

To most of these books belongs the rare quality of maintaining their original price, while some have more than maintained it. To them should be added the *Munimenta Antiqua* of Edward King (1735-1807), containing plans of ancient British castles, a veritable storehouse of archæological lore; R. Gough's *Sepulchral Monuments*, 1786, etc.; and the monograph by Robert Adam (1728-92) upon Diocletian's Palace at Spalato, published in 1764, and highly commended by Gibbon.

III. *Classical Scholars and Humanists.*

In the van of the scholars of Johnson's day, after admitting the general superiority of Warburton and Horsley, and possibly of Johnson himself and the Wartons, a contemporary would probably have set the claims of 'the famous Dr. Parr,' a pedagogue whose celebrity in his day was at least equal to that of Arnold, of Thring, or of Jowett. As a scholar Parr was certainly brilliant, but he consumed his power in gladiatorial displays, and has left no adequate monument of his powers. De Quincey has written a deliciously ironical survey of Parr's *Opera Omnia*, and several passages in it are specially interesting because so much in them might be applied to Dr. Johnson himself. The fame of Parr as an author is shown to be largely a delusion, resting partly upon his fame as a schoolmaster and partly upon that of an active Whig in politics; it is true that his fluttering pamphlets make up in the aggregate a dense block of printed matter, yet the literary product is scarcely more digestible than 'a geological boulder.' Johnson's own literary position was based to a certain extent upon books that he *ought to have* written. Parr's pretensions were almost wholly of this kind.

Samuel Parr (1747-1825).

His admirers were anxious to set up Parr as in some sort a rival to Johnson as colloquial dictator, but, says De Quincey, his fulminations were scarcely more than Drury Lane counterfeits of the true Jovian thunderbolts. In indolence alone can he be said to have approached the sage of Bolt Court. Johnson's dictatorship was at least based upon some genuine critical aptitude. Parr's, upon analysis, turns out to be little more than effrontery, and

even this was always tainted by pedagogism. His manners and temper were spoiled, as he himself wrote of an opponent, by 'the pedantries, the pomposities, and the fooleries which accompany the long exercise of petty archididascalian authority.' The apologist of the universities against Gibbon, he left no monument of learned industry commensurate in any way either with his own powers or the weight of his opponent; far inferior in every respect is his defence to that of Lowth against the ferocity of Warburton. Parr's claim to greatness is finally restricted by his critic to this, that he was an excellent writer of epitaphs and the master of a Latin style strong and not impure, as illustrated in his once famous preface *Ad Bellendenum*. On neither ground can he be adjudged to hold a high place in English literature.

Horne Tooke (1736-1812).

A scholar of much more originality was John Horne Tooke,[1] son of a Westminster poulterer, the supporter of Wilkes, and one of the earliest English Radicals. His strictures upon Adam Smith are typical explosions of Radical resentment against 'inconvenient natural laws.' As a philologist Tooke deserves credit for seeing (on very different grounds, it is true, from Gray) the necessity of studying Anglo-Saxon and the languages of northern Europe, and he himself learned enough to laugh at Sam Johnson, though his views are necessarily crude as judged by a later standard. In his metaphysical views he was a thorough nominalist, holding that every word meant a thing, and that reasoning was the art of putting words together. Some of his definitions on this principle became famous, *e.g.*, that

[1] He was originally John Horne, and was so known until 1782, when he took the name of his political supporter and patron, William Tooke, of Purley, near Croydon, as additional to his own.

truth means simply what a man troweth, and that right means simply what is ruled. His philological and other conclusions were embodied in the two volumes, Ἔπεα Πτερόεντα, better known as *The Diversions of Purley*, the first of which appeared in 1786, and the second in 1798.

Gilbert Wakefield (1756-1801).

The career of another prominent scholar of the pre-Porsonian era forms a fitting pendant to that of Horne Tooke. Gilbert Wakefield was born on February 22nd, 1756, in the parsonage of St. Nicholas, Nottingham, and was educated in his native town and at Jesus College, Cambridge. He read widely in classical literature, and with the help of a memory that was 'only too good' he retained much of his reading and developed an extraordinary power of classical illustration. In 1778 he was ordained deacon, but in less than a year from that date, 'after reading the Old and New Testaments with all possible attention and assiduity,' he found that his objections to the creed of his forefathers were daily multiplying. He gradually became alienated from the Established Church, and obtained appointments as classical tutor in important dissenting academies, first at Warrington, afterwards at Hackney. Though a most laborious worker and a great economist of time by method, he was, as a scholar and controversialist, extraordinarily impetuous, rash, and splenetic. A most gentle and amiable creature in domestic and private life, with the pale complexion and mild features of a saint, when he took part in political, religious, or even classical controversy, his pen was dipped in gall.

In January, 1798, Dr. Watson,[1] Bishop of Llandaff, wrote a somewhat pharisaic defence of the prolonged war with France from the high Tory point of view, which aroused all the combustibility of Wakefield's nature. He pub-

[1] Cf. Chapter V.

lished a reply so vehement in its passion that he was found guilty of seditious libel and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. The persecution brought him in a subscription of £5,000, but he died a few months after his release from prison on September 9th, 1801. While in prison he wrote some learned tracts, including his *Noctes Carcerariæ*, in which he imagined that he had discovered a new canon of Greek hexameter verse. His previous classical work includes *Silva Critica* (five parts, 1789-95), a series of philological commentaries on the scriptures and the classics, editions of Horace (1794), Bion and Moschus (1795), Virgil (1796), Lucretius (1797), and the *Hecuba* of Euripides (1797), in addition to several translations; but his annotations are for the most part summarily dismissed by Porson as prolix and injudicious. In matters of scholarship his passions (and consequent lack of discrimination) were almost as excessive as in other matters, and he was as violent against Hebrew points and Greek accents as he was against the Trinity. Yet his luxuriant fancy and power of citation gained him many admirers both among German and English scholars.

Richard Porson (1759-1808).

Richard Porson, a scholar of Eton and Trinity, with his sparkling wit, with his extraordinary linguistic gift and positive genius for textual emendation, with his contempt, too, for vague generalities and 'mere' literary criticism and conjecture, was the antithesis of a classicist such as Wakefield. In one respect, at least, the dissimilarity was unfortunate. Porson had a rooted dislike for composition. He edited four plays of Euripides, but the great edition of Aristophanes, which he was so pre-eminently qualified to undertake on account of his racy humour and love of irony, was never completed. As a textual critic and emendator of the old school Porson was probably without a rival.

He rarely comes into close quarters with English literature, and this is the more to be deplored, as there is no doubt that he was an excellent judge of English style. His skit upon *The Life of Johnson,* by Sir John Hawkins, an ironical panegyric in which the pompous manner of Hawkins is parodied, enlivens three numbers of *The Gentleman's Magazine* for 1787, and the 'fragment' in which Sir John is supposed to relate what passed between himself and Johnson's negro servant about the deceased doctor's watch has rarely been surpassed.

A first attempt at a philosophy of Art was attempted appropriately during this period by Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723-1792), who shares with Hogarth, Gainsborough, and Romney the glory of founding that school of painting in England about which foreigners had been so incredulous. In spite of the 'blinking Sam' episode, Reynolds was valued by no one more than by Dr. Johnson. He was the sheet anchor of the Club, the most invulnerable man Johnson knew, who went whole with the stream of life, and by helping himself and not caring too much was able in a measure to help and to care for all he knew. His power of calm sagacious observation is shown in the famous *XV Discourses*[1] he gave to the Academy between 1769 and 1791. In 1759 he wrote three characteristic papers for the *Idler.* As with Johnson in his *Lives of the Poets,* it was Reynolds's aim in the capacity of an aesthetic critic to discover the trend of law and authority in painting; by authority, aided by common sense, to fix what general principles were to be accepted, and to ascertain what positive knowledge was capable of being handed on from master to pupil. As with Johnson, his range of illustration was far too narrow, for he knew next to nothing of Hellenic or primitive mediaeval art. But the idea was the same, to attain to a motived and regulated criticism, by which all design might be subordinated to central theory or principle. He expounded these views in a solid and rotund English prose, thoroughly expressive of the sagacity and industry of his mind, the coolness and deliberation of his method, the large-mindedness, toleration, and harmony of his character.

[1] A good French version of these with notes was given by Louis Dimier, 1909.

CHAPTER V.

THE THEOLOGIANS.

The writings of theologians fill a comparatively small place in the 'classic' literature of the eighteenth century. If one were writing the age of Thomas Aquinas or Anselm this chapter would occupy more than half the book. But by the eighteenth century the theologians no longer took up the whole wide field of science, philosophy, and ethics. They were for the most part occupied by worn-out controversial issues, and keen though their polemical weapons often were, they very rarely attain to the plateau of abiding interest; their disputes are now almost wholly forgotten, but a curious dispensation has ordained that the technical terms employed in them should still survive amongst us 'like fossils, just to show what strange monsters once cumbered the earth.' What the divines of this epoch lack in quality, they make up for in quantity. Their very voluminosity causes the uncritical and the unleisured to regard them all alike with the levelling eye of profound repugnance. Were a poet of to-day to furnish a *Castle of Indolence* with incentives to drowsiness, he would line its walls with dusty tomes of eighteenth-century theology.

The particular controversies of our eighteenth-century divines are, it must be admitted, scarcely more alluring than those of the schoolmen of the twelfth century; but it would never do for the student to overlook the great

literary qualities that are displayed by some few of the combatants. Upon the general character and drift of the polemic it is necessary to say very little. Until the seventeenth century the Christian Church, based securely upon the substructure of the Mosaic cosmogony, had remained a practically unassailable fortress. But towards the end of this era the Copernican theory, when brought into contact with the laws discovered by Kepler and Newton, had exploded like an enormous bomb, strangely disturbing the centre of gravity of the whole structure. The chief occupants of the citadel, far from changing their ground, manifested extraordinarily little disturbance; but after a while a few busybodies, as they were generally deemed (the Deists), thought fit to commence mining operations among the foundations in order that they might report upon their solidity or the reverse—these at any rate were their alleged motives. In spite of Butler's demonstration in his famous *Analogy* that these operations were attended by a greater risk to the miners than to the garrison, the defenders of the citadel persisted in regarding the preparation of elaborate countermines as the best means of safety. Dangers much more insidious were already threatening the fortress, but it was to these obscure and subterranean struggles that the controversialists with whom we have to deal mainly confined their energies.

The Deists, beginning with Toland, had asked that revealed truth should show indisputable signs of divine wisdom and sound reason. Tindal had followed up this general proposition by directing a battery of the same kind as (though very different in calibre from) that subsequently directed by Voltaire against the absurdities of Jewish mythological legend. Toland and Tindal were followed by Collins and by Woolston, who attacked respectively the prophecies and the miracles. At the present day we are

so accustomed to regard the affairs of Palestine through the cultured spectacles of humanists like Renan or Matthew Arnold, or through the softening haze and chiaroscuro of an artist-topographer such as Pierre Loti, that we can scarcely conceive the hard, narrow, brutal 'common sense' (so called) with which the eighteenth century approached these subjects. When in George II.'s time Woolston maintained the difficulty of justifying, before a British jury, the bewitching of another man's fig-tree or the destruction of another's swine, he was answered by, among others, Thomas Sherlock, in his *Trial of the Witnesses*, in which, after a trial for perjury, the apostles were brought in 'not guilty.'

William Paley (1743-1805).

Very similar in kind (hard, matter-of-fact, almost mathematical, and, it must be added, most unconvincing) was the answer to Woolston and his like, notably Thomas Morgan and Peter Annet, given by William Paley in the reign of George III. By his economy of materials, his clear perception of what was necessary, his systematic treatment of his subject, and, one might add, the antiquatedness of his models, Paley might almost be called the Vauban of Christian defence. His system is contained in three works: his *Horæ Paulinæ* (1790), *Evidences of Christianity* (1794), and *Natural Theology* (1802).

Each is a marvel of skilful and lucid statement, not original in substance, but quite new in method and in the attractiveness that springs from clearness. His argument as to 'natural theology' is briefly this: from a watch we infer a watchmaker (an illustration derived from Tucker[1]);

[1] Abraham Tucker (1705-1774), of Betchworth, a humoristic philosopher, author of *The Light of Nature Pursued* (through seven volumes), a book once well known, at least by name—a fountain at whose springs have drawn not only Paley, but also

from a universe contrived like clockwork we must infer a divine artificer. In the *Evidences* Paley, assuming good grounds for belief in an intelligent creative Being with a benevolent purpose (the very theorem that Hume denies), goes on to argue that this creator may very conceivably wish to communicate certain facts to his creatures. For this purpose he sends to earth a miracle-working Christ. *θαύματα μωροῖς* is easily said; but the miracles of Christ are attested by twelve plain men who sacrificed all they had and finally laid down their lives for the conviction that they were genuine: they could not have been deceived; they must have known whether Christ was an impostor or not: they must have known whether the miracles he did were real or pretended: they had no intelligible purpose to serve by deception; on the contrary, they had everything to lose by it. It is utterly opposed to the ordinary principles of human action that men should set about propagating what they know to be a lie, and yet not only gain nothing by it, but expose themselves inevitably to such consequences as enmity and hatred and a cruel death. Somewhat similar were the arguments in *Horæ Paulinæ*, that the 'undesigned coincidences' of the Gospel narratives are a complete disproof of the 'infidel hypothesis' (long since abandoned) that the New Testament was a cunningly devised fable. As against one whole class of objectors, Paley's works were truly a powerful engine; but as against Hume and the comparative or historical school, he was merely beating the air.

Whateley, Copleston, and Isaac Taylor. Tucker is happy in illustrating the obscure by the familiar, in reconciling wordy disputants, and he executes his task with the sunshine of a placid and playful temper. His book has been termed one of the most attractive in the language; but so extreme is its clumsiness, and so portentous its length, that few men of a superficial age can be found to grapple with it (cf. J. Fyvie, *Literary Eccentrics*).

Whatever view may be taken of the philosophical weight of Paley, there is no question that his style is one of the clearest and most sensible ever written; his method is no less admirable, and the lucidity and appositeness of his illustrations beyond all praise. 'See him how we will,' wrote a Quarterly Reviewer, 'we always find the good sense of a plain, shrewd, practical Yorkshireman'; and so may we sum up, not inaccurately, the chief attributes of this notable 'defender of the faith.'

Joseph Priestley (1733-1804).

In 1782 Joseph Priestley, scientific discoverer, militant Dissenter, Radical and Unitarian, a man who approached Diderot in versatility, published his *History of the Corruptions of Christianity*. He had been anticipated in his general conception by Zwicker and others, but he endeavoured to narrow the limits of the supernatural element in religion to a much greater extent than any of his predecessors. All Protestants agreed that at some early period, largely through the agency of the papacy, Christianity had been corrupted. Priestley boldly included the Trinitarian doctrine among the early corruptions. He continues the attack begun by Daillé upon the authority of the fathers, makes Christ a mere man, and places the writers in the New Testament on the same ground with Thucydides and Tacitus, while through the Platonists he traces back much of the Christian dogma to Egyptian sources. With a good deal of inconsistency, however, he accepts the authority and reasoning of the apostles and the authenticity of the Gospels for the purpose of contorting them at every point into agreement with his own peculiar Unitarian doctrine. His casual method of citation, his weakness in clinching his arguments, based though many of them are upon suggestive ideas, and his slipshod English, rendered him an easier prey than

could possibly have been anticipated for Samuel Horsley, a brilliant alumnus of Trinity Hall and chaplain to Bishop Lowth, a born controversialist, with an admirable style. If the *Corruptions* had no other good effect, they made a bishop of Sam. Horsley, one of the best prose-writers of the eighteenth century.

Samuel Horsley (1733-1806).

It is widely admitted now that in Horsley's *Tracts in Controversy with Dr. Priestley* (1789) was administered one of the 'severest castigations which a rash and arrogant invader of another's province ever received.' Priestley was reputed a giant in controversy, and it needed a giant to cope with him. There was little absolutely new in his attack; but he came forward with a name of great celebrity in philosophy, he had no common confidence in advancing his assertions, he possessed much address in stating and colouring his arguments, and he made an ostentatious display of ransacking antiquity for evidence. But when Horsley came into the field, Priestley's learning was manifestly surpassed. Trained in logical precision, acute to the last degree in perceiving fallacies, and consummately skilful and cutting in exposing them, Horsley carried the attack boldly into the enemy's country. Astutely limiting the combat to a preliminary investigation of credentials and qualifications, he demonstrated the deficiency of his adversary as regards the higher erudition at almost every point. It was a great literary triumph, even if it did not place Christian revelation upon a much securer basis than heretofore.

An attack upon Christianity of a rather different kind to any that had preceded it in England was that of the able controversialist Thomas Paine, of whom we have already spoken more fully. Previous assailants had generally argued in the pretended interests of Christianity

itself, or they had sneered at orthodox religion obliquely, after the manner of Gibbon. But if Gibbon represents the dignity, Paine represents the impudence, of free thought. In his once famous *Age of Reason* (first part, 1793; second part, 1795) he treats Christianity as a huge imposture, disgusting to the common sense of ordinary mortals, and only sustained by means of an army of interested charlatans, playing upon the weakness of the mass of mankind for anything savouring of prophecy, mystery, or miracle. His strength lay in the clearness with which he perceived a weak point, and the vigour and persistency with which he brought his weapons to bear upon it. He wrote with the striking unambiguous plainness of a Franklin or a Cobbett; there is no mistaking his meaning. He is scurrilous often and inaccurate, but it must be remembered that the first part of his *Age of Reason* was written in a Paris prison, where he had no recourse to books of any kind. Paine was answered with admirable temper and in excellent style by Richard Watson (1737-1816), a Trinity man and Cambridge professor of divinity, who was shelved as Bishop of Llandaff, to his bitterly-expressed mortification. But if Watson clung like a limpet to Church emoluments, he knew how to write, and his *Apology for the Bible in a Series of Letters*, which appeared in 1796, and went through eight editions in two years, is still well worth reading as a model of controversial moderation and skill.[1]

Tom Paine and Bishop Watson.

[1] Watson does not often, perhaps, meet Paine's general objections very squarely, but where he does join issue he is almost always victorious, and he concludes his book with some valedictory remarks of great dignity. Paine has been reprobated for his 'Old Bailey' coarseness, and his method of attack is now quite out of date; but it must be remembered that the tolerance which reproves him on the score of taste is the product in some measure of his brutality. (See Sir J. F. Stephen's excellent essay

A much more interesting and a much more insidious attack upon orthodox belief was that of Conyers Middleton (1683-1750), a native of Richmond and a fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. In his remarkable *Letter from Rome, showing an exact Conformity between Popery and Paganism,* Middleton endeavoured to show that the old pagan rites were a kind of clumsy rehearsal of the perfected Catholic ritual. A work with a somewhat similar intention had appeared at Leyden in the seventeenth century, and Middleton may well have derived some hints from the very curious *Traité des cérémonies religieuses de toutes les nations,* with the admirable plates of Bernard Picart, which was appearing in parts at Amsterdam at the very time of his publication. Nevertheless, he may be deemed to have first felt at its full weight the value of the historical and comparative argument in dealing with questions of religious evolution, and its great advantage as a lever of opinion over the outworn dogmatic form of argument. The new method was shown to best advantage in Middleton's *Free Enquiry into the Miraculous Powers which are supposed to have existed in the Christian Church through several successive ages,* issued in 1748. In this work he attacked the ecclesiastical miracles, pointing out that their true source was in the general intellectual condition of the age that produced them, without needing to postulate either supernatural interference on the one hand or human imposture on the other. It is true that the Protestant divines had often already attacked the post-apostolic miracles; but Middleton's peculiar line of argument against them tended to place the whole subject in a new light. Why, he asked (not directly, indeed, but by irre-

on Tom Paine: 'With every respect for the Episcopal Bench,' says the writer, 'we know of no living bishop who can write like Watson.')

sistible insinuation), should you believe Moses or Matthew if you won't believe Augustine? Why, if you believe Augustine, do you disbelieve in Jane Wenham being a witch, or refuse credence to the prodigies reported from Godalming?

Taken as a whole the work of Middleton seemed calculated to remove theological controversy to a somewhat higher plane, and for the rude though adroit quarterstaff play of such champions as Woolston and Paine, or Watson and Paley, and the brilliant fencing of Horsley, to substitute a rather more subtle system of attack and defence. A similar tendency was manifested even earlier in the works of Bishop Warburton, one of the most remarkable literary figures of the age. Born at Newark, where his father was town clerk, in December, 1698, Warburton was ordained deacon in 1723; he obtained a living in Lincolnshire, and, buried quietly there for eighteen years, read widely, as was truly said, with enormous appetite, but wretched powers of digestion. The result was seen in his extraordinary work, *The Divine Legation of Moses* (1738-40), the central position of which is so singular as an argument as to appear nothing short of whimsical.

William Warburton (1698-1779).

The Deists had made capital out of the absence from the Old Testament of any distinct reference to a future life; Warburton accentuates the fact of the omission, and takes it as a proof of divine authenticity, for no mere human legislator, he argues, would have omitted such a sanction, and therefore the motive of Moses in leaving out so necessary a condition of morality must needs have been that he expected a further revelation. Obscuring this central theory is a tangled growth of underplots, such as that in which Virgil's descent of Æneas into the shades is explained as an allegorical version of a law-giver's initia-

tion into the Eleusinian mysteries—an explanation which elicited the *Critical Observations* from the pen of the youthful Gibbon. Warburton's notes (almost as notorious in their day as those of Gibbon) are a kind of literary shambles—a place of torture and execution for the author's predecessors in the paths of theological learning. He was said, like Salmasius, to have erected his critical throne on a heap of stones, so that he might have plenty of missiles always at hand to throw at the heads of those who passed by. A good example both of Warburton's vigorous intolerance and of his period's preference for the rational as opposed to the sacerdotal conception of religion is supplied by the following extract from one of his letters: 'The Church, like the ark of Noah, is worth saving: not for the sake of the unclean beasts that almost filled it and probably made most noise and clamour in it, but for the little corner of rationality that was as much distressed by the stink within as by the tempest without.' In his edition of Shakespeare, which appeared in 1747, with a like arrogance (for the performance was a miserable one), he spoke of having evoked the name of Shakespeare from the rotten monument of his former editions, only to arouse 'the envy of a crew of strange and grotesque devils who come chattering, mewing, and grinning about me.' Among the 'devils' were Thomas Edwards (1699-1757), author of the once celebrated *Canons of Criticism;* Zachary Grey (1687-1766), the learned annotator of *Hudibras;* and John Upton (1707-1760), author of *Critical Observations on Shakespeare.*

Warburton's advancement in life was due to a largely accidental circumstance—a defence of the orthodoxy of Pope's *Essay on Man* against the strictures contained in the *Examen* (1737) of the Swiss philosopher, Jean Pierre de Crousaz. He had formerly impaled Pope in one of his

slashing letters, but Pope remained in happy ignorance of the fact, and when he died made Warburton his literary executor. Through Pope he made a wealthy marriage, and his father-in-law got him made a bishop. In the pulpit, as in his books, he is often paradoxical, but sometimes very vigorous and not infrequently droll. Like Daniel Burgess in Queen Anne's day, he took rather a pride in eliciting the loud laughter of his congregation. By dint of steady self-assertion, he gradually attained to a position of high critical authority (as of an English Scaliger), and after the death of Pope it seemed, for a short time, as if he might have aspired to a literary dictatorship. As a scholar he was a 'sham giant,' but his individuality, in which we can discern veins of Swift, of 'Anatomy' Burton, and of Isaac Vossius, was notable; he was, in some respects, a kind of theological Johnson, while in others he anticipated Whewell, whose 'foible,' like his own, was omniscience. The meeting between the two contemporary literary bullies is realistically described by Boswell. Warburton began by looking surlily at Johnson, but ended by 'patting' him.

As Johnson had his Boswell, so Warburton had his Dr. Hurd. Hurd was much more than Boswell, however, a slave, a creature whom Warburton indulged as Swift did Pilkington, at the price of unconditional submission to every caprice of his contradictory mind. Warburton seems to have persistently overread himself, in youth from natural craving, in age as a refuge from the uneasiness of thought. In this he resembled Swift and Scott, but above all Southey, and, like them, he survived his faculties some years. He died in June, 1779, and was buried in his cathedral at Gloucester.

Warburton provoked at least one worthy opponent in Robert Lowth, the son of a bishop and professor of poetry at Oxford, afterwards himself Bishop of Oxford and then of

London, of which see he was one of the greatest ornaments.

Bishop Lowth (1710-1787).

Warburton assailed Lowth upon the subject of his views respecting the Book of Job. Lowth hinted remonstrance in *A Letter to the Rt. Rev. Dr. Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester*, a model of urbane and polished sarcasm, which not even Chesterfield could have excelled. The stroke was countered and retorted, but Warburton for once had found his master. The controversy excited so much interest that it was even spoken of at our unliterary court. 'His majesty then talked of the controversy between Warburton and Lowth, which he seemed to have read, and asked Johnson what he thought of it. Johnson answered, "Warburton has most general, most scholastic learning; Lowth is the more correct scholar. I do not know which of them calls names best."' As Gibbon said, however, Lowth's victory was clearly established by the silent confession of Warburton and his slaves. Lowth's valuable work *De Sacra Poesi Hebræorum* (Oxford, 1753), a masterly dissertation—which evoked the warmest praise from the celebrated Jewish rabbi Mendelssohn, to whom the Hebrew was almost vernacular—was unfortunately written in Latin; but his last and greatest work, *Isaiah: a New Translation with a preliminary dissertation and notes* (1778), called forth eulogiums from the *literati* in every part of Europe, not only in respect to the excellence of the version, but also for the principles of criticism for the general guidance of translators from the Hebrew which the writer lays down. Both works have long been admitted to the rank of classics in sacred literature.

The reputation of all these once famous names has very much dwindled; but the eighteenth century is represented in England by a theologian far mightier than any of them, and one that cannot altogether be excluded from the roll

of literary men. Alike with the worldly and the sceptical, or with the Christian apologists with whom we have been dealing, John Wesley had nothing in common. He believed in hell with the intensity of a Luther. Like Newman at an early date in life, he deliberately chose the narrow way. His direct aim was to save his fellow-countrymen from the clutches of the devil by emancipating them in the first instance from selfishness and vice. He deliberately refused to study disturbing experimental sciences, disbelieved in the Newtonian astronomy, but believed sincerely in witchcraft and in demoniacal possession, and in the constant miraculous interposition of the deity in answer to prayer. The argument that miracles do *not* happen was to him upon the face of it absurd. His frequent prayers were, he believed, answered every day by God's direct interposition. He had the faith that moves mountains, faith with the exceptional accompaniment of extraordinary intellectual vigour.

John Wesley (1703-1791).

Few families are more remarkable than that of the Wesleys. The father, Samuel Wesley, had formerly been a Nonconformist, but in the course of a polemic against Anglican principles he became convinced of their truth. Impulsive, he became a pronounced churchman. He set off on foot to Oxford, married a wife who, like himself, had gone over from the Nonconformist camp, and gradually overcame the dislike of his parishioners at Epworth. All that he wrote, including an overpraised *Heroic Poem on the Life of Our Blessed Lord*, was in the service of religion and virtue. But in the words of his great uncle, Thomas Fuller, 'he had drunk more of Jordan than of Helicon.' Among his children were John, the founder at Oxford of the little band of Methodists, and Charles Wesley (1707-1788), the great hymn-writer, perhaps the greatest in our language.

Charles Wesley is said to have written in all nearly seven thousand hymns, among them that finest of all devotional hymns, *Jesu, Lover of my Soul.* Charming but ill-authenticated stories are told of its inception. All that we can say is, that it was written shortly after the great spiritual change which the writer underwent in 1738, and that it was published within a few months of the official date of the founding of Methodism in 1739. Few masterpieces have been more grievously mutilated by the idiot hand of the precisian. No less than twenty different readings have been advanced for the first stanza alone. The following is a representative attempt at 'emendation.'

Original.	*Commentator's Version* (*ap.* Urwick's Collection, Dublin, 1829).
'Jesu, Lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high.'	'Jesu, Refuge of the soul, We to thee for safety fly, While the waters round us roll, While the tempest still is high.'

Few of John Wesley's hymns are worthy to stand beside those of his brother, but his *Journal* (issued at irregular intervals from 1739 onwards) is a work of literary power inspired by religion and permeated by a force that is almost superhuman. It is difficult to believe that two men who were almost exactly contemporaries, should have produced works so diametrically opposed to each other in every tendency as the *Journal* of Wesley[1] and the diary formed by the *Correspondence* of Horace Walpole.

To understand the apparition of a man like John Wesley

[1] The name of Wesley is venerated wherever English is spoken, but his *Journal* is not enough read. It is a great book in every way, and one of the few 'hobbies' of, no mean judge, Edward Fitzgerald.

in the reign of George II. it is necessary to go back just a little and contemplate William Law (1686-1761), that primitive Christian and quaint author (of a *Serious Call to a devout and holy life*), who is brought into so strange a juxtaposition to Gibbon in the cynical historian's delightful *Autobiography*. If Gibbon be an incarnation of the worldly thinkers of the eighteenth century, with their placid contempt for all the higher spiritual influences, Law was 'the type of the counteracting forces that were stirring beneath the surface.' At his native village of King's Cliffe he led a tiny religious community in a lifelong service of prayer and mystical meditation and works of charity, carrying one back in imagination to the household of Nicholas Ferrar at Little Gidding, while King's Cliffe itself was imitated years later by pious households at Olney and at Ongar.

Like his spiritual ancestor, William Law, John Wesley was content to appeal to the devotional feeling deep-seated in the heart of man. Official Anglicanism, with its Whiggish abhorrence of enthusiasm, its multiplied proofs and evidences, and appeals to reason, had failed to make Christianity loved by a new generation. The curates who did the work of the absentee beneficed clergy felt no call to proselytize the increasing masses of industrial population. After fruitlessly endeavouring for years to accommodate the new movement to the forms of the Establishment, John Wesley organized an independent system of ministerial work and government for the sect which he called into existence. He thus became the greatest captain of men in his century, round whose standard to-day over twenty millions of human beings are rallied.

As a leader of Englishmen in the last century his nearest rival, perhaps, is Arthur Wellesley, and the names suggest kinship, for Wellington's father spelt his name

Wesley; the two families are indeed believed to have sprung from a common stock. Nor is the juxtaposition of these two great names so entirely fanciful as might at first appear. The two men resembled each other strikingly in their wonderful physique, and in the extraordinary faculty for hard work which enabled each of them to labour without intermission or distraction to the farthest limit of human activity. Wesley's writings, moreover, are a close counterpart of the *Despatches* of Wellington. Both show remarkable literary power; both go straight to the mark; and both, as means to a direct practical end, are striking less from their intrinsic interest than as examples of heroic force of will. The talent of both men for business and command is stamped upon every fragment that has come from their pens. The quality of mind and intellect that Wellington put at the disposal of his country is shown first and last in his *Despatches*. Similarly, there are few more vivid portraits of personality than that embodied in the *Journal* of John Wesley.[1]

[1] Among the popularisers of Wesley's theology among the town middle class, who were just beginning to read Richardson, was James Hervey (1715-1758). His *Meditations* was vastly admired; it was indeed one of the most popular books of the eighteenth century. It remains a strange compound of religion and rhetoric, but the rhetoric is in reality of a pinchbeck order, as of a prose Robert Montgomery, and the religious sentiment has a falsetto ring—inseparable from the conjunction of elegance and evangelical ideas.

To those who would explore at greater length the controversial issues, upon which we have scarcely had room to touch, a golden key to the subject is supplied in the standard *English Thought in the Eighteenth Century* of Mr. Leslie Stephen. With his judgments should be compared the views in Sir J. F. Stephen's *Horæ Sabbaticæ* and in the writings of Mark Pattison, especially his *Essay on Warburton*. There is barely room to mention here the writers of one or two additional books that survive as 'standard'

authorities. The *Dissertation on the Prophecies* (1754) of Bishop Thomas Newton (1704-1782) enjoys a reputation in excess perhaps of its merits. It was a last feeble echo of remonstrance against the insinuations of the Deist Collins that the prophecies were best left out of an argument for supernatural religion. Johnson's comment upon the book is memorable: 'It is Tom's great work, but how far it is great or how much of it is Tom's are other questions.' Bishop George Horne (1730-1792) was likewise following an old groove in his *Defence of the Thirty-nine Articles* (1772): subsequently, in his *Letters on Infidelity* (1784), he specially assailed Hume, in answer to whose great argument George Campbell (1719-1796) issued his enormously popular *Dissertation on Miracles* in 1762. In 1778 appeared the free-spoken *Opinions of Christian Writers of the first Three Centuries concerning the Person of Christ*, by the Unitarian Gilbert Wakefield (1756-1801), and in 1773 the last instalments of the able *Remarks on Ecclesiastical History* of John Jortin (1698-1770). The famous *Concordance* of Alexander Cruden (1701-1770) had appeared in 1731, but his *Scripture Dictionary* was not issued until 1770. The *Lives of the Saints*, by Alban Butler (1710-1773), appeared in 1745; while the famous Bible *Commentary* of the saintly Thomas Scott (1747-1821) was published near the close of the century (1788-92).

We have drawn a charitable veil over the sermons that Dr. Johnson read and listened to with such assiduity. How many of them will be read, except by professional persons, in the twentieth century? Perhaps those who possess the handy one-volume Sterne issued by Henry Bohn in 1865 will read the sermons at the end. The first series of *Sermons by Mr. Yorick* (1760) are not exceptionally lively, consisting merely of the early sermons which Sterne published, by the shrewd advice of a bookseller, to satisfy the curiosity of the public as to what manner of man the author of *Tristram* might be. But with the second batch of *Sermons* (1766) the case is altered. These were deliberately written to sustain the repute of the author of 'Shandy,' and are well worth examination: notably the discourse on the prodigal son, in which the preacher dwells on the need of sending young men on the grand tour, not with 'a broken Swiss valet,' but with a carefully selected tutor and proper introductions, or the sermon on Judges, xix. 1, or the still more extraordinary one preached at Paris before a congregation of sceptics in 1763. Here, as Gray said, you see the preacher 'tottering on the verge of laughter and ready to throw his periwig in the face of the audience.'

CHAPTER VI.

THE HISTORIANS.

The old English historians, a prolific and in many respects a notable group of writers, had been rather Eutropian than Tacitean in their methods; such men as Hall and Holinshed, Camden, Speed and Stow and Strype, and the industrious Huguenot compilers, Boyer and Rapin, had restricted themselves largely to voluminous annalizing. Men of affairs with a faculty for writing, such as Clarendon and Burnet, had produced graphic and humorous political memoirs, to which they had given the name of *Histories*, and these had provoked similar labours on the part of their political adversaries. The value of general judgments, of comparative studies in history, the influence of economic conditions, of ideas in relation to events —such considerations as these were almost entirely neglected. Bolingbroke may be said to have had some glimpses of later historical method, but his conceptions of history are still in a very crude and disorganized state. He condemns the labours of erudite research as so much learned lumber, and so begins by depriving himself of the necessary materials for any sound process of historical deduction. He adopts indeed the old saw that history is philosophy teaching by examples,[1] but he manages with curious infelicity to repudiate the true historical method before it had come into being, and thus condemns himself

[1] See A. J. Grant's interesting *English Historians*, 1906.

to a merely empirical system of guesswork. The attempt to treat history inductively upon a broad philosophical basis was reserved, in fact, for the great genius of Montesquieu, as the first attempt to appeal widely to modern comprehension by an attractive grouping of historical facts was reserved to Montesquieu's even greater contemporary, Voltaire. While thus in France the finest intellects of the age were engaged upon historical interpretation, it seemed in our country as if men of the dullest intellects and meanest acquirements were busying themselves with the subject. The histories of such men as Robert Brady, John Oldmixon, James Ralph, Laurence Eachard, and Nicholas Tindal (1687-1774), the continuator of Rapin, might well have been written by authors who had failed at every other kind of literature. When the Duchess of Marlborough wished for an historical memoir of her husband, embodying the details of his immortal victories, she had to apply to David Mallet, a man whom, as Buckle says, the French would have hardly thought worthy of dusting the manuscripts of one of their great historians. Men of this calibre despised the Middle Ages with a wild and ignorant presumption, and little or nothing was done in England by the generation succeeding that of Dugdale, of Rymer, of Hearne, and of Madox, corresponding to the great labours of Muratori, Maffei, Ducange, Bouquet, and the Benedictines of France.

Thomas Carte (1686-1754).

The contracted views that disfigured much of our old historical work were manifested in Thomas Carte, an historical writer of great patience and industry. The son of a Jacobite antiquary, Carte shared his father's tastes and prejudices. Having gained some reputation as an historical investigator, he obtained a good subscription for a *History of England* on a large scale, the first volume of which ap-

peared in 1747. The way in which new and original materials were employed showed a great advance upon previous works, and mark it out as the best history of England in point of research previous to that of Dr. Lingard. Yet so absurdly narrow and superstitious was Carte's mind, that he thought it necessary to enter into a long examination of the question of touching for the King's Evil, a prerogative which he presumed to be peculiar to the Lord's anointed. After gravely and at great length considering this difficult question, the historian came to the conclusion that God had not granted to our Hanoverian kings the power of miraculously curing the scrofula, but that he had allowed that power to remain in the hands of the Pretender. Between the political wrath which this assertion provoked, and the ridicule which, in full eighteenth century, it could hardly fail to elicit, Carte's *History* fell into a largely undeserved contempt, followed by an oblivion from which it has never emerged.

George Lyttelton (1709-1773).

Carte having been thus discredited, the writer who in the early fifties was most respected as an historian was 'the good' Lord Lyttelton, whose *History of Henry II.* eventually appeared in 1767. To this work, which was the labour of wellnigh thirty years, it would be unfair to deny the merit of protracted research. But this is about all that can possibly be said in its favour. It shows, said Walpole, how dull one may be if one but take pains for seven and twenty years. The materials are so ill-arranged and the style so insufferably prolix, that it has come to be regarded as the English parallel of the *Italian History* of Guicciardini, to which (rather than read it) the man preferred the galleys.

David Hume,[1] whose career as a whole belongs rather to

[1] See Chapter IV.; see also *Encyc. Brit.*, 11th ed. (authorities).

philosophy than to history, gives us, with his own pen, a brief account of the inception of his famous *History*. 'In 1752 the Faculty of Advocates chose me their librarian, an office from which I received little or no emolument, but which gave me the command of a large library. I then formed the plan of writing the history of England.' The opening portion of his *History*, extending from 1603 to 1649, was thus written in two years—a period of time which can hardly be deemed adequate for the examination of the materials then accessible. But Hume had in his great *Treatise of Human Nature* come to the conclusion that, 'if truth be at all within the reach of human capacity, it is certain it must lie very deep and abstruse,' and he, perhaps, thought that to protract the research after such a chimera was mere waste of time. The result is that his *History of England*, the first volume of which appeared in 1754, consists rather of a series of brilliant illustrations of an *à priori* theory than of a serious inquiry into the facts, upon which alone any inductive process can properly be based. From an intense disgust at the party manœuvres, misnamed politics, of his own time, as exemplified by the narrow chicanery of the dominant Whig party, Hume was disposed to exalt the government of the Stuart kings, from whose tyranny the Whigs were never tired of priding themselves that they had emancipated the country. He went so far as to assert that in all history it would be difficult to find a reign more unspotted and unblemished than that of James I. The paradox that the revolution of 1688, so much belauded by Whig writers, was in reality a retrograde step, pleased Hume more as he proceeded, and, in his last revision of his work, he assiduously softened or expunged 'many villanous, seditious, Whig strokes which had crept into it,' being convinced that he had not done enough to canonize Laud or

David Hume (1711-1776).

to whitewash Strafford. Having in his second volume (1756) carried the work from 1649 to 1688, he determined, as an answer to his numerous critics, to work backwards, and show from a survey of the Tudor period that his Tory views were based upon a study of the English constitution as then settled. In 1759 this portion of the work appeared, and in 1761 the *History of England* was completed by the history of the pre-Tudor periods; this last part was deformed by Hume's carelessness and ignorance, and is unworthy of the portions relating to Tudor and Stuart times. These show Hume as a thorough partisan of strong government, and as a very moderate lover of the boasted 'liberty,' for which he deemed that 'so rude a beast as an Englishman was unfitted'; yet they place his work far above the narrow sectarian bigotry of the memoir-writers, or the unmitigated dullness of the chronological compilers who had hitherto done duty as historians. In the literature of history Hume's book must, as in many respects a pioneer work, always retain a certain position, while, in the history of literature also, his book has a distinct place. It was the first attempt at a really comprehensive and thoughtful treatment of historic fact, the first to introduce the social and literary aspects of a nation's life in due subordination to its civil and political history, and the first large piece of historical writing in England to be graced with the polish and at the same time with the vivacity of a modern style.

Tobias Smollett (1721-1771).

With the *History* of Hume is commonly associated the very inferior compilation of the novelist Tobias Smollett. Smollett's *History* was primarily a bookseller's venture designed to take the wind out of the sails of Hume. Commencing in 1756, Smollett hurried through eighteen centuries before the close of 1757, and his *History*, from Julius Cæsar

to the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, appeared in four quarto volumes during 1757-8. Hume wrote ironically of his rival as seated on the historical summit of Parnassus, and complained bitterly of the 'extraordinary run' upon the new *History of England*. Smollett states with pride that he consulted more than three hundred books in compiling the work, which was re-issued during 1758-9 in sixpenny parts, and had an enormous sale. A continuation (1763) brought Smollett's work down to 1760, and the portion of the combined work, from 1688 to 1760, was subsequently modified and slightly abbreviated in order to form a continuation to Hume. Smollett had an atelier of satellite scribes, something after the manner of Alexandre Dumas *père*, and it is probable that a considerable portion of the continuation was contrived by these hacks; but Smollett managed to infuse into the work a characteristic vigour of style, which is the one merit that it possesses.

William Robertson (1721-1793).

William Robertson, born in a Midlothian manse on September 19th, 1721, rivalled or surpassed his fellow-countrymen in historical fame, and came level with Hume also as a writer of English prose, which had scarcely flourished in Scotland. Buchanan wrote in Latin, and the learned Scots of the sixteenth century generally preferred that medium or even French to the unfamiliar language of Latimer and Sidney. Robertson was educated at Edinburgh University for the Scots Kirk, and in 1743 obtained the living of Gladsmuir. He was a staunch Whig, and in almost every respect a typical product of the (Scottish) eighteenth century at its best. No one ever saw him ruffled. Jupiter Carlyle amusingly describes the pomp of his paraphrase—his conversational plagiarism. He combined practical shrewd-

ness with a keen literary ambition, backed up by a strong leathery physique and an infinite capacity for sedentary toil. With a hatred of zealots and enthusiasts he combined a deep-seated optimism and a charming intimacy with sceptics like Hume and Adam Smith. Of Liberal ideas he was always a champion, but in a most discreet and prudent fashion. Thus he supported his old friend Home against the bigoted attack of the ministers who wanted to deprive him for writing a play; but while far too rational to condemn the stage, he carefully abstained from ever visiting a theatre. Such prudence was fitly rewarded by an accumulation of preferments and salaries, such as had never before been heaped upon a presbyterian divine. In 1762 Robertson became principal of Edinburgh University, and next year he became Moderator of the General Assembly. It was felt that such a man would add dignity to the English episcopate, and some overtures were made, only to be rejected by Robertson, with his usual prudence.

In 1759, after six years' labour, Robertson produced his first large work, the *History of Scotland during the Reigns of Mary and James VI.* down to 1603. Unlike Hume's, Robertson's style was Johnsonian, and the sonorous correctitude of his periods created an extraordinary impression in England. People asked, as of Macaulay, 'where did he get that style,' in which such an excellent judge as Chesterfield professed to trace the eloquence of Livy. But with these Livian and declamatory qualities went a lack of idiomatic vigour which is sensibly felt by the modern reader, lending to Robertson's pages a monotony that is absent from those of Hume or of Gibbon. Gibbon frequently has a caustic phrase, short and sharp: but Robertson's sentences are almost invariably long, terribly antithetic, laboriously balanced. The historian's

next work, a *History of the Emperor Charles V.* (1769), (in favour of which he had rejected plans of histories of England, of Greece, of Learning, of Leo X.) is justly regarded as his masterpiece and rendered his fame European. The *Introduction*, forming a descriptive estimate of the 'dark ages' (700-1100 A.D.), was one of the first successful attempts in England at historical generalization on the basis of large accumulations of fact. Many of Robertson's conclusions are, of course, now quite obsolete (many of them were, indeed, ably traversed by Dr. Maitland); his data were necessarily very imperfect, as was also his sympathy with mediæval history, in respect to which he almost inevitably shared the Voltairean prejudices of Hume. Yet the suggestiveness of his method has greatly impressed and not infrequently inspired successive generations of historical students, and the intrepidity combined with shrewdness with which he grappled with the most thorny subjects, such as Frankish land tenures, seems to show that if he had, like Gibbon, been able to soak himself in continental erudition and to concentrate his whole attention upon historical work, he might have attained a position in the very highest rank of historians. Robertson's third work, the *History of America* (1777), did not tend to increase his reputation, but some of the episodes in it contain the best passages in point of style that came from his pen.

Robertson retained his principalship until 1792, having shown himself always a most capable administrator. He retired to Grange House, near Edinburgh, and there, full of years and honours, he died on June 11th, 1793. A number of the great man's foibles are depicted in Alexander Carlyle's *Autobiography*; but it is plain that Carlyle had a secret dislike of the worthy principal, so that everything he says about him must be taken with reserve. Robertson

is intellectually, perhaps, the least of the group, but yet upon the whole he is not unworthy to rank with generalisers and optimists of his day of such calibre as Hume, Gibbon, and Adam Smith.

We are now come to the greatest of all our historians.

Edward Gibbon (1737-1794).

Edward Gibbon was born at Putney on April 27th, 1737, being the great-grandson of a Leadenhall Street linendraper, whose son made a large fortune by speculation in the reign of George I. His father was a member of White's Club, who 'silently precipitated large sums of money into the bottomless pit' which that institution provided for the chastening of spendthrifts. In one of the sketches of his life, Gibbon gave an account of the gay life led by his parents, and of their consequent neglect of their son, adding some Shandean details about his birth and of the innumerable infantine ailments to which he was a prey—details which were ruthlessly excised under the decorous editorship of Lord Sheffield and his daughter. From nine to eleven he was at a boarding-school in Putney, where, 'at the expense of many tears and some blood,' he purchased a knowledge of the Latin syntax. Between 1749 and 1750, though 'still interrupted by danger and debility,' he painfully climbed into the third form at Westminster School. He agrees with Cowper in describing the school of his day as 'a cavern of fear and sorrow.' Leaving Westminster in 1750, he spent in desultory reading some three years, during which, he says, 'crude lumps of Speed, Rapin, Mezeray, Davila, Machiavel, Father Paul, Bower, etc., passed through me like so many novels.' Ockley opened his eyes to Eastern history, and he was led from one book to another until he had 'ranged round the circle of Oriental history.' 'The dynasties of Assyria and Egypt were my top and cricket ball, and my sleep has been dis-

turbed by the difficulty of reconciling the Septuagint with the Hebrew computation. I arrived at Oxford with a stock of erudition that might have puzzled a doctor, and a degree of ignorance of which a schoolboy would have been ashamed.' He spent fourteen months at Magdalen College, Oxford, months 'the most idle and unprofitable of my whole life.'

Gibbon spent a large portion of his time rambling through the mazes of theological controversy. The perusal of Bossuet's *Catholic Doctrine* and *Protestant Variations* achieved his conversion to popery. 'I read,' he says in his affected way, 'I applauded, I believed,' and surely, he adds, in reference to Bossuet, 'I fell by a noble hand.' The consequence of his conversion, which he reported in a pompously self-important letter to his father, was his removal from Oxford and his banishment to Lausanne (1753). A meagre table, a narrow allowance, the deprivation of a man-servant and an open fire, had their due influence with the ex-fellow-commoner of Magdalen. He was soon reading Pascal's *Lettres Provinciales* in place of Bossuet; both writers contributed in an important measure to the formation of his prose style.

Gibbon was lucky in the Protestant pastor to whom the charge of his studies was intrusted. M. Pavilliard was one of those austere Huguenot ministers of broad views and coral-insect kind of industry of whom the early eighteenth century saw so many examples. Himself a born student, Gibbon soon adapted himself to the methodical ways of his tutor. 'Such as I am,' he says, 'in genius, in learning, or in manners, I owe my creation to Lausanne. It was in that school that the statue was discovered in the block of marble; and my own religious folly, my father's blind resolution, produced the effects of the most deliberate wisdom.' His health and his person

developed simultaneously with his mind. Pavilliard tells of his astonishment at the first view of a little monster of disputative skill, with his minutely slender frame and huge head. As the years rolled on, as numerous anecdotes aver, Gibbon became grotesquely fat. The well-known silhouette shows him preparing to take a pinch of snuff—the portly round body borne on two spindle legs, the little face almost lost between the high forehead and the double chin, the little nose almost obliterated by the prominent cheeks. From this time he began habitually to speak French. Suard informs us that he spoke with a marvellous correctness, though his pronunciation was affected; he talked in a falsetto tone, and always 'like a book.' In 1758 he returned to England, and composed in French a somewhat stiff and formal *Essai sur l'Étude de la Littérature.*

His complete Frenchification was prevented by an accidental circumstance, the embodiment of the South Hampshire Militia. Gibbon and his father were committed to take up commands without realizing very precisely what their obligations would be. The result was that for three years (1759-62) Gibbon led the life of an officer in a marching regiment. He was captain of the grenadier company, a post in which one is constrained to reflect that he must have cut a droll figure. At any rate, he put aside learning and mingled with his fellow-countrymen. 'With my foreign education and reserved temper,' he says, 'I might have remained a stranger in my own country'; as it was, he became 'an Englishman and a soldier.' He had earned, he tells us, the right to talk about the Roman legion, and, when he returned to Lausanne, he astonished his sedate friends. After the militia was disbanded, at the close of 1762, he started for the Continent, staying some months at Paris and at Lausanne, and proceeding to Florence, Rome, and Naples. He had prepared him-

self for these visits by a systematic course of topographical study. 'It was at Rome,' he writes, in an ever-memorable passage, 'on the 15th October, 1764, as I sat musing among the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind.'

Nine or ten years elapsed before the idea was definitely adopted, the important event of this period being the formation of Gibbon's Library. He had taken charge of his father's books upon his return to England in April, 1758, and the purchase for twenty guineas of the *Memoirs of the Society of Inscriptions of Paris* marks an important epoch. It was to form the nucleus of the instrument of his life's work—his select library. Within its walls he continued all his life to make learned discoveries, and laid the foundations of knowledge upon what he calls 'a modest and learned ignorance.' The conception and the plan alone of such a work as the *Decline and Fall* is wonderful. The daring occupation of a summit from which Christianity, Mahomedanism, Roman Law, the irruptions of the different hordes of barbarians, and the politics of the Persian empire might all be regarded as parts of one whole, is in itself a marvellous feat of that high form of imagination which is indispensable to the authors of scientific discoveries as much as to poets and painters. Gibbon's *History* is a kind of historical Everest; it is interesting, however, to observe the lesser peaks which Gibbon scanned and thought of scaling, before he resolved to risk the greater ascent. The first subject that attracted him was the expedition of Charles VIII. into Italy (and for this he read Commines and wrote some preliminary dissertations). Successive ideas were *The Third Crusade, The Barons' War, The Black Prince*, and

Sir Walter Raleigh. The last subject was long dallied with, before he came to the conclusion that he must seek a theme at once safer and more extensive. 'Raleigh is interesting, but his character is ambiguous, his actions obscure, his writings English, and his fame confined to the narrow limits of our language and our island.' A much better notion for a cosmopolitan, as Gibbon felt himself, was the *History of the Liberty of the Swiss.* But 'the materials are inaccessible to me, fast locked in the obscurity of an old barbarous German dialect, of which I am totally ignorant.' A truly splendid subject was the *History of the Republic of Florence* under the House of Medici. From this he was lured back to the Swiss Republic by the solicitude of his Helvetian friend, Deyverdun, and he got as far as publishing an *Introduction* in the French language; but the plan was not applauded by the foreign critics. Gibbon's first English publication was *Critical Observations on the Sixth Book of the Æneid* (1770), an anonymous attack upon the 'Eleusinian theory' of Warburton. His thoughts now at length became fixed upon Latin literature, and from Tacitus, Pliny, and Juvenal he 'plunged into the ocean of Augustan history,' and investigated with pen almost always in hand the original records of the history, both Greek and Latin, from Dion Cassius to Ammianus Marcellinus. 'The subsidiary rays of medals and inscriptions of geography and chronology were thrown on their proper objects; and I applied the collections of Tillemont, whose inimitable accuracy almost assumes the character of genius, to fix and arrange within my reach the loose and scattered atoms of historical information.' These preliminary studies were interrupted by the illness and death of his father in November, 1770, and it was not until the end of 1772 that he was able to disentangle the estate.

Gibbon now settled in London, aged thirty-five, independent and free to concentrate his accumulated knowledge and his consummate literary judgment upon the great work of his life. It is true that he sought and obtained a seat at Liskeard, by the favour of Lord Eliot; but he was merely a vote, not a voice in the House of Commons, which he frequented chiefly in order to obtain the password to a good sinecure (duly obtained in 1779, salary, £750). In 1776 was published the first volume of *The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, which met with general applause. He was specially gratified by the praise of Hume and Robertson, who seemed to offer him a place as one of the triumvirate of British historians. Second and third volumes appeared in 1781, and though not much discussed, were read with avidity. In 1783, he repaired to Lausanne to finish his history at his leisure, and the three remaining volumes occupied just under four years. 'It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last line of the last page in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen I took several turns in a *berceau* or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not describe the first emotions of joy on the recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame; but my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind by the idea that I had taken my everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that whatsoever might be the future fate of my History, the life of the historian must be short and precarious.' Few passages in English prose are more justly celebrated than this, which exhibits alike the

enthusiasm of literary inspiration and the sobering pathos of human achievement. Gibbon planned some further historical works, but executed none. In the summer of 1793 he returned to Sussex to stay with his friend, Lord Sheffield. His career was drawing to a close. 'Earthly dignity has its limits even in an historian.' Symptoms of dropsy began to appear, and he died at Lord Sheffield's on 16th January, 1794 (he was buried at Fletching).

At various periods of his life, probably between 1788 and 1793, he had been occupied with the composition of an account of his own life and writings. He had written out a large portion of this autobiography no less than seven times, approaching the subject-matter each time from a slightly different point of view, and there is little doubt that he intended at some time to combine the different versions into one connected whole. His sudden death threw this task upon Lord Sheffield and his daughter, Lady Maria Josepha Holroyd, who performed their task with diligence and care. At the same time they cut out a good many passages where Gibbon's candour got the better of his sense of decorum, thus stultifying the comic flourish about 'Truth, naked unblushing truth,' with which the *Memoirs*, as published in 1796, are prefaced. The *Autobiographies*, in the exact state in which they were left by Gibbon, were published in 1896; the supplementary fragments afford notes and sidelights, but Sheffield's combined version must be the *textus receptus*.[1]

Gibbon's *Memoirs* are a valuable addition to our literature, which is not rich in autobiographical works of the kind. The *Lives* of Evelyn and Clarendon hardly come into the same category; those of Holcroft and Gifford, Hume and Mackintosh, though all interesting in their way,

[1] The parallel versions have been combined in a useful synopsis by Dr. O. F. Emerson, Boston, 1898. (See, for new sources, *Encyc. Brit.*)

are not comparable in importance. The *Apologia* of Newman and the *Memoirs* of Mark Pattison are nearer to the work of Gibbon in their endeavour to depict the influences combining to produce 'life-work.' Nearer still is the inflated egotism of Herbert Spencer's wonderful *Autobiography*. Gibbon's *Memoirs* are of special interest for their revelation of character. They hardly convey the idea that Gibbon was a great man; they afford no glimpse of the workings of a profound intellect or of the warm impulses of a generous heart. 'The madness of superfluous health I have never known.' There was a taint of egotism in his treatment of Mlle. Curchod, while the 'pure and exalted sentiment' with which he credits himself is far from conspicuous. Wherever Gibbon thinks that he ought to appear affected, his pathos comes in with a stiffness which has a singularly grotesque effect. His method of regarding the great springs of human action denotes a mind the ordinary conceptions of which had much in them that was commonplace and second-rate. This is shown in the cynicism of his attitude towards religion. He regarded the Church as a necessary but contemptible factor in modern society. Looking back into the past, he found a golden age in the period immediately preceding its rise, and his moral is briefly expressed in his epigram, 'I have described the triumph of barbarism and religion.' Johnson in caustic mood termed a 'patriot' a scoundrel: Gibbon, a true child of his epoch, was firmly convinced of the scoundrelism of a zealot of any kind, but especially of the religious zealot. He felt no bitterness whatever against the clergy of England, sunk in the fat slumbers of toleration and Whig-indifferentism; yet the semi-malicious idea of 'drawing' the highly-salaried dignitaries of the Anglican establishment gave him an exquisite stimulus. When the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters appeared, and there was a loud outcry, he

professed the astonishment of one steeped in continental scepticism, to whom the most libertine opinions were permitted, so long as the constituted ecclesiastical authorities were not openly attacked. Imagine the sardonic grimace with which he must have penned the following passage in one of the 'synoptic' sketches of his life:

'Had I believed that the majority of English readers were so fondly attached even to the name and shadow of Christianity, had I foreseen that the pious, the timid and the prudent would feel or affect to feel with such exquisite sensibility, I might perhaps have softened the two invidious chapters which would create many enemies and conciliate few friends. But the shaft was shot, the alarm sounded, and I could only rejoice that, if the voice of our priests was clamorous and bitter, their hands were disarmed of the power of persecution. I adhered to the wise resolution of trusting myself and my writings to the candour of the Public, till Mr. Davies of Oxford presumed to attack not the faith, but the good faith, of the historian. My Vindication, expressive less of anger than of contempt, amused for a moment the busy and idle metropolis; and the most rational part of the laity, and even of the clergy, appears to have been satisfied of my innocence and accuracy. My antagonists, however, were rewarded in this world: poor Chelsum was neglected, and I dare not boast the making Dr. Watson a bishop; but I enjoyed the pleasure of giving a Royal pension to Mr. Davies and of collating Dr. Apthorpe to an archiepiscopal living. Their success encouraged the zeal of Taylor the Arian and Milner the Methodist, with many others whom it would be difficult to remember and tedious to rehearse. . . .'

This passage is thoroughly representative—it is expressive of the very essence of Gibbon. He was fond of insisting that the style ought to be the image of the mind: if

this were true of himself one can readily perceive that his mind was not altogether a beautiful one; and one can understand better after reading such a passage as the above how it came to be said that Gibbon might have been cut out of an odd corner of Burke's mind without being missed, or, again, how Boswell should have stigmatized him as 'a venomous insect.' Defects inseparable from an extraordinary self-complacency and a certain lack of imagination are inherent both in the man and his literary manner. Gibbon's style, in short, like himself, was pompous and formal, and constantly haunted by a species of old-fashioned academic verbosity and an inveterate tendency to grandiloquent periphrasis.[1] The regularity of the cadence is often singularly monotonous. Few styles lend themselves more easily to parody; it has, indeed, been often parodied, and many of the parodies are excellent.

Yet the style of Gibbon, with certain obvious faults, was marvellously adapted to his peculiar faculties and to the special effects which he sought to produce. For the purposes of antithesis, for the constant balancing of considerations, for the critical reservations so necessary to the historian and the archæologist, and for the cynical innu-

[1] Porson has some acute remarks upon the Gibbonian prose: 'Though his style is generally correct and elegant, he sometimes draws out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. In endeavouring to avoid vulgar terms, he frequently dignifies trifles, and clothes common thoughts in a splendid dress that would be rich enough for the noblest ideas. . . . Sometimes, in his anxiety to vary the phrase, he becomes obscure, and, instead of calling his personages by their names, defines them by their birth, alliance, office or other circumstance of their history.' . . . The great critic defended Gibbon against the attack of George Travis, 'and the wretched Travis still howls under the lash of the mercyless Porson' (GIBBON, *Memoir E*).

endoes which are the salt of the *History*, the style of Gibbon is unsurpassed; and as the reader progresses with the work, he is more and more impressed by the long roll of the sentences, in which the conclusions of learning are enforced with all the arts of oratorical declamation. The extent to which Gibbon's balancing style has influenced the manner of later historians is marked, and many of its features may be traced with ease in the pages of one of the most eminent of recent historians (Lecky).

Gibbon may seem a small man compared with Burke, nor was he endowed with the extraordinary faculties of a Michelet or a Macaulay. But the book was greater by far than the man. The enduring power of the *Decline and Fall* is already proving itself greater than that of any book by Macaulay or even by Burke. Nay, more, it is no exaggeration to say that Gibbon's *History* is the greatest book of the kind that ever was written—a testimony to the wise subordination of a man to his work.

The pre-eminent greatness of Gibbon's *History* is due, in the main, to three distinct causes. In the *first* place, his conception of history as a spacious panorama in which a series of tableaux are made to pass before the reader's eye. In despite of theorists, Gibbon's conception remains, and will remain, in agreement with that of the vast mass of mankind. Gibbon would have been fully in sympathy with Beaconsfield's remark: 'What wonderful things are events: the least are of greater importance than the most sublime and comprehensive speculations!' The end of the historian is the truthful narration of events. Abstract truth may take care of itself. Gibbon is concerned to unfold the roll of the past. The evidence may be scanty, and the facts, the raw material of the historian, hard to verify, but some picture of the thing acted may at least be attained and the gloom of the past sensibly relieved. It

is in this sense that Gibbon is 'primitive'—he connects himself with the great historians of antiquity.

The success of the *Decline and Fall* is due, in the *second* place, to its erudition; it is one of the few great books to retain a literary reputation upon such a footing. This is not because its erudition is unexampled; his method was not to collate with minute care facts that had already been mobilized by competent observers. He used monographs freely, which has been imputed to him as a sin, though it is difficult to see what such books are for unless they are intended to be used in this manner. But where the field was barren of such special studies, few writers have surpassed Gibbon in the logical sagacity with which he makes comparatively obscure details yield important inferences. With a remarkable gift for historical divination, he combines a stern distrust of all fanciful hypotheses. Having thoroughly mastered the part of his subject under his hand, he condenses and clarifies the select materials into a broad, well-filled narrative. As he proceeds he attains greater freedom and a more just perspective, until the acme of what has been styled his architectonic power is reached in his magnificent record of the rise of the Mahomedan empire.[1]

[1] With this increase of power is observable a collateral increase of candour. The equivocal position occupied by Christianity in Gibbon's own day, its tenacity of its privileges and emoluments, combined with its supine abandonment of even a pretence of endeavouring to realize Christian ideals, excited him irresistibly to write the two polemical chapters at the end of the first volume, in which he unjustly confuses the motives of the early Christians with those of the least worthy of their successors. These chapters, written with one eye fixed upon the continental Voltaireans and the other upon the opulent ecclesiastics of his native land, were, in fact, an aberration from the strict historical justice which he prized so highly. As he advanced he threw aside more completely

Gibbon retained to the last his general attitude of scepticism—the *third* great bulwark of the undying fame of his work. He was a much more profound sceptic than Voltaire, who was rather like Isaac Vossius in that you might easily persuade him of even an improbable thing, if only it were not in the Bible. The distrust of zeal, the conviction that enthusiasm is inconsistent with intellectual balance, was ingrained in Gibbon's mental constitution, and as time went on it was confirmed by study and experience. His cynicism supplied the 'antipathy which he infused when he mixed his most effective colours'; and with this cynicism went an invaluable placidity of temperament. This cynical placidity was the historian's safeguard against the passion, the bigotry, the spiritual anxiety and allied distempers by which many historical works, in other respects great, have been so woefully disfigured.

In brief, then, the greatness of Gibbon was due to a combination (an almost unique one) of good sense, sceptical erudition, and exceptionally favourable external circumstances. The importance of the last condition Gibbon himself would have been the last to undervalue. 'Few works of merit and importance have been executed either in a garret or a palace. A gentleman possessed of leisure and independence, of books and talents, may be encouraged to write by the distant prospect of honour and reward; but wretched is the author, and wretched will be the work, where daily diligence is stimulated by daily hunger.'

Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon, though their merit varies greatly in degree, were yet all of them in respect to a certain largeness of conception historians of a high rank,

(or at least relegated to his notes, many of them masterpieces of subtle irony) his own personal predilections. After A.D. 641 note that the History, hitherto *full*, becomes much more *summary*. His erudition is distinctive, neither 'French' nor 'German,' but 'an entertainment to which the Muses came.'

and with his large view of history, Gibbon, at least, combined a high European standard of workmanship and research. With the exception of Bolingbroke, no Englishman had yet taken such comprehensive views of history as this group. But after them there comes a disappointing gap which is not altogether easy to understand. Historians now had excellent models before them, and the enormous advances made in critical and archæological studies provided them with large and increasing funds of rich material. The meagre results are due in some measure to the insularity of our scholars and their tendency to recur to well-worn grooves of investigation.

Thomas Somerville (1741-1830).

The narrowing influences of party politics and Protestant Dissent upon historical writing are both exemplified in the works of Thomas Somerville, a native of Hawick, in Roxburghshire, who, like so many of his countrymen and contemporaries, owed inspiration to Robertson. His proposal to write a large history was cordially received by William Strahan, the great London publisher, and, after ten years of moderate labour in collecting materials, Somerville produced his *History* 'from the Restoration of Charles II. to the Death of William III.' (1792), which was followed in 1798 by the *History of Great Britain during the Reign of Queen Anne*. A more undisguised imitator (one might almost say understudy) of Robertson is Robert Watson,

Robert Watson (1730-1781).

professor of logic at St. Andrews, who 'delighted' Johnson and wrote a history of *Philip II. of Spain* and a sequel of the *Reign of Philip III.*, issued respectively in 1777 and 1781. They were honoured by translation into French, and were praised by Horace Walpole and less competent critics. The last is still of some use as filling up a gap. Somerville and Watson aimed, not without success, at a judicious historical syn-

thesis; but neither had much graphic power, and both are inflated and prejudiced, though not more so, perhaps, than the highly talented writers who have superseded them.[1]

Robert Orme (1728-1801).

Another historian who saw a good deal of what he describes, and whose work deserves, on literary and other grounds, to be distinguished from that of historical compilers is Robert Orme. The son of an East India surgeon, educated at Harrow, and an early friend of Clive, Orme resided at Calcutta from 1742 to 1753, and at Madras from 1754 to 1758. Then he returned to England, settled in Harley Street, and began collecting materials (1769-78) for a big history, the first written in English on a large scale, of *The British Nation in Indostan from* 1745. The minute detail in which Orme indulges is almost too much for the narrative, and the book is impaired by the author's episodical treatment of the French operations in India and by his ignorance of the language and classical literature of that country. But in point of style and arrangement and as a pioneer work it has substantial merits.

A very brief summary of the historical compilations will suffice to afford a bird's-eye view of the range of historical interest and curiosity during a period in which Gibbon is supreme—a colossus among pigmies. Among the compilers of ancient history (and modern) mention must be made of Goldsmith, whose 'Roman,' 'English,' and 'Grecian' histories appeared respectively in 1769, 1771, and 1774. 'We must brush up our Goldsmith' says a character in one of Disraeli's novels. Goldsmith was acquainted with the French books on Greek and Roman history that were most in evidence in his day, but he was no scholar, and he was as careless as Hume, without possessing anything like his mental power, or a tithe of his interest in his subject.

Oliver Goldsmith (1728-1774).

[1] Macaulay, Prescott, Motley.

Adam Ferguson (1723-1816).

Adam Ferguson was a man of much greater scholarly attainment and of scarcely less versatility than Goldsmith. He fought at Fontenoy, threw up his commission, became librarian of the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, in succession to Hume, and was in turn professor of natural philosophy and of pneumatics (*i.e.*, moral philosophy) in Edinburgh. But our respect for his critical acumen is not enhanced by his unqualified adhesion to Macpherson (Ossian), and his *History of the Progress and Termination of the Roman Republic* (going down to the accession of Caligula), when it appeared in 1782, though it supplanted without difficulty the compilations of Nathaniel Hooke (*d.* 1763), showed few of the qualities that enable an historical work to withstand the dissolvent of time. Mediocre as it is, however, it is decidedly superior to the *History of Philip of Macedon*, published in 1758 by Thomas Leland (1722-1785). From his vicarage at Bray in co. Wicklow, Leland subsequently issued in 1773 a *History of Ireland* (from the invasion by Henry II. to 1691), but the book shows little local knowledge, less research, and of power of historical synthesis and deduction none at all. Little more can be said for the *History of England from the Accession of James I. to that of the Brunswick Line* (8 vols., 1763-83) of Mrs. Catharine Macaulay (1731-1791), who curiously anticipated the great historian of the name both in political prejudice and in choice of period.

Minor Historians.

The careers of William Mitford (1744-1827) and William Roscoe (1753-1831) belong more particularly to the next age, though Mitford commenced his *History of Greece*, which he employed as an instrument of his own Tory prejudices, as early as 1784, and although Roscoe's interesting *Life of Lorenzo the Magnificent*, which comprises a sketch of Florentine history, was published in

1796. In point of style both Mitford and Roscoe are far in advance of several of the writers we have been considering. To compilers such as 'honest Cawmell,' whose books 'no man can number,' and Henry, a still further descent is necessary, though they are but types of the pedantic hacks who began to abound as the demand for large works of reference came into being. During the eighteenth century, at least, all this journeyman work of literature was done vastly better in France.

John Campbell (1708-1775), who compiled untold volumes of quasi-erudite character at the rate of two guineas a sheet, is chiefly associated with the ancient and modern *Universal Histories* which appeared at intervals between 1750 and 1765. Campbell was one of the directors of the staff of unmitigated pedants who conducted this voluminous work—for many years the laughing-stock of European scholars. A collateral compiler, Robert Henry (1718-1790), in his once well-known *History of England* (1771-85) in six volumes, was one of the first to classify his work under such headings as Learning, Arts, Manners, Religion, and so on, in preference to the continuous chronological arrangement.

Of much more genuine interest to the scholar than any of these perfunctory compilations are the antiquarian labours of historical students, who based annals upon a study of original documents, or digested original materials, and manipulated them in such a manner as to render new facts and results readily available to the historian proper. Such labours are only indirectly, perhaps, of literary importance. But it was only upon such a substructure that the Gothic or Romantic revival (and the renewed interest in and the fairer appreciation of the Middle Ages, which supplies one of its chief stimuli) could possibly be reared. Among such works observe the *Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth* (1751) of Thomas Birch; the *Memorials and Letters* (of James I. and Charles I. in 1762 and 1766) and the *Annals of Scotland* (1776) of Sir David Dalrymple (1726-1792), known on the Scottish bench as Lord Hailes; the curious anti-Whig *Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland* (1680-94), published in three volumes in 1771 by Sir John Dalrymple (1726-1810); the *Original Papers,* containing the Secret History of Great Britain (1666-1714), brought out by James Macpherson, of Ossian fame, in 1775; the *Biographical History of England* (1769) of James Granger (1723-1776), the famous print-collector and book despoiler; the *Illustrations of British History* (1791) of Edmund Lodge; the *Regal and Ecclesiastical Antiquities of*

England (1773) of Joseph Strutt; the *Ecclesiastical History of England* (1757) of Ferdinand Warner (1703-1767); the *Historical and Critical Enquiry* (1759) of William Tytler (1711-1792), and the *Mary Queen of Scots Vindicated* (1788) of John Whittaker (1735-1808), the last two works having both been provoked by the treatment accorded to Mary by Robertson in his *History of Scotland*, a book of great impartiality, which was also attacked as being much too favourable to the unfortunate queen. The Scottish group would hardly be complete without mention of John Pinkerton (1758-1826), a collector of Scots songs, an early authority on medals, and author of *A History of Scotland under the Stuarts* down to 1542; this was published in 1797, in which year Pinkerton also issued his *Iconographia Scotica*. A brief reference is also due to Jacob Bryant (1715-1804), the distinguished classical antiquary, a friend of Madame D'Arblay, and one of the first collectors of Caxtons, who wrote on Troy and was the author of learned but much criticised *Observations and Enquiries Relating to Ancient History* (1767).

Two more notable books of a semi-historical character come into our period, though scarcely within our province. *The Constitution of England* (in French 1771, in English 1775), by John Louis de Lolme (1740-1807), and the compendious *Commentaries on the Laws of England* (1765-9), by Sir William Blackstone (1723-1780), a typical lawyer, Englishman, and Conservative. In those high noondays of 'Venetian oligarchy,' the Constitution was regarded as something sacred and apocalyptic; a rival of the Athanasian Creed. Distinguished foreigners or Americans who burned incense generally trusted to 'Blackstone' for information. Washington, Hamilton, and other constitution builders were fervent students of this fatal book; exactly the same may be said of their classic adversary, George III. Hence the historic importance of these classical *Commentaries*.

CHAPTER VII.

THE GREAT NOVELISTS.

The literary chronologer generally associates the year 1740 (in round figures) with his concise summary of the *Origin of the Novel.* But novels are probably at least as old as Greek vases. The ancients had their *Milesian Tales* and their later fictions, after the pattern of *The Golden Ass.* The medievals had their *Acta Sanctorum* and their tales of Italian gallantry, not to speak of the rich oriental fiction to which the Crusades had supplied a key. One of Caxton's earliest ventures in England was his edition of the *Morte d'Arthur;* and from 1485 onwards prose fictions of varying patterns had always floated upon the wayward stream of popularity. The circulation of these fictions must have been very large—no disproportionate 'tyranny,' such as the novel of to-day exercises, but still very large. They were, however, often circulated in an ephemeral form; neither antiquity nor the sixteenth century were prepared to regard novels as a dignified branch of literature, and the town populations, who were the great readers, would not give much for a novel, while they could see a play for a penny, and buy it in print for fivepence or sixpence. The habitation of the novel had hitherto been in the camp or the boudoir, the attic or the kitchen; it was the distinctive achievement of the eighteenth century to earn for it a recognized and permanent position in the library.

Many forms of prose fiction had secured their passing vogue in Britain since the days of Caxton and the Arthurian prose romance: such were the wearisome Arcadian romance or pastoral heroic, the new centos of tales of chivalry like *The Seven Champions of Christendom*, the Utopian or political or philosophical romances (like Harington's *Oceana* or Bishop Godwin's *Man in the Moone*).

Hard upon these came the grotesque and facetious stories retailed from the Spanish or the French in dwarf volumes or chap-books, the terribly prolix romance of modernized classic heroism, like the *Grand Cyrus* of 1635 (interesting enough, perhaps, in its day, when you knew that Cyrus was the Grand Condé), and then an allegory of far other design—the unique romance of Bunyan. With the Restoration came in the novel of French and Italian gallantry, of which Aphra Behn supplies us with examples. Finally, with the advent of the Brunswicks, we are confronted with the development of the Utopian or philosophical romance, by means of the wonderful application of imaginary travel to purposes of satire by Swift, and with the no less notable transformation of the contemned picaresque novel of the rusty little duodecimos into the minutely prosaic chronicle-novel of Daniel Defoe.

Tabooed though it was by the serious, the picaresque romance (so called from the fact that the picaro or scamp is always the main character of the narrative) enjoyed a popularity, from the close of the sixteenth century, which destroyed the novelettes and the euphuistic tales, and seriously menaced the long-winded ideal romances. The great original of this class of literature was the *Lazarillo de Tormes* of Hurtado de Mendoza, published in 1553. Imitations abounded, the most notable being Aleman's *Life of Guzman de Alfarache* (1599) and Quevedo's more humorous *Life of Paul the Sharper*. In France, Charles

Sorel essayed a work of the same *genre* in his *Histoire Comique de Francion* of 1622;[1] Nash had attempted an imitation as early as 1594; even in Germany the influence of the picaro was felt, as is witnessed by Grimmelshausen's *Simplicissimus* of 1668. Most of the imitations, however, were sad failures, and England, at least, was better content with versions from the original Spanish. The fiction that was current in England during the seventeenth century was thus almost wholly imported, and seems to have lost none of its popularity by that fact.

The Age of Johnson changed all this. The old romance had long been moribund, and the contemporaries of Addison and of Jeremy Collier felt that the picaro was unfit to mix with polite society. Then came Daniel Defoe, who, by means of *Robinson Crusoe*, threw a crowning splendour over the novel of a past age. His other novels, blending the memoir and the Bow Street chronicle with the rambling story of intrigue which formed the staple of English importation from abroad, show that he is to be considered on the whole rather as a fulfiller of old tradition than a creator of new, though his masterpiece certainly served as a bridge between the old realism and the new. Of course, it had hosts of imitators and two score, at least, of 'Robinsonaden' appeared during the first half of the eighteenth century.[2] Shortly before this same half-century closed, there began in England a stirring development, due to the energies of a most remarkable group of writers, all of whom come into our period. The tide of importation ebbed and ebbed until, in 1755, we find Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in Italy receiving boxes full of novels from her daughter in England. This was prophetic of the great export trade that England was to have in the redin-

[1] See Le Breton, *Le Roman au XVII^me^ Siècle.*

[2] See Chapter VIII.

tegrated 'novel.' In England, indeed, the 'modern novel' was to find a home more congenial even than France, and to enter more intimately into the national life than in any country of the world. Almost simultaneously England began to produce her own painters and her own masters of prose fiction.

Samuel Richardson's contribution to the development of the novel was almost what Harvey's discovery of the heart's action was to the study of medicine. There had, of course, been 'Richardsonians before Richardson'; there had been a natural reaction against the picaresque romance on the one hand and the heroic romance on the other, and this mood had found expression more especially in France. Of these early novels of sentiment the most notable are the *Princesse de Clèves* (1678) of Mme. de la Fayette, and the *Mémoires du comte de Comminges* of the Marquise de Tencin, the mother of D'Alembert. Better known now, and a more immediate predecessor of Richardson, was Marivaux, whose unfinished novel, *Marianne*, was published in 1731. The sentiment and even the main idea of *Marianne* were similar to that of Richardson's *Pamela*—a proof of how similar conditions produce like effects, for it is highly improbable that Richardson knew anything of Marivaux. So inferior, however, was *Marianne* in directness of appeal, in concentration and in intensity, that whereas Richardson founded a school, the *Vie de Marianne* elicited no great outburst of jealous admiration or mimic flattery.

Samuel Richardson (1689-1761).

In Samuel Richardson himself it is impossible to take much interest. One of the numerous children of a respectable joiner, he was born in 1689, was pious and assiduous in all his duties, the industrious apprentice first of Fleet Street and then of Salisbury Court, where he carried on business as a master-printer down to his death

in 1761. He had a country house at North End, Hammersmith, where he endured with a perfect complacency the flatteries of a circle of female adorers, and where he wrote his novels—the novels of this demure little printer of Salisbury Court, which thrilled all Europe.

In 1739 two booksellers (*i.e.*, publishers), Rivington and Osborne, urged Richardson to compile a small volume of letters on the concerns of common life for the use of people unfamiliar with epistolary forms—such a book, they said, being greatly in demand. One of the first of these exemplary letters which it occurred to Richardson to write was one from a modest young lady's-maid to her virtuous parents explaining the dangers to which she was exposed (in an otherwise excellent situation) by the advances of the youthful master of the house. The subject expanded under Richardson's manipulation; he had, as a youth, written love-letters for young lady friends, and he had a predilection for patiently developing a sentimental situation and a feminine instinct for telling his hearers 'all about it.' As he progressed he began to think, he tells us, that the story, if written in an 'easy and natural manner, suitable to the simplicity of it, might possibly introduce a new species of writing.' In two months the two volumes of the original *Pamela* were finished. The book was published at the close of 1740, and it very soon bore out the author's prediction as to its being the forerunner of a new species of writing. By blending with a curious art an air of minute reality worthy of Defoe with a love intrigue of interminable length, Richardson had evolved the new species of sentimental romance, which immediately won for itself between the picaresque and the old heroic romance a place superior to either. Instead of the rogue, we now have the designing villain; instead of the incidents of combat, there is analysis of character. We have noted the

development of the parallel 'novel of sensibility' in France. But Richardson was the first to trust entirely for his effects to the affections of home and to the accessories of ordinary life. He first showed how the imagination could be captured without the extraneous aid of marvellous events or racy narrative. By his manipulation of the theme of Love he could renew the situations without tiring his readers. His themes exactly suited the rapidly-increasing middle class of readers, who were eager to hear about themselves. The epistolary form which Richardson adopted (in preference to the direct narrative or the autobiography) lent itself to the slow, minute development of a few characters, for which he had such an extraordinary faculty. Many subtle touches are added by the constant 'repercussion' of theme. Each writer is narrating not events alone, but his or her reflections on previous narrations of the same events. As when an important event occurs to-day, one has first the home comments, then the foreign comments, then the home comments upon the foreign comments, and so on, until a new event distracts attention, so in Richardson, upon the most trifling occurrence is superimposed, first a lengthy letter describing it, then a letter of assent or approval of the manner in which it is described, and then a letter appreciating the approval, with additional reasons why it is just.[1] The method is almost fatal to a story, but then, as Johnson remarked, no one ever read Richardson for that; few things in real life are more revealing as far as character is concerned than letters, and when new deposits of them are discovered, as in the case of Mme. de Maintenon, Hume, Cromwell, and Napoleon, they generally compel us to reconstruct, or at least to modify, our conceptions. In

[1] Cf. Raleigh, *English Novel*, 1894.

the hands, therefore, of a master of this species of writing like Richardson, it was natural that, far from hampering, they should even aid the process of minute delineation.

A poor sequel to *Pamela* was published by Richardson in 1741. Soon afterwards he began his masterpiece, *Clarissa*, working at it deliberately until the eight volumes were completed, and all published by the end of 1748. *Pamela* is said to have absorbed Diderot to such an extent that, in answer to questions upon personal matters, he was wont to reply abstractedly, 'O! mes amis, Pamela!' But the European reputation of *Pamela* was far eclipsed by that of *Clarissa*. Richardson was classed with Shakespeare and Homer, and Stendhal, many years later, spoke of his work as an *Iliad*. Klopstock's enthusiasm was so great that he sought a position in London, so as to be near the author. The English novel, as represented by *Clarissa*, gave in France, in Germany, in the north, and even in Italy, the impression of a new species of literature like no other, 'emancipated in its magnificent flight from antique models, perfectly free from traditional influence.' All the novelists imitated, or at least were influenced by, Richardson, from Rousseau and Marmontel right down to the suicide of Werther. In *Paul et Virginie* we observe a distinct combination of the influence of two very diverse masterpieces of English fiction, *Robinson Crusoe* and *Clarissa*. Even more surprising, perhaps, than the incoherent rapture of Diderot and his friends, and the ejaculations of 'Richardson! O Richardson!' is the admission of the contemptuous Lady Mary Wortley that she had sobbed scandalously over *Clarissa*, or the dictum of Chesterfield that the little printer, though he lacked style, understood the heart.

Clarissa Harlowe is one of the marvels of literature, first by reason of its universal success among the best

intellects of the day, and secondly on account of the neglect into which it has fallen since. The apparent inconsistency will perhaps be settled by Richardson, like Dr. Johnson, retaining a great reputation without being much read. Yet a book which, like *Clarissa*, achieves the most difficult task in literature, that of painting a true woman, should not be difficult to read, nor does it as a matter of fact tax the patience of the reader to an extent that is unfamiliar to the reader of Scott, of Balzac, or indeed many other of the greatest romancists. The reader finds in Richardson no ingenious plot, no brilliant *dénouement*, but he is nevertheless confronted by genuine human passion; and if he be studying the novel chronologically, he is enabled for the first time to realize its potentiality as an instrument of analysis, the analysis of the human heart. The reader of *Clarissa* is as one who should find in a forgotten drawer which he is ransacking a packet of old letters, yellow with age. 'With a careless glance you skim a page, then two pages, then three. Then in spite of yourself your curiosity is piqued. The letters refer to an old, a very old love-story, the actors in which are unknown; the names convey nothing to you, the action passes in a far-off land. Yet see what a mastery this history obtains over you. Like a perfume half evaporated, a vibrating human interest emanates still from these fading leaves, the names begin to take colour, the shadows become animated, these old memories live and move before one's eyes. The hours glide by, and still one reads, with a gentle emotion lulled by the rhythm of this life, so long a thing of the past. On a sudden the story becomes intensely pathetic, the anguish is poignant, a cry of despair goes up from the depths of the past. "How this tale is affecting me!" one exclaims half involuntarily, with eyes not perhaps of the dryest.' Such is the experience of a Frenchman who reads

Clarissa Harlowe to-day.[1] If, he concludes, realism is the art of giving persons the impression of life, then Richardson is one of the greatest of all realists.

Richardson lived to write a third novel, *The Good Man*, or, as it was eventually entitled, *Sir Charles Grandison*, published in 1753. In this work, originally planned, it is said, in twenty-eight volumes, but finally condensed to twelve, the tedium of the portraiture is not to be denied. Grandison himself, though admirably drawn, suffers from the same drawback as a Virgilian hero. He is so completely protected from ill by the unassailable armour of his own virtue, that his triumph over every kind of difficulty becomes a perfectly foregone conclusion, and the recital loses interest. Thus Sir Charles is strongly opposed to duelling. When, however, the villain, Sir Hargrave, demands satisfaction, and he refuses to fight, he not only escapes insult, but converts his opponent and friends to his views, which he expounds at considerable length. He had all the time, of course, great skill with the sword, so that when he was once set upon by two ruffians in his own house, he disarmed them both and turned them out of doors. The reflection that he had been provoked by two such men to violate the sanctity of his own house was afterwards a source of affliction to him; in extenuation of this crime—the only one apparently by which his morbid conscience had ever been troubled—he pleads that the assailants were two to one, and that his life seemed in danger. He was forgetting for the moment that by mere force of rhetoric he had upon occasion driven one of the wicked into a fit. The perfections of the hero impart a sedative character to *Grandison*, but it is very far from being a failure, and more than its

[1] Texte, *Cosmopolitisme Littéraire*, 1895, p. 209.

predecessors it abounds in picturesque detail, illustrating with fidelity the manners and also the modes of thought of the day.

With Thomson and Sterne and Byron and Scott (and, it must be added, Ossian), Richardson is one of the few imaginative writers of Britain who have exerted a really powerful influence upon the Continent; and he still obtains the most generous testimony as to his greatness from Frenchmen. All nations, says M. Jusserand, have had novels, several have had admirable ones earlier in point of date than those of England; it is none the less true that the English have contributed more than any other people to the formation of the contemporary novel. From the time of Richardson and Fielding, when they first began to apply to this style of literature the qualities they have exhibited in other styles, combining the gift of *observation* peculiar to their dramatists with the *analytic subtlety* of their philosophers and the *passionate ethical sincerity* of their apostles, the English have become the great masters of the novelist's art. 'Voltaire, thinking of Locke, regretted that the philosophers of England were not the preceptors of the human race. If they have finished by becoming it, it is, above all, to the novelists of England that the result is due.'[1]

It may be added that in Richardson's hands the novel for the first time becomes a species of confessional. This in the hands of its greatest masters—Balzac, Thackeray, George Eliot—it has since pre-eminently remained. Boileau had scorned the novel as unworthy the serious attention of men of talent; but henceforth one could open a novel in the expectation of finding, not a playwright *manqué*, but real men and women. No longer a poor dependent of the literary family, the novel is admitted to the select

[1] Jusserand, *Le Roman Anglais*, 1886.

partnership of imaginative literature, and it soon becomes the predominant partner. 'The first-rate writers in this class, of course, are few; but these few we may reckon among the greatest ornaments and best benefactors of our kind.'[1]

Richardson was the Roundhead, Fielding the Cavalier, of our present epoch—that of the genesis of the modern English novel. One showed his descent from and affinity with Bunyan, the other traced a clear pedigree from Suckling and Sedley. Walpole was mortally bored by Richardson; Fielding, on the other hand, jostled him so unpleasantly that he called for an ounce of civet—a characteristic judgment of the clever, but often superficial, Horace. It is true, however, that the two writers are as antipathetic the one to the other as two contemporaries could well be. Richardson had a large portion of the intensity of genius, but he lacked both the vigorous humour and the literary accomplishment of his rival. Fielding, indeed, combined breadth and keenness, classical culture and a delicate Gallic irony, to an extent rare among English writers. Of the race of Cervantes and of Molière, he is unquestionably the great man of letters of the forties and fifties. If a man were restricted to the writings of a single author of the Age of Johnson, he would show both wisdom and taste in naming those of Henry Fielding. Fielding lacks the subtle and delicate intuition that Richardson shows in the analysis of his women characters, nor could he compass either the farcical power of Smollett or the sombre colouring by which Smollett sometimes produces the most wonderful effects of contrast. There was, in fact, no poetry in Fielding; but there was practically every other ingredient of a great prose-writer—taste, culture, order, vivacity, humour,

Henry Fielding (1707-1754).

[1] Hazlitt, *Edinburgh Review*, 1815

and irony delicately blended, and, above all, a penetrating common sense. As an artist his skill in literary design sets his work far above the rude joinery of his fellows and contemporaries.

Fielding, whose grandfather was a cadet of a noble family, and who was himself a cousin to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, was born in Somerset on April 22nd, 1707. He was schooled at Melcombe in his native county, and at Eton, and he also went for a short while to study law at Leyden, returning to London in 1728. He had little to depend on but his wits, for the remittance from his father was small and irregular, and the law, the profession of which he had nominally embraced, was no great stay to him. Being 'proffered the choice to turn hackney-coachman or hackney-writer,' he chose the latter alternative. He turned to the theatre for aid, and began a long dramatic career with *Love in Several Masques*, played at Drury Lane in February, 1728. In the next few years he produced comedies and farces (some given to the world anonymously) with great rapidity. His plays are journeyman's work, a sort of rough carpentry, for which his mocking humour and youthful affectation of cynicism served him well. The model he kept in view was the artificial comedy of Congreve, but it was a Congreve depressed by duller audiences than those of Queen Anne's day. He wrote with extravagant haste, and as we read we can still hear him damning the man who invented fifth acts. Nevertheless, his apprenticeship as a playwright was of value to the novelist; and Fielding, though young and inexperienced, was a brilliant apprentice. His plays obtained no great dramatic success, but, like Thackeray's early work, before he achieved real greatness with *Vanity Fair*, they are of considerable interest as easel-pieces to the literary student; they are, moreover, bright and readable throughout. It is credibly reported

of his capital burlesque *Tom Thumb the Great*, that it evoked a laugh from Swift, who only laughed twice in his life. In 1735 Fielding, having married, aspired to managerial honours; he purchased the little French theatre in the Haymarket and brought out *Pasquin*, an amusing dramatic squib, which had an enormous run, and was followed by *The Historical Register*. The success unhappily involved exasperating 'Old Bob' (Sir Robert Walpole), and the licensing act of June, 1737, put a term to Fielding's dramatic labours.

A somewhat obscure interval in Fielding's life follows, and lasts down to February, 1742, which saw the appearance of *The History of the Adventures of Joseph Andrews and of his friend Mr. Abraham Adams*. The hero of this remarkable parody was the brother of Richardson's *Pamela*, whose experiences had been made known to the world in 1740. Joseph, like his sister, was tempted by a person far above him in station, in this case a dissolute woman of fashion, and some amusing passages in the first few chapters burlesque the manœuvres of the maid in her far from artless resistance to the base designs of the squire 'Mr. B.,' whose real name Fielding discovered was Mr. Booby. The extreme caution of the heroine, and the revulsion by which Pamela, from the stern assertor of chastity, becomes the grateful adorer of the rake the moment he speaks of the chaplain, constitute genuinely assailable points in Richardson's work, published though it was 'to cultivate the principles of virtue and religion.' Richardson not unnaturally ascribed the motive of the burlesque to a low feeling of jealousy; but jealousy was not one of Fielding's failings. Fielding was, no doubt, prompted by much the same feeling that spurred Thackeray to burlesque Lytton, a feeling of reaction against the morbid tendencies of Richardson's work. He was well read in French, and

there is good reason to suppose that he may have been acquainted with the *Paysan Parvenu*, the autobiography of a footman who repels the advances of his master's wife and eventually marries a wealthy *dévote*. If so, the circumstance forms another link between Marivaux and the genesis of the modern English novel.

Fielding's genius for the development of character, having once found scope, was not to be confined within the bounds of a mere travesty. The story soon follows a free course of development, the writer's art being lavished with a free hand upon the character of Parson Adams—a noble example of primitive goodness and childlike Christian altruism. Adams (whose original was a certain eccentric William Young) is in many respects Fielding's finest and most original conception, and the character seems to represent in some measure Fielding's own free but generous philosophy. It is worth while dwelling for a moment upon Parson Adams, the prototype of such a host of figures in fiction. The character could not be more happily hit off in a few words than by Mr. Leslie Stephen:

'He drinks beer and smokes a pipe, and when necessity compels takes to the cudgels with a vigour which might have excited the envy of Christopher North. He scorns the unborn Malthus, and is outrageously impecunious in his habits. He is entirely free from worldliness, and is innocent as a child in the arts of flattery and time-serving. But it is not because he is an enthusiast after the fashion of Whitefield, or has any high-flown views of the sacerdotal office. Common sense is the rule of his life, or, in other words, the views which commend themselves to the man who sees the world as it is, who has no visionary dreams, and who has a thoroughly generous nature.'

This admirable vignette is to be taken as the text to a brief analytic summary of Fielding's idiosyncrasy, and the

idiosyncrasy of his writings. They are almost the same thing, for no man transpires, as one may say, in his works with such a wholeness or completeness. Both are unerringly typical of the period, that of the second and third quarters of the eighteenth century. Taine calls Fielding an 'amiable buffalo,' a polite synonym, we may suppose, for an amiable brute. The definition is acute, as it could scarcely fail to be coming from Taine; and it is, perhaps, not far wrong, if we understand the brute to be highly intelligent, cheerful, and even optimistic in his judgment of his fellow-brutes, essentially brutal though he knows them to be. It is, in fine, the well-known eighteenth century *negation of spirituality*, of awe and mystery and pathos, that Fielding, with his roguish humour and strong masculine common sense, so perfectly represents.

It is enough to indicate the kind of reflections by which the highest minds are preoccupied to see how entirely they are alien to such a writer as Fielding. He has absolutely nothing of the mystic about him; he is a man amongst ordinary men, occupied with the daily business of taverns and courts of justice, and with such reflections as they suggest. He never retires to the desert or looks down upon mankind from the lonely mountain-tops of thought. 'He considers that theology and so forth is the proper province of the clergy; and they may talk about such things as much as they like without bothering him until they proceed to apply their principles to the business of everyday life. Then, indeed, they require to be very carefully kept in order, lest they should fall out with the dictates of plain common sense and try to put forward claims to authority under some pretence of mysterious enlightenment. Among divines he likes Barrow, South, Tillotson, Hoadly, men with "no humbug about them," who made no

pretensions to priestly authority, but relied frankly upon plain reason, and used religion simply as a support for morality.'[1] He was equally a plain dealer in the matter of practical morality. The worst sins in his eyes were those involving cruelty and deceit. Sins of the senses were comparatively venial in his view, and he allowed the young man to compound upon singularly easy terms for the moral and intellectual damages accruing from a harvest of wild oats.

In the year after the appearance of *Joseph Andrews*, the three volumes of Fielding's miscellanies were published. The first volume contained his quaint satirical pieces (at a distance after Swift these, as his comedies after Congreve), *On Conversation* and *On Nothing;* the second had his *Journey from this World to the Next*, a *jeu d'esprit* after Lucian or Cyrano de Bergerac, in which is apparent that acuteness as a literary critic that he afterwards displayed so conspicuously in the prefatial chapters to *Tom Jones*, but which, like much of Fielding's prose when he is not depicting character, shows signs of haste and languor; the third volume is occupied by his strange *History of the Life of the late Mr. Jonathan Wild the Great*, a subtle prolonged satire upon spurious greatness of all kinds, and a model of sustained and sleepless irony. It is singular that three such great masters of prose fiction as Fielding, Smollett, and Thackeray, should have each attempted a performance of this kind. *Wild* is rather too long, but portions of it (especially the opening and closing chapters) far surpass anything in *Ferdinand Count Fathom* or *Barry Lyndon*, and place Fielding definitely second to Swift in ironic power among English prose-writers.

In December, 1748, Fielding was appointed justice of the peace for Westminster, and settled in Bow

[1] Cf. Stephen, Article on Fielding; *Cornhill*, June, 1907.

Street. The post was a very important one, involving the police administration of practically the whole of the rapidly-increasing West End, but it was underpaid and ill-esteemed. The occupant was deemed but a degree above an ordinary or a head jailer. From 1742 until after his appointment Fielding made no sign to the world of letters. His health was bad, and the bailiffs were probably worse: but his natural buoyancy was enormous, and he had during all this period been progressing slowly with his great novel, *The History of Tom Jones, a Foundling*, which appeared in February, 1749.

Fielding, who had made something under £200 by *Joseph Andrews*, made at least £700 by his new venture, which was popular from the first, and was promptly translated and dramatized. And since its appearance all the very best judges have sounded its praise. Hazlitt and Coleridge agree that the plot is 'almost unrivalled.' At the same time the feeling of the general principles of human nature operating in particular circumstances is always intense, and incident and situation are used only to bring out character. The epical quality of *Tom Jones* is touched on by Byron when he calls its author 'our prose Homer,' its satirical energy by Hazlitt when he compares Fielding with Hogarth, and its monumental character by Gibbon when he speaks of it outliving the Escurial. Thackeray's tribute to his great predecessor (in the preface to *Pendennis*) as the depicter of '*a man*,' is well known; but the greatest compliment it ever received, perhaps, was from the accomplished, clever, yet eminently wise Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who inscribed in her copy the words *Ne plus ultra*.

Amelia followed *Tom Jones* on December 19th, 1751, upon which day the first edition was exhausted.[1] It was dedicated

[1] Fielding obtained £1,000 for the copyright.

to Ralph Allen, the Squire Allworthy of his previous novel. If the plot is inferior to that of *Tom Jones*, the descriptions and characters are second to none in prose fiction. Fielding's only literary performance after *Amelia* was a bi-weekly critical paper called *The Covent Garden Journal* (1752). He had long suffered from suppressed gout, and in 1754 he retired to a little house at Ealing, a place which he holds to have the best air in the kingdom, far superior to that of Kensington gravel-pits (which was, it will be remembered, one of the health-resorts of Swift). But he dreaded another winter even in the climate of Ealing, and decided on a voyage to Lisbon. There he died on October 8th, 1754. Let travellers to Lisbon, says Borrow, in the opening chapter of his delightful *Bible in Spain*, repair 'to the English church and cemetery, Père la Chaise in miniature, where, if they be of England, they may well be excused if they kiss the cold tomb, as I did, of the author of *Amelia*, the most singular genius which their island ever produced.' The sweet and long-suffering character of Amelia is, indeed, one which the creator of Hermione himself might be proud of having produced. The year after his death appeared Fielding's *Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon*, a charming piece of literature. The incidents of the voyage were few, for the great writer had no companion but a Portuguese priest, a rude boy of fourteen, and the captain, who was as deaf as he was dilatory and uncivil; but such incidents as there were, eked out with a delightfully frank account of his own ailments (worthy of an Aubrey or an Ashmole) and of his wife's toothache, make up a recital which proves, if proof were wanted, that Fielding, like Goldsmith, could adorn whatever he touched.

Tobias Smollett completes the trio of our proto-novelists. As a novelist pure and simple he is less than Richardson

Tobias Smollett (1721-1771).

or Fielding, but he is quite remarkable as one of the earliest eminent men of letters of all work. Poet, playwright, historian, publicist, topographer, translator, satirist, periodical critic, lampooner, and novelist, he wrote skilfully and fluently on almost every conceivable subject, and for a short period during the interregnum between Pope and Johnson he was a kind of literary Protector. Tobias George Smollett, to give him his full name, was born at Dalquhurn, near Bonhill, Dumbartonshire, in 1721. He was a cadet of an old Scots family, and had a fairly good education at Dumbarton and Glasgow; but he was thwarted in his desire to enter the army, and was apprenticed to a doctor of medicine. After three years of simmering discontent, he determined, in 1739, to seek his fortune in London. His journey southwards with his tragedy, *The Regicide*, in his pocket is described with infinite spirit in the earlier chapters of *Roderick Random*, which are quite among the best he ever wrote. How far these are autobiographic has been disputed, but each of four separate claimants to the honour of being the original Strap vowed that he had shared with Smollett the vicissitudes ascribed in the novel to Random and his comrade. He lost no time in submitting his play to Lord Lyttelton, the patron of his countryman James Thomson. Months elapsed before Lyttelton, with vague politeness, deprecated the honour of sponsorship for the play, which was indeed exceptionally bad. Smollett retorted at once in his cross-grained way by discarding his patron. Seven years later he savagely parodied Lyttelton's *Monody* upon the death of his wife. Despairing of success as a poet, he got a post as surgeon on a king's ship, and was present off Cuba during the operations of Admiral Vernon. We next find him a surgeon in Downing Street, and in 1746 he wrote a

lament upon the rigorous suppression of the Jacobite rebellion entitled *The Tears of Scotland*. He had in a remarkable degree the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*, but he had none of the diplomatic talent that has made eminent doctors of so many of his countrymen. He would probably have become another Ralph—a competent hack-writer and party pamphleteer—had not the success of *Pamela* and of *Joseph Andrews* (Feb., 1742) impelled him to try his hand at prose fiction.[1] Analytical methods had no attraction for him, and he was not strong at constructing a plot. He fell back, therefore, upon the picaresque romance as developed in *Gil Blas*. He admits that he used the immortal novel of Le Sage as a model, but he devoted much more attention than his master to the development of eccentric character, and in his fondness for rich grotesque colouring he shows the influence of Ben Jonson and Shadwell, and also of the well-known class of 'character' writers of the seventeenth century. The two small volumes of *Roderick Random* appeared in 1748. The author's name did not appear on the title, and the book was by some attributed to Fielding; but Smollett made no further attempt to conceal the authorship, and he at once became famous. He went over to Paris in quest of new material for caricature, and in 1751, in four duodecimo volumes, appeared *Peregrine Pickle*. Like its predecessor, it is a loosely constructed series of adventures, in which even greater scope is afforded to Smollett's remarkable power of eccentric characterization. The chief centres of attraction are the grotesque misanthrope of Bath, Cadwallader Crabtree, the burlesque scenes afforded by the physician

[1] How many inferior writers were impelled in the same direction is shown by the cataract of fictitious 'Adventures,' 'Histories,' and 'Memoirs' which flooded the book-market between 1750 and 1770.

(a caricature of Akenside) and the painter of Paris, and the so-called 'garrison' with its inhabitants, Hatchway, Pipes, and the inimitable Trunnion, the prototype of so many humorous figures, from Uncle Toby to Captain Cuttle.

Trunnion's ride to church reappears in *John Gilpin;* the misanthrope practising satire under cover of a feigned deafness reappears in the Sir Mungo Malagrowther of Scott, who, indeed, acknowledges further debts to Smollett in the preface to *The Legend of Montrose.* The 'garrison' unquestionably suggested to Sterne the 'castle' of *Tristram Shandy.* And indeed it is no exaggeration to say that the tide of subsequent fiction is strewn on every hand with the *disjecta membra* of Smollett's farcical invention. Smollett's third novel, *Ferdinand Count Fathom,* appeared in 1753, by which time he was settled down at Chelsea, married, and a father. *Fathom* embodies the much too protracted history of a swindler; but, as Hazlitt says, there is more power of writing occasionally shown in it than in any of his works. He instances the fine and bitter irony of the Count's address to the country of his ancestors on landing in England, the robber scene in the forest, and the sketch of the Parisian swindler who personates a raw English country squire ('Western is tame in comparison'). Few novels have been more imitated; as Fuseli said of Blake, Smollett was 'd——d good to steal from.'[1] In spite of these successes, the novelist, owing mainly to a profuse hospitality, was habitually in pecuniary straits. From 1756 he conducted *The Critical Review,* set up in opposition to *The Monthly Review* of Griffiths. During 1756-7 he issued the hastily compiled volumes of his *History of England;* in 1757 was produced at Drury Lane his patriotic piece, *The Reprisal, or the Tars of Old England.* In 1755 he had published

[1] The same was applied to Dr. Moore's *Zeluco* (1786).

a translation of *Don Quixote;* and in 1760 he issued, serially, his imitation of that masterpiece entitled *Launcelot Greaves,* remarkable chiefly for the vivid opening chapter and the fact that it was the first novel to run through the parts of a magazine (*The British*).[1] In 1762, as a champion of Bute's unpopular ministry, he undertook the editorship of *The Briton,* which elicited the scurrilous issue called *The North Briton,* run by John

[1] The adaptations of the central idea of *Don Quixote* are legion. Two of the best specimens belonging to our period may well be mentioned in this place. The first is *The Female Quixote* (1752) of Charlotte Lenox, a lady highly esteemed by Richardson and by the 'great Cham' himself. Johnson thus summarized the scheme of the book in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for March, 1752: 'Arabella [the Female Quixote] is the daughter of a statesman born after his retirement in disgrace, and educated in solitude at his castle in a remote province. The romances which she found in the library after her mother's death were almost the only books she read; from these, therefore, she derived her ideas of life; she believed the business of the world to be love, every incident "to be the beginning of an adventure, and every stranger a knight in disguise."' The idea, good enough in itself, was worked out in a sadly monotonous manner, and the book is almost forgotten, though Johnson wrote the dedication, Fielding praised, and Mr. Austin Dobson has devoted a 'vignette' to it. After a life of scribbling poor Mrs. Lenox died an almoner of the Literary Fund in 1804.

The second is *The Spiritual Quixote* (1772) of Richard Graves (1715-1804), a prolific novelist and versifier of the Prior Park coterie at Bath. This is a book of greater calibre than the other, having a skilfully devised plot, and containing many amusing incidents narrated in a homely but effective style. The special purpose, for novels even then had 'a purpose,' was to ridicule the intrusion of the laity into spiritual functions, and to satirize the 'enthusiasm' of the Methodists. This enthusiasm had come under Graves's observation in the obnoxious form of a shoemaker, who had started a meeting-house in his parish within a stone's throw of the rectory. *The Spiritual Quixote* was reprinted, not undeservedly, in Walker's excellent series of (mostly eighteenth-century) *British Classics.*

Wilkes, with the aid of Smollett's enemy, Charles Churchill. His health broke down under these and other gigantic tasks of compilation, translation, and abridgment, upon which was super-added grief at the death of his daughter Elizabeth, his 'little Bet,' at the age of fifteen. The greater part of the next two years, 1763-5, he spent in the south of France and in Italy, chiefly at Nice. In 1766 he published his *Travels through France and Italy*. Travelling seems to have put him in a specially bad humour, and he took a jaundiced view of much that he saw abroad. But no book of Smollett's shows an intellect more alert or a power of observation more acute than his travelling diary. A peevish humour (due in large measure to ill-health) frequently animates his notes; but they are put together with great literary skill, and there seems no doubt that as regards accuracy in matters of detail they attain a very high level. On returning to England, Smollett revisited Scotland and then proceeded to Bath, where, as a sequel to a reperusal of Anstey's *New Bath Guide*, he conceived the framework of his last great novel. In December, 1769, he left England for good and settled near Leghorn. There during the autumn of 1770 he penned his immortal *Humphrey Clinker*, a rare example of late maturity of literary power and fecundity of humour. The topographical aptitude shown in the *Travels* is here combined with the mellow contentment of the voyager who has forgotten the small worries of transport, and with the enthusiasm of the veteran who revisits the scenes of his youth. Smollett's descriptive faculty is never idle. The handling of several of the incidents, notably the return of the weaver to Lanark after eighteen years' absence to find his aged father paving the street, bears distinct traces of Sterne's influence; but Smollett's talent and humour are most clearly perceived to have ripened when

we turn to the characters. Humphrey Clinker himself is exquisite, and his sweetheart, Winifred Jenkins (the progenitress of Mrs. Malaprop), not far behind him.[1] Matthew Bramble, irritable but good-hearted (in whom Smollett adumbrated his own temperament), is excellently supported, and seems to have been the prototype of Sir Anthony Absolute in *The Rivals*. But the pedant Lismahago is 'the flower of the flock. His tenaciousness in argument is not so delightful as the relaxation of his logical severity when he finds his fortune mellowing in the wintry smiles of Mrs. Tabitha Bramble. This is the best preserved and most severe of all Smollett's characters.' We have advanced far beyond the crude brutality and savage ferocity of such heroes as Random and Pickle, who are, indeed, the chief blemishes in the books to which they supply titles. Smollett died at Leghorn on September 17th, 1771, and was buried in the English cemetery of that place. Beneath his rugged exterior and his sardonic moodiness there was a fund of generous and even romantic feeling. He was, probably, a better man than either Fielding or Richardson, but his career is less 'sympathetic.' In his youth there was too strong a vein of arrogance and

[1] In the letters of Winifred Jenkins to Mrs. Mary Jones, her fellow-servant, we have the pathway clearly indicated to Mrs. Malaprop, Mrs. Ramsbotham, Mrs. Gamp, and a score of other 'derangers of epitaphs.' We must not forget Dogberry, but it is doubtful whether Smollett has ever been surpassed as an inventor of comic spelling. 'Mrs. Jones,' writes Winifred, 'Providence has bin pleased to make great halteration in the pasture of our affairs. We were yesterday three kiple chined by the grease of God in the holy bonds of mattermoney. . . . Your humble servant had on a plain pea green tabby sack, with my runnela cap, ruff toupee, and side curls. They said I was the very moral of Lady R., and now Mrs. Mary our satiety is to suppurate, and we are coming home.'

pride, and as he grew old he got querulous through overwork.

As a novelist pure and simple Smollett has been unduly depreciated. The defects of Fielding, it has been said, disappear when one compares them with those of Smollett; the former had the talent to compose, the second merely the facility to improvise. Again, 'Le Sage laughs at vice, Smollett paints her in all her naked coarseness.' This is true as far as the coarseness is concerned. Smollett himself admits his debt to *Gil Blas* as a pattern; but he lent to the picaresque novel many new effects. His interiors, his descriptive passages, generally far surpass anything in Le Sage; and the novel of incident as he bequeathed it to his successors had, and still has, great things to achieve. Smollett gave an increased 'actuality' to the novel by applying to the purposes of his narrative and characters the special and professional knowledge of which he was master. In Lismahago, a wonderful pedant, worthy to stand beside Dalgetty or Moniplies, Smollett turned to good effect the statistical and other out-of-the-way knowledge he had acquired as a compiler; he uses his medical knowledge to draw the admirable sketch of Morgan, the Welsh apothecary; while his nautical experience aids him in his inimitable, if overdrawn sailors, such as Trunnion, Pipes, Hatchway, and Bowling. He is much too fond of overdrawing—incarnating particular traits and converting them into characters, and individualizing his actors by their oddities.

The style of *Roderick Random* is more easy and flowing than that of *Tom Jones*, the humour broader and as effectual, the incident even more lively. What gives the superiority to Fielding? The answer is thus given by Hazlitt: 'It is the superior insight into the springs of human character and the constant development of that

character through every change of circumstance. Smollett's humour often rises from the situation of the persons, or the peculiarity of their external appearance, as from Roderick Random's carroty locks which hung down over his shoulders like a pound of candles, or Strap's ignorance of London and the blunders that arise from it. . . . He exhibits the ridiculous accidents and reverses to which human life is liable, not the stuff of which it is composed. We read *Roderick Random* as an entertaining story; for the particular accidents and modes of life which it describes have ceased to exist; but we regard *Tom Jones* as a real history, because the author never stops short of those essential principles which lie at the bottom of all our actions, and in which we feel an immediate interest—*intus et in cute.*' Smollett surpassed Fielding, first, as a powerful occasional master of pathos—as in the death scene of Commodore Trunnion, where, amid some exaggeration, there is a thoroughly genuine pathetic force; and, secondly, in his employment of natural description as a background, as in *Count Fathom*, where the picture of the storm coming on at night in the depths of the forest, and of the terror that constrains Fathom to leave the high road, reveals the latent imaginative power that was in the author. But between Smollett and Fielding there are perhaps really more points of resemblance than contrast. Both are vigorous painters of real life, and both increased the resources of their art. Their broad, effective touches are in strong contrast alike with Defoe's austere realism of incident and with Richardson's minute realism of character.[1] More akin to Richardson than either Fielding or Smollett is the fourth of our classical novelists, for in this class we must put Sterne, though his earliest work is nearly a dozen years later than either *Random*, *Clarissa*, or *Tom Jones*.

[1] Cf. *Cornhill Magazine*, June, 1907.

Laurence Sterne (1713-1768).

Laurence Sterne, born at Clonmel on November 24th, 1713, was the son of Roger Sterne, 'a poor devil of a lieutenant in a marching regiment.' The father died on foreign service in 1731; but Laurence preserved a lively remembrance of a character which, as subsequently idealized by him (in Uncle Toby), lives with Falstaff and Mr. Micawber in the Elysium of fiction. He was a little smart man, wrote Sterne, 'active to the last degree in all exercises, most patient of fatigue and disappointments, of which it pleased God to give him full measure. He was in temper somewhat rapid and hasty, but of a kindly sweet disposition, void of all design, and so innocent in his intentions that he suspected no one, while you might have cheated him ten times a day if nine had not been sufficient for your purpose.' In 1733 Sterne went as a sizar to Jesus College, Cambridge, where he met that gay spirited youth, some five years his junior, John Hall Stevenson. Stevenson may, in fact, be termed his college tutor, the lessons that he imparted giving a bent to all Sterne's subsequent life. Having been ordained and inducted (through the kind offices of his uncle, a clerical personage at York) into the living of Sutton,[1] near York, he settled down there, 'painting, fiddling, and shooting,' and often running into York, where he held two prebends. On Easter Monday, 1741, he married Elizabeth, the daughter of a Yorkshire parson named Lumley, and four years later was born his daughter and correspondent, Lydia. But Sterne's greatest resource, as middle life began to close in upon him, was the renewal of his intimacy with Hall Stevenson, the Eugenius of *Tristram Shandy*. Hall had been ripened in the interval by foreign travel, by the society of Wilkes and

[1] Sutton-in-the-Forest (of Galtres, *i.e.*, 'Galtree Forest,' the scene of Shakespeare's *Henry IV.*, Part II., Act IV.).

other of the unholy friars of Medmenham, and by that of the French wits and satirists of the sixteenth century, of whose writings he had accumulated a choice and curious collection at Skelton Hall, nicknamed Crazy Castle. It was in the library at Crazy Castle that, brooding over his Pantagruelian studies, Sterne evolved the Rabelaisian fantasia to which he chose to give the name of *Tristram Shandy*. His neglect, or worse, caused the estrangement and removal of his wife, and, relieved rather than otherwise by this riddance of domestic responsibility, Sterne turned for diversion to composition. He was astonished at his own facility, and produced in rapid succession the chapters of the first two volumes of *Tristram Shandy*. These were published at York on 1 Jan., 1760. A few months later nothing else was talked of in London. Few authors have leapt so suddenly into a great and lasting reputation.

The novel was destined to become the vehicle for all kinds of eccentric writing, but in the *rôle* of nondescript no novel has ever surpassed *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gent.* Details about the said Tristram are wellnigh the only things one cannot find amid the maze of theology and medicine, of obscure French pleasantries and scholastic erudition, of poliorcetics, obstetrics and asterisks, which fills up rather more than half the book. There was undoubtedly excuse for the dull but deserving Dr. Farmer, when he prophesied that by 1800 the man who wished to refer to *Tristram Shandy* would have to ask for it of an antiquary. Much of the erudition, it must be admitted, was terribly forced. Scholastic learning of archaic savour had been compressed into the brain of Rabelais and his fellows, and it came out as in a volcanic eruption in the form of lava. Sterne's familiarity with the subject was second-hand, even if his interest in it was not for the most part specious and affected, merely as the

basis for a literary artifice. It is as if a novelist of to-day were to drag into his narrative a disquisition upon the Bangorian controversy, or a long citation with humorous comments from *The Divine Legation* of Warburton.

Few people are born with an intuitive knowledge of the French humorists of the sixteenth century, and Sterne was promptly suspected of plagiarism, though it was not until much later that the extent to which he had emptied his *cahiers bleus* (filled at Crazy Castle) into *Tristram*, was definitely ascertained.[1]

The conclusion that the general reader may draw from the investigations that have been made into the novelist's obligations is that Sterne used Burton, Bruscambille, and

[1] The full extent of Sterne's obligations to Cervantes and the old French satirists, and in a less degree to Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, to Arbuthnot's *Martinus Scriblerus*, and to other out-of-the-way volumes of satire, *facetiæ*, and classical commonplaces was first definitely shown in the *Illustrations of Sterne* (Manchester, 1798) by Dr. John Ferriar. Ferriar, a native of Roxburghshire, who had settled at Manchester as a physician, and become leader of the literati there, was an admirer of Sterne, and a deep student of French literature, making a special study of Rabelais and his imitators. As *Tristram Shandy* proceeded, Ferriar became convinced (and eventually demonstrated to the world) that he had been anticipated by the author of that work in his study of Rabelais, of Bruscambille, of Béroalde de Verville, of Guillaume Bouchet, and of other authors—'wits' as obscure and as completely forgotten as those from whom Raspe compounded the exploits of Baron Munchausen. Instances of Sterne's system have accumulated, and Mr. Sidney Lee has shown that even the originality of Sterne's general scheme is not unimpeachable, but owes much to John Dunton's *Voyage round the World . . . or Rare Adventures of Don Kainophilus from his Cradle to his Fifteenth Year* (1720): see *Dict. of Nat. Biog.*, vol. liv. There also is developed for the first time the true story of Sterne's *Eliza*. For Sterne generally, see also Scherer and Montégut's *Essai on* Stapfer's *L. Sterne*, Paris, 1870; Wilbur Cross's *Sterne*, 1909.

the others, much as Shakespeare used Plutarch, as a lay figure, by the skilful handling of which he obtains certain effects. When he is at his best (and this is the important point) he discards the borrower's art—does not use the figure at all.

Sterne's affectations and borrowings are indissolubly blended, and were with him part of a deliberate method of artifice, adopted because it suited the idiosyncrasy of his style. The same applies to his indecent innuendoes. *Tristram*, in truth, is fuller than anyone knows of indecent winks and sniggers. Much of this leering is deemed by all modern standards to be in bad taste; but, as Scott remarks, with his usual perfect sense, it cannot be said that the licentious humour of Sterne is of the kind which applies itself to the passions, or is calculated to corrupt society. After all, the amount of actual harm done by *Tristram Shandy*—what is it? an infinitesimal quantity. And when one reflects on the amount of delight which his portraiture has given to thousands—and will give to thousands more—it vanishes altogether.

Few people troubled about the indecency at the time of the book's appearance. Bishop Warburton gave the fortunate author a purse of £50, and for a short time Sterne himself had hopes of becoming a bishop. Many people, on the other hand, attacked Sterne's affectations, and one of the severest of the critics was Oliver Goldsmith. 'There are several very dull fellows,' he wrote,[1] 'who by a few mechanical helps sometimes learn to become extremely brilliant and pleasing; with a little dexterity in the management of the eyebrows, fingers, and nose. By imitating a cat, a sow and pigs—by a loud laugh and a slap on the shoulder—the most ignorant are furnished out

[1] *Citizen of the World*, liii.; cf. Walpole's epitome, 'the dregs of nonsense.'

for conversation. But the writer finds it impossible to throw his winks, his shrugs or his attitudes upon paper. . . .'

It is not in the least extraordinary that the critics should have been exercised about Sterne's style; there is a strong disturbing element in it, and a peculiar restlessness which to the older school of writers was fidgeting and exasperating. Sterne was, in fact, the foremost of the impressionists in English style. By the constant use of gestures and short dialogues, interjections and soliloquies, by his intent analysis of fleeting human moods, he isolated the veriest trifles for the purpose of enshrining them with unaccustomed honours amidst his wonderful gallery of portraits. He carefully sought a pathetic cadence for these exquisite little pieces of prose *genre*, until such episodes (they can scarcely be called incidents) as 'Tristram and the Ass' or 'Uncle Toby and the Fly' attain to an unrivalled purity and perfection of style—a style 'unstitched' and conversational of its essence, but full of happy turns and glancing expressions, and as rapid and idiomatic as is to be found in our literature. With all Sterne's apparent caprice of manner, there is usually not a touch in any of his pictures that could be spared without marring the effect.

In his intimate manner of thought, as in his style of expression, Sterne was the sport of his emotional impulses; and he fell an easy victim to the rising tide of 'sentiment' or 'sensibility,' of which he was to be an apostle. Marivaux and Richardson had already been left far behind, and as the century advances the claims of sensibility get more and more exacting, until it becomes necessary for the hero continually to be in heroics, and the heroine always palpitating, while from every surrounding object the same dangerous quality is extracting excess of misery or delight. An emotion comes to be regarded as a thing

to be isolated, dandled and savoured deliberately, almost scientifically. Sterne, with his demonstrations of 'moral entomology,' and his floods of tears (where a discreet quiver of the eyelid would be ample), thoroughly believed in and recklessly indulged in this inexpensive pastime.[1] Like all exaggerations, it is bad art (and in inferior hands it becomes a source of inexpressible torment to the reader); but we must remember that Sterne used it to conquer a new domain for the novel—almost for literature. His methods have descended to hundreds of imitators, and when by imitators of discretion and genuine talent, such as Saintine or Xavier de Maistre, always with success.

Like Richardson's work, *Tristram Shandy* (vols. iii.-vi., 1761-2) had a better reception in the French capital, where Rousseau had prepared the public taste for it, than in London. Sterne himself went to Paris to 'have his renown ratified,' as English authors did in those days, and Garat gives us a brief portrait of the man, 'always the same, never influenced by plans, but always carried away by impressions,' at the theatre, in the salon, and on the Pont Neuf,

[1] In its essence perhaps this 'sensibility so charming' was no more than a revolt against the prevailing rationalism. In the midst of a sceptical and sophisticated society which only believes, with Voltaire, in good sense, analysis and logic, there stands forth a Rousseau, as head of a school which takes sensibility for the sovereign rule of life. The dangers of such guidance are admirably depicted by M. Caro (*Fin du XVIII^me^ Siècle*). The man of sensibility, without sense of religion or duty or family or trusty friend to advise him, is condemned to a life of exception. Sensibility aspires high in its dreams, but it falls low indeed when it comes to deeds. It is capable of fine words, but not of fine devotion. It is not even capable of recognizing or doing a simple duty, when that duty shows itself in the form of an embarrassment or a sacrifice. The life of Sterne, like that of Rousseau, shows very plainly the emptiness and the insufficiency of this 'morale de cœur.' Cf. Walter Sichel's *Sterne: A Study*, 1910.

where he prostrated himself, amid a crowd of admirers, before the statue of Henri IV. Suard went to the length of comparing his work with the Bible. But his popularity abroad reached its climax, not in *Tristram* (the ninth and last volume of which appeared in 1764), but in his second book, *A Sentimental Journey in France and Italy*, published in two duodecimo volumes in February, 1768; it was designed, he tells us, to teach us to love the world and our fellow-creatures better than we do, and it contains numerous references to his intrigue with Eliza Draper, the fair Anglo-Indian coquette whose departure for India in April, 1767, he had bewailed with all the resources of sentimental art. Less than two months after its appearance Sterne died in Bond Street, London (March 18th, 1768).

There are admirers of Sterne in England as well as in France who prefer the *Sentimental Journey* to *Tristram*. It certainly exhibits his style at its best, his literary egotism even still further matured; sentiment or sensibility as one of the fine arts carried to the farthest pitch of development, and a possibly increased skill in the elaboration of the Sternean vignette. A lambent satire upon the travellers who went to Italy to verify Latin inscriptions and to publish their results plays over the whole. But there is one capital omission in the *Sentimental Journey*. One misses irremediably the Shandean group of portraits. It is, it seems to us, in the marvellous distinctness with which these creations detach themselves from his too bespattered and often confused canvas that Sterne's grandeur really lies. Amid affectation, tediousness, leering, and obscenity, we come to passages relating to these remarkable figures which stand out like *chefs-d'œuvre* in a large gallery of uninspired replicas and other fifth-rate compositions. The characters of My Uncle Toby and Corporal Trim, of Mr.

and Mrs Shandy, of the Widow Wadman, of Dr. Slop, and even minor persons such as Obadiah and Bridget, are depicted with strokes of a masterly vigour.[1] A few of the canvases of Jan Steen have something of the same power to arrest one by their striking animation and fidelity to the life. As a detached fragment few passages in our literature are worthy to compare with the death of Le Fèvre. The effect is instantaneous. In one moment our sympathy is irresistibly arrested. It is the magic of style. As for Uncle Toby, we feel almost at once the desirability of his friendship; we admire the good old soldier, sympathize with his hobby, and take the keenest interest in his campaign against the Widow Wadman, unworthy though she be of his affections. My Uncly Toby, says Hazlitt decisively, is one of the finest compliments ever paid to human nature.

Sterne must rank with Fielding and Dickens in the van of English humourists. Most humourists, like the two just mentioned, can be distinguished as either Cervantic or Rabelaisian; but Sterne was neither. His humour is *Sternean*. No book so destitute of literary *form* as *Tristram Shandy* could possibly be secured against neglect save by humour of a supreme order. That is exactly what Sterne's humour is. He has been somewhat unfortunate in his critics, who have generally been of a nature congruous with Johnson, stolidly refusing credit to the suffering of a man so long as he is well fed. Thackeray

[1] In the character of Parson Yorick, Sterne furnishes some autobiographical details. Eugenius, here and in the *Journey*, is Hall Stevenson, founder of the Demoniack Club, and formerly one of the celebraters of the *messe noire* at Medmenham, along with Churchill, Bob Lloyd, Paul Whitehead, and Thomas Potter, author of the scandalous *Essay on Woman* (1763) which Wilkes had privately printed (see Johnstone, *Chrysal*, Chapter XVI.).

saw in Sterne not the great humourist, but a jester; a charlatan who brought out his bit of carpet to tumble on, heedless alike of the mirth of the crowd or the pity of the graver bystander. Is Sterne pathetic in the presence of suffering in the brute creation and at the same time guilty of ill-treating his nearest relatives?—his pathos is obviously assumed. Does he weep at the recital of woe by the lips of a stranger, whilst his imprudence is the occasion of deeper misfortune among members of his own family?—be assured that his tears are crocodile tears, springing from no genuine feeling, but mechanically produced as a bit of harlequinade for the delectation of the susceptible reader. These are some of the results which a sentimental method of criticism yields: conclusions which are based in reality upon such fallacies as that conduct is an unfailing criterion of good feeling, or that the man who writes about human nature requires a double portion of human virtue.

Some of Sterne's failings are not, perhaps, of the order to which it is easy to be a little blind; but a perception of them must not interfere with our recognition of his literary greatness. Moral and political people as we are, it should yet be possible for us not to confuse the attributes of a founder of English prose fiction with those of a pioneer of moral progress.

The books referred to in this chapter are 'the classics,' and the four authors—Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, and Sterne—may be considered as the founders of the English novel. Apart from the great figure of Swift and his prodigious legacy to readers of all nations, no literary product of the eighteenth century in Britain has an equal claim to rank as 'world literature' with the English novel as shaped by these four masters. Its great points obtained for it its widespread influence; the modern student is in little danger of overlooking its bad points, which are upon the

surface. There is no denying that the 'classic' novel takes an exceedingly low view of human nature, and it has not been ill described as attempting to play upon life as upon a fiddle without a bridge in the deliberate endeavour to get the most depressing tone possible from the instrument. This is the refined view of the roguery and the exuberant horseplay which abounds in the work of Fielding and Smollett. There is certainly not to be found here either the idealism of the Elizabethan dramatists or the benignity of the great nineteenth-century group of English novelists. The prevalent aim is to show us the seamy side of life, and to 'expose' vice, and there is much of the ironic spirit of *Jonathan Wild* about the endeavour. In the later half of the eighteenth century, unlike the present day, the philosophers were the optimists, and it was left to the novelists to project the black shadows. Their object seems often to be to show how bad man may be; and in Fielding and Smollett, at least, there is a refreshing absence of cant. Books which conceal so little are necessarily not fit for the perusal of babes and sucklings. They are eminently the books of men living in the world, thoroughly conversant with its miry ways—the rough and tumble of the human comedy—but saved by their manliness and their strong sense of humour from the crude materialism and brutal nihilism of some modern realists. The fact, important to the literary inquirer, is that these four writers in England first thoroughly fertilized the grand field of the modern novel.

CHAPTER VIII.

MINOR NOVELISTS.

We have dealt with the novels of the great masters, together with *Rasselas*, which is less a novel than an excursion in imaginative ethics, and the delightful idyll of *The Vicar of Wakefield*. The latter, indeed, is a story *sui generis*, which has of necessity had few close imitators, though its influence has been profound and far-reaching. English romance, as we have seen, has gone forth through Richardson, Sterne, and Goldsmith, to conquer the world. Through Rousseau, Diderot, Marmontel, Bernardin de St. Pierre, Goldoni, it has swayed the writers of the Latin speech; while through Wieland, Hermes, Nicolai, and Sebaldus, it has dominated Germany. Goldsmith's direct influence on Herder and Goethe, and later on Jean Paul, was very great, and has never perhaps yet been fully estimated.

We have now to treat briefly of the subordinate fiction, which for the most part is of interest rather to the literary archæologist than to the general reader, however catholic he may be in his tastes.[1] The first work with which we shall

[1] In the train of the 'proto-novelists' came naturally a host of imitators. Charles Johnstone (1719-1800) produced 1760-5 his Smollettian *Chrysal, or the Adventures of a Guinea*, and other adaptive minds were soon converting to purposes of satire the adventures of a bank-note and a rupee, of a lady's slipper, and even of a cat and a flea. Smollett was the regular stock-pot of the amateur novelist; but Fielding and Richardson had numerous

have to deal, the *John Buncle* (1756) of Thomas Amory (1691-1788), an eccentric recluse of Irish descent, though very little known, has the recommendation of being one of the most singular productions in the language. It is a Unitarian romance by an 'English Rabelais.' Wisdom and mirth take their turn, body and soul are equally attended to. The hero is a great philosopher, mathematician, anatomist, chemist, philologist, and divine, with a good appetite, the best spirits, and an amorous constitution, who sets out on a series of strange adventures to propagate his philosophy, his divinity, and his species, with a charming impartiality, and encounters in the process a succession of accomplished females, adorned with equal wit, beauty, and virtue, who are always ready to discuss all manner of theoretical and practical points with him. Hence a candour greater than the candour of Voltaire's *Candide* and 'a modesty equal to that of Colley Cibber.'

From this *naïve* and unclassifiable fantasia, which is an indispensable adjunct of every book-lover's top shelf, we must pass on to several 'Robinsonaden.' or varieties of the type of *voyage imaginaire*, such as *The Travels and Adventures of William Bingfield, Esquire* (1753), or *The Life and Adventures of John Daniel* (1751), or the better known *Life and Adventures of Peter Wilkins* (1751), by Robert Paltock (1697-1767), an obscure London attorney. Paltock[1]

imitators also, among them R. Cumberland, the dramatist, author of *Henry*, and Robert Bage (1728-1801), author of *Hermsprong* (1796). Scott thought the two last-mentioned worthy of a place in his *Collection*. Their relative position is much lower to-day. Lack of originality and perversion to the baser purposes of the pamphleteer lowered the status of the novel after 1768, until, as Bage himself asserted, 'it was pretty generally considered as the lowest of all human productions.'

[1] Paltock owed something to *The World in the Moon* of John Wilkins. See *The Age of Milton*, p. 236.

has been highly praised for his imaginative power, and for his creation of a new species of winged beings; but he was far eclipsed, in popularity at any rate, by the creator of that curious little *jeu d'esprit, Baron Munchausen's Narrative of his marvellous Travels and Campaigns in Russia* (1785). The author of this was a Hanoverian, Rudolf Eric Raspe (1737-1794), who fled to England to escape the police, mastered the language, and threw off *Baron Munchausen* (1785) in the form of a shilling chapbook, in return, no doubt, for a bookseller's dole in relief of his immediate necessities. It was compiled of stray odds and ends of erudition (the *Poggiana* or *Bebeliana* of a past age), but crackles with a dry humour, racy of Lucian, its first exponent. Imitations multiplied, both in England and abroad, especially in America, and the genuine Munchausen has been smothered by successive sequels.

Fanny Burney (1752-1840).

The most interesting of later Johnsonian novelists is a woman, Fanny Burney, the *doyenne* of an unrivalled series of novelists of a sex to which English imaginative literature had (before her) owed remarkably little. Frances Burney (afterwards Madame D'Arblay), the daughter of the well-known historian of music, Dr. Charles Burney, was born at King's Lynn on June 13th, 1752. Her work falls into three classes—the novels, the memoirs of her father, her *Diary and Letters*. Her first novel, *Evelina*, was published anonymously in 1778, and created a sensation; no story since *Clarissa* had been so much cited, discussed, and belauded. Reynolds sat up all night to read it. The plan of the novel was suggested by Eliza Heywood's *History of Miss Betsy Thoughtless*, a pioneer domestic novel of 1751; but it cannot be said that any great merit resides in the plan. *Evelina* caught the town rather as a clever and impertinent bit of *ton*-painting. Its special charm was due to the novel

vein of light comedy that pervaded the dialogue, and to the spontaneity with which the impressions of a vivacious girl just entering society are recorded. Its attempt at a realistic portraiture of 'society' marks a distinct stage in the evolution of the modern novel, and the youthful daring of the writer fully justifies its fame, despite the incongruities which startle even those who are best disposed to acknowledge the novelist's wonderful powers of fresh observation. In her next novel, *Cecilia* (1782), traces are evident of labour and, indeed, of toilsome elaboration. Four years later, the 'little Burney,' as Johnson affectionately styled her, became assistant-keeper of the robes to Queen Charlotte, and the frigidities and parsimonies of the court are often said to have dried up the vein which had proved so rich in *Evelina*; but if this appointment, as seems probable, only postponed the appearance of later novels, such as *Camilla* (1796) and *The Wanderer* (1814), there seems little reason for harbouring resentment against Dr. Burney for inducing his daughter to accept it. One only regrets that such posts are not made available for all novelists whose works increase in bulk as they decrease in interest. Professor Saintsbury has a good formula for appraising Miss Burney's novels: '*Evelina*, delectable; *Cecilia*, admirable; *Camilla*, estimable; *The Wanderer*, impossible.'

Miss Burney left court in July, 1791, with a pension of £100 a year; married in 1793 General D'Arblay (an *émigré* at Juniper Hall, Mickleham); published in 1832 her stilted and magniloquent *Memoirs of Dr. Burney*; and died 6th Jan., 1840, the same year in which died another interesting link with the past, Mrs. Gwynn, Goldsmith's 'Jessamy Bride.' In 1842 were published Fanny's interesting, though too voluminous, *Diary and Letters* (ed. Dobson, 6 vols., 1904-5).

Henry Brooke (1703-1783), an alumnus of Trinity College, Dublin, a prolific poet and tragic writer (author of

Gustavus Vasa and of *The Earl of Essex* (1749), in which the mouth-filling line, 'Who rule o'er freemen should themselves be free,' elicited Johnson's parody, 'Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat'), commenced in 1766 the publication of his remarkable novel *The Fool of Quality*, which extended to five volumes. The book (the title of which seems to have been suggested by a line in *The Dunciad*) received the imprimatur of John Wesley as of unimpeachable morality, and all his authority is needed to procure it a constant supply of readers. It records the education by an ideal merchant prince of an ideal noble, Henry, Earl of Moreland, who is a pattern of 'natural' education and simple virtue—a pattern too closely followed for a long time to allow the heroes of English novels to be regarded as other than unmitigated bores. But the story proper is overlaid by moral digressions of such interminable length that, despite the great mental qualities of the writer, the book is losing itself in the sands of oblivion. 'Artistically it is a chaos, and such unity as it has is due chiefly to the binder.' A better artist than Brooke, if not a better writer, was Henry Mackenzie (1745-1831), who published anonymously, in 1771, his *Man of Feeling*, so well known by name. *The Man of Feeling* is a sentimental novel, written under the influence of Sterne, but of a Sterne singularly long-winded and lachrymose, and it certainly exhibits the sensibility morbus in a very aggravated form. Mackenzie, it must be said to his credit, was far from being the mawkish imbecile that he depicts in Harley. He had something of 'the clever wicked look of Voltaire,' and it is this aspect of him that we catch from time to time in the acute and well-written essays that he contributed to *The Lounger* and to *The Mirror*.

Having regard to the high merit of some of Defoe's

works in the previous epoch, especially in such a work as the *Memoirs of a Cavalier* (which Pitt and readers generally regarded as authentic as we now regard the *Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson*, or the *Autobiography of Sir John Bramston*), one would have expected a corresponding development in the historical novel during the last fifty years of the eighteenth century. But, as a matter of fact, the conditions necessary for the production of the historical novel are so difficult to combine, are so subtle, that scarcely any literary product, unless it be the historical play, is more delicate or more difficult to rear. To analyze the pre-requisites were a hopeless task, but it does at least seem certain that the historical novelist should be a student and antiquary, and, if possible, a book-collector; he no less requires great common sense, topographical flair, and an exceptional gift for dialogue. These gifts are, of course, but the mere groundwork for the higher imaginative qualifications which go to the building up of a masterpiece like *Old Mortality* or *Quentin Durward*. Horace Walpole may have possessed them all, or nearly all, but his attempt at an historical novel—*The Castle of Otranto*—the most notable of the epoch, is to the modern view a fairly complete failure. The material was, in fact, to a great extent wanting.

History, rapidly striding though it was, was in those days the equivalent of political history. It had not properly absorbed the important subsidiary or contiguous subjects, such as anthropology, antiquities, topography, sociology, and the like. The contemporaries of Walpole regarded everything mediæval in the half scared manner of the explorer of the unknown, and with the same inclination to exaggerate the landmarks of a territory so little known to the general public. The forts occupying and commanding these regions will probably always be held exclusively by scholars; but nowadays a fair amount of familiarity with the general

aspect of things infiltrates easily enough into the mind of every cultivated man who reads at all widely. In Walpole's day it was otherwise, and the result was a partial and conventional view of the Middle Ages; hence the mistake of huddling together a lot of stage armour and quaint old properties, and framing for them a scenario after the style of Salvator Rosa. Dialogue was deemed entirely secondary to a hollow and sepulchral voice and melodramatic pseudo-supernatural plot, and indeed it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that when the romantic spirit first touched our prose literature, its sanity seemed to leave it. Walpole's Gothicism was of such a spurious kind that we are left in a pleasing uncertainty as to whether his *Castle of Otranto* (1764) was really meant as a serious or as a satirical effort. But there is no doubt as to the serious intention of Clara Reeve (1729-1807) when she wrote her *Old English Baron* (1777), or that of Ann Radcliffe when she penned her astonishing series of romances. A great quantity of these inferior imaginative textiles were produced during the next half-century from *Zeluco* and *The Monk* to *Frankenstein*—most of them in one sense or another the literary offspring of *Otranto*.

Mrs. Radcliffe (1764-1823) was the author of *The Romance of the Forest* (1791), *The Mysteries of Udolpho* (1794), and *The Italian, or Confessional of the Black Penitents* (1797), three romances, the nature of which is to some extent indicated by the titles; in these three novels the most marvellous scaffoldings of crime and mystery and horror are reared by the skill and ingenuity of their creator. Few novelists better deserve that name. Mrs. Radcliffe's ignorance of the world at the time when she wrote was complete and many-sided. Human character she knew, not from observation, but from dreams. The landscapes, for which she is so justly famous, are pictures of countries

she never saw. There is nothing in her books that she did not create.[1]

To complete this exotic group, to which we owe what has been fitly termed the 'Renaissance of Wonder,' we must mention William Beckford, of Fonthill (1760-1844), the inheritor from his aldermanic parent of a million sterling, and the author of the 'gorgeous' romance of *Vathek*, published in English at London in 1786, and in French shortly afterwards.[2] A man of genuine mental gifts, Beckford's wealth proved his undoing, and after a life spent in chasing chimeras, he died at Bath in 1844.

Less wonderful, but of more enduring value and interest as a fashioner of the historical novel as we have it, is Joseph Strutt (1749-1802), author of the well-known volumes on the 'Manners' and 'Sports' of the English people, and of the antiquarian romance of *Queenhoo Hall*, edited by Walter Scott, some six years after its author's death. Strutt ignores the imaginative claims of historical fiction. His idea was to convey antiquarian knowledge through the medium of fiction, just as other wholesome though nauseous doses are administered.

But apart from its own merit, which is considerable, *Queenhoo Hall* is very interesting as the original matrix

[1] See the amusing account of her by Professor Raleigh; a higher estimate of her and also of Beckford is formed by Dr. Garnett.

[2] *Vathek, conte Arabe*, was claimed to have been written by Beckford when he was only twenty-one, and, further, to have been written in French at one sitting of three days and two nights (it really took four years, 1782-5). Forgotten in France during the revolutionary typhoon and for a hundred years after, its singular destiny was fulfilled when, in 1876, it was 'réimprimé sur l'original Français,' with a preface by Stéphane Mallarmé, who claims for it a place 'parmi les chefs-d'œuvre des Petits Maîtres.' Beckford intended the French version to have priority, but was anticipated by his literary midwife, Sam Henley (1740-1815). His *Portuguese Letters* (1834) rank well for description (see L. Melville's *Beckford*, 1910).

in which Scott cast the type of the Waverley Novel. The antique dialogue, the setting of old customs and old furniture, the introduction of old songs and scraps of folk-lore (and also, it must be admitted, of a good deal of Wardour Street)—all this is a direct legacy from Strutt's curious and Balzacian methods of research. *Queenhoo* opens with the description of a May game in the fifteenth century, followed by a scene at a country alehouse. Very tame this, in comparison with such opening scenes as those in *Kenilworth* or *Nigel;* yet we shall not be wrong in describing *Queenhoo* as the lodge to Waverley Manor. Strutt introduces us for the first time to many of the choicest flowers of 'mediæval' English, Rowley-English, as we might call it: hight for called, ween, benemped for named, trow, yshent, carle, princox. In spite, however, of some absurdities, Strutt's literary legacy is one for which we cannot be too grateful.

In the wake of the minor Johnsonian prose-writers was a vast and nebulous tail of lady novelists and essayists and writers for the young. The period saw the development of a novel literature for the nursery, which we might trace in a chapter devoted to children's books, from *Goody Two Shoes* and *Tommy Trip* to the *Death and Burial of Cock Robin.* A mere list of the lady poets from 1750 to 1800 would fill a folio page, while the life-industry of a Ballard might be taxed to fathom the learning of the blue stockings who conversed of Shakespeare and the musical glasses with Mrs. Montagu. It is perhaps to be deplored, but it is inevitable that from all these galaxies and coteries we should be able to select but two names, and only one that of a lady.

Thomas Day (1748-1789) was a perfect type of the mad Englishman with whom foreign caricatures have familiarized us, and a philanthropist of the most bigoted sincerity.

In his search for a practical guide he wavered between Cato the Censor and Rousseau. But his amusing eccentricity entirely failed to subdue the native worth of his character, and his quaintly didactic *History of Sandford and Merton* (3 vols., 1783, 1787, and 1789) expresses at bottom a very noble ideal of manliness and independence. His kindness to animals and to the poor did not absorb, as in the case of some well-known philanthropists, the affection that was due to his own family.

Hannah More (1745-1833), one of the last survivors in the nineteenth century of the Johnsonian coterie, was the descendant of a Puritan family. She was gifted as a girl, a good linguist, vivacious, and amusing. Introduced to Johnson at Reynolds's, she pleased the great doctor by her not too artless flattery and her sprightly verses, such as the *Bas Bleu*, which Johnson was permitted to see in manuscript. She developed into a good woman, with a vigorous understanding and a strong turn for benevolence and the reclaiming of the young person. Her views of education were not quite of the modern type. She taught the Bible and the Catechism, together with such coarse work as might fit her pupils to become good servants. She discouraged writing in the poor, and protested against too much book-learning. Her own literary production was extensive, and she perpetually kept up a didactic dribble-scribble of tracts and booklets, all of them extremely edifying and written in an ostentatiously plain Franklin-Cobbett kind of style. Her *Village Politics, by Will Chip* (1792), had an enormous sale, only to be exceeded by that of *Cœlebs in Search of a Wife*. Her success 'shows the advantage from a worldly point of view of writing orthodox didactic works.'

CHAPTER IX

THE DRAMA.

Apart from Goldsmith and Sheridan, there are few if any dramatists of this period who are read by other than dramatic students. The best plays of Fielding, of Foote, of Colman and Macklin differ only in degree, and perhaps not quite so much as is supposed in this respect, from *The Rivals* and *The Good-Natured Man;* but the characters are not quite strong enough or broad enough to arrest attention. The writers worked on the lines of Vanbrugh and Farquhar, but with less wit, for a public considerably narrowed both in numbers and also in taste. The pious agencies of Queen Anne's reign, especially the formation of societies for the reformation of manners, did much to restrict not only the licence of the stage, but the popularity of the theatre as a whole. These tendencies were naturally very much strengthened by the growth of evangelicalism as the century proceeded. But, long before the Wesleys had made themselves felt, the declining vigour of stage influence was shown by the feeble opposition made to the licensing act of 1737—the result of which was to restrict legitimate drama in the metropolis to the two licensed houses, Covent Garden and Drury Lane, and, further, to submit every play produced to the censorship of the government. Literary tendencies (such as were expressed in the Stratford Jubilee of 1769), no less than dramatic necessity,

turned the thoughts of theatrical managers forcibly towards the untrammelled drama of the seventeenth century: the efforts of both the licensed houses were thus concentrated less upon securing good new pieces than upon attaining the highest pitch of histrionic excellence in the performance of repertoire. Take the two houses in the season 1769-70, in the very middle of our period, as an example of what was done in this direction. We find that at Drury Lane were played (each for one or two nights only): *Hamlet*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Lear*, *Tempest*, Vanbrugh's *Provoked Wife*, *As You Like It*, Wycherley's *Plain Dealer*, *New Way to Pay Old Debts*, *Henry IV.*, *Merchant of Venice*, Congreve's *Mourning Bride*, Vanbrugh's *Provok'd Husband*, Steele's *Conscious Lovers*, *Much Ado*, Rowe's *Fair Penitent*, Centlivre's *Wonder*, *Cymbeline*, *Othello*, *Alchemist*, *Every Man in his Humour*, Vanbrugh's *Confederacy*, *Merry Wives*, Dryden's *Love for Love*, *Macbeth*, *Beggar's Opera*, Cibber's *Double Gallant*, Moore's *Foundling*, Otway's *Venice Preserved* and *Orphan*.

The programme of the season at Covent Garden was framed upon much the same lines: *Henry V.*, Farquhar's *Recruiting Officer*, Cibber's *She wou'd and she wou'd not*, *Richard III.*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Busy Body*, Fletcher's *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*, *Hamlet*, *Provok'd Husband*, *Macbeth*, *Cymbeline*, *Relapse*, Lee's *Rival Queens*, *Merchant of Venice*, Crowne's *Sir Courtly Nice*, Addison's *Cato*, and Southern's *Oroonoko*.

In addition to all this repertoire each house produced perhaps half-a-dozen new plays, and some dozen recent plays, by favourite authors of the day. Like the plays, the audiences were recruited from old stagers. Habitual playgoers for the most part, they were naturally exacting judges both of the acting and dramatic workmanship. Conservatism in both was an all-powerful force. A high

standard of literary excellence was in the main subordinated to compliance with the traditional rules of the English stage, and with the momentary caprices of the small section of the town population who formed the playgoing public. With a few brilliant exceptions, therefore, it can scarcely be denied that the general tendency of the period was not of a character to arrest the decay of dramatic literature, but rather upon the whole to widen the much spoken of breach between literature and the stage. Success in dramatic authorship was most readily obtained either by men of fashion, intimately acquainted with the theatre, the players, and the town—such were Fielding, Cumberland, Colman, Sheridan—or by men who had served a life-apprenticeship to stagecraft, such as Garrick, Foote, Murphy, Macklin, Reynolds, and Kenrick. Gifted outsiders, like Goldsmith, Townley, and Tobin, whose aspirations were more distinctly literary, found it very much more difficult to get anything accepted.

The tragic dramatists of the second half of the eighteenth century can be dismissed in a very few sentences. Under the auspices of Garrick the best tragedies of a past age were played with greater dignity and power than ever before, while the stage texts were to a large extent purified and restored. Of original tragedy there was little worthy of even a small place in the annals of eighteenth-century literature—barren in this respect as those of the nineteenth. Johnson's own tragedy *Irene* (1749) was a perfect specimen of conventional classic structure, but utterly frigid and deficient in dramatic interest. Vastly superior in these respects, and probably the best tragedy of the period, was a domestic drama, intended as 'a caustic for the folly of gaming,' and appropriately (though in bold defiance of dramatic convention) written in prose. This was *The*

Samuel Johnson (1709-1784).

Gamester of Edward Moore, a linendraper turned playwright, better known as the editor of *The World*. The tragedy was produced at Drury Lane on February 7th, 1753, when Garrick (who is supposed to have supplied some of the dialogue) contrived to give a lasting vitality to the somewhat lugubrious part of Beverley. The last act of the play, in which Beverley, in ignorance of a legacy that has just devolved upon him, and of the strenuous efforts on the part of his faithful wife to save him from the effects of his folly, takes poison and dies, is written with undoubted feeling and power, and in the hands of a good actor can hardly fail of intense effect upon its audience. Passing by Mason's tragedies as negligible, we are confronted by just one other tragedy of our period which cannot be neglected, though it is great only in reputation—to wit Home's *Douglas*. John Home, a native of Leith and a minister in East Lothian, scandalized his kirk greatly when he successfully produced his tragedy at the Canongate theatre on December 14th, 1756. The play, the story of which was founded upon the ballad of *Childe Maurice*, was as innocuous as a play could be; but the touch of the theatre was held to defile, and Home, after an angry paper war, had to anticipate excommunication by withdrawal. In the meantime *Douglas* had been produced with success at Covent Garden,[1] and had covered Home with glory. The dramatist's friend, Hume, announced that *Douglas* showed 'the true theatric genius of Shakespeare and Otway, refined from the unhappy barbarism of the one and licentiousness of the other.' Johnson went to the other extreme when he said there were not ten good lines in the play. There is a

Edward Moore (1712-1757).

John Home (1722-1808).

[1] On March 14th, 1757.

fine quantity of good florid rhetoric expressed in smooth blank verse, the best example being the passage beginning 'My name is Norval, on the Grampian Hills.' Even this passage (so long assigned the place of honour in the repetition class) is likely ere long to be forgotten; so utterly deficient, indeed, is *Douglas* in every important quality that a good play should have, so utterly wooden are the *dramatis personæ*, that one is left to marvel that such a play should have ever won the suffrages of a London audience.

The comedy of the period is a much more fruitful theme, though few critics of to-day would probably go as far as Hazlitt in their admiration of it. Fielding[1] is an excellent link between the light comedy of Vanbrugh and that of Goldsmith and Sheridan. In Fielding's dramatic 'utility' school graduated a number of playwrights who were also players, whose works, popular enough in their day, belong rather to the sphere of dramatic than literary history. The first place among these witty but ephemeral compilers belongs of right to Samuel Foote, 'a fine fellow in his way.'

Excessive facetiousness is often a stumbling-block to vaulting ambition. George Savile, the witty Marquis of Halifax, found his quips at the council board remembered against him. Swift, with his eye upon the top rung of preferment, tripped for good and all over *The Tale of a Tub*. It is still more often an extinguisher to permanent fame. Jokers outlive liking, and their grinning visages come to look like death's-heads through their horse-collars. Bussy Rabutin returned to the court after a long interval only to be laughed at for his senility by the wits of a younger generation, like the popular wit of the reign of Charles I., who (as Sir William Temple relates) appeared a mere pantaloon to the court of Charles II. So with Foote, the

[1] See Chapter VII., p. 164.

most entertaining companion Garrick ever knew; a man feared alike by those who dreaded his ridicule and those who were apprehensive of the effects of uncontrollable convulsions of laughter at seeing their friends taken off; his powers were visibly declining in the last year of his life; in a very few years his caricatures lost their point, and generations arose, who made light of his amazing wit, and perverted his best jokes, or attributed them to Jerrold or Hook. Born at Truro in 1720, Foote was the son of a Cornish magistrate, and it is clear that there was a strong admixture of Celtic blood in his veins. It is related how at Worcester College, Oxford, when he was summoned to be admonished by the provost—the most pompous of his kind—he took a folio dictionary under his arm, under the pretext of looking out the hard words. In 1744 he appeared on the stage in the curiously selected part of *Othello*. He then went off to Ireland, and gained a considerable reputation as a comedian at Dublin. Upon his once praising Irish hospitality, he was reproached with not having tested that of the south of Ireland. 'Well,' said Foote, 'I have as good as seen Cork; I've seen so many drawings of it.' At Dublin he first introduced caricatures of poets and other celebrities into the part of Bayes in *The Rehearsal*. This mimetic display revealed to him his true means of gaining a firm hold upon the playgoing public. At the Haymarket, in an entertainment called *Diversions of the Morning* (1747), he mimicked the London actors with such merciless spite that they invoked the licensing act against him. But Foote circumvented them by his adroitness. He circulated widely an advertisement—'On Saturday noon, exactly at 12 o'clock at the new theatre in the Haymarket Mr. Foote begs the favour of his friends to come and drink a dish of chocolate with him . . . he will endeavour to

Samuel Foote (1720-1777).

make *the morning as diverting as possible.* Tickets to be had at St. George's Coffee House, Temple Bar. N.B.—Sir Dilbury Diddle will be there, and Lady Betty Frisk has absolutely promised.' Transparent as such an artifice was, the London magistrates never issued another warrant against him for illegitimate performances. Foote and his impersonations became an institution of the day about which people were ashamed of appearing over-sensitive. For a time his caricatures enjoyed an almost complete immunity, and most of his plays, some of which are very cleverly constructed, and all of which are full of amusing patter, were written as vehicles for personal satire. In two absurd farces, *The Englishman in Paris* (1753) and *The Englishman returned from Paris* (1756), he satirized the foibles of the French character in such a way as to appeal most strongly to English prejudice at a moment when relations between the two countries were anything but friendly. In *The Author* (1757) he glanced at the absurdity of sham-patrons, while mimicking a former friend of his own, a Welshman named Ap Rice, who managed eventually to get the Lord Chamberlain to interfere. In his best comedy, *The Minor* (1760), he not only satirized Whitefield and the Methodists, but also caricatured his old associate Tate Wilkinson. In the part of Peter Paragraph, in *The Orators*, he took off George Faulkner, the well-known Dublin printer, with a fidelity which was once more flattered by legal proceedings. His *Nabob* (1772) brought two infuriated East India proprietors, armed with bludgeons, round to his lodgings; but Foote managed to disarm them by a fusillade of jokes. Much greater breadth of satire is shown in his sardonic two-act farce *The Mayor of Garratt* (1763), upon which Hazlitt confers the very high praise of calling it 'a comedy in little.' In his once notorious comic sketch the *Trip to*

Calais, Foote designed, in the character of Lady Crocodile, to show up the celebrated Duchess of Kingston; but this had to be relinquished, as had previously his intention of caricaturing Dr. Johnson. That muscular Christian had sent word to Foote that if anything of the kind were attempted he would go from the boxes on to the stage, and correct the actor before the audience. 'Did he not think of exhibiting you, sir?' said Boswell to the sage, speaking of Foote a year or so later. 'Sir,' replied Johnson grimly, 'fear restrained him; he knew I would have broken his bones.' Johnson was rather fond of moralizing about his merry namesake; but he could afford to be generous, and he was. 'He is the most incompressible fellow I ever knew. When you have driven him into a corner, and think you are sure of him, he runs through between your legs, or jumps over your head, and makes his escape.' 'The first time I met him, having no good opinion of the fellow, I was resolved not to be pleased, and it is very difficult to please a man against his will. I went on eating my dinner pretty sullenly, affecting not to mind him. But the dog was so very comical that I was obliged to lay down my knife and fork, throw myself back upon my chair, and fairly laugh it out. No, sir, he was irresistible!' But it is generally admitted that there was too much of the viper about Foote. He had much more in common with Theodore Hook than with the sunny, genial Tom Hood. He died worn out, at fifty-five, in October, 1777.

Arthur Murphy (1727-1805).

His admirer and follower, and should-have-been biographer, Arthur Murphy, son of a Dublin merchant, had a very similar fund of gaiety. In his comedy, *The Way to Keep Him* (1760), he depicts with considerable cleverness, and with a good part, Lovemore, for Garrick, those women who after marriage are at no pains to retain their husbands. But

an excellent farce is better than an indifferent good comedy; and better remembered than any single production of the prolific Murphy is the droll *High Life Below Stairs* of James Townley, head master of Merchant Taylors' School and a friend of David Garrick. It hit off the insolence and presumption of flunkeydom with a cleverness which was ascribed to Foote or Garrick (for it never would have done for a respectable clergyman to produce such a farce under his own name), and coming just before Jonas Hanway's famous tract against 'vails-giving,' when the abuses of livery were at their height, it floated securely into popular favour. Upon its appearance in 1759 the footmen on several occasions showed their resentment by creating an uproar. Townley was less successful with his next farce, *False Concord*, which nevertheless contains the germ of a very successful comedy. This was no other than *The Clandestine Marriage* of 1767, the joint work of two of the most conspicuous playwrights of the day, David Garrick and George Colman. Garrick had managed to transfer a measure of his vivacity to paper when he wrote *The Lying Valet*, a farce produced but a few months before *High Life*, and described in performance as one general roar from beginning to end. It is not very easy to apportion Garrick's part in the joint production; the idea of *The Clandestine Marriage* originated with Colman, as he was looking at the first plate of Hogarth's *Marriage à la Mode;* but Garrick seems to have first definitely outlined the plot, and to have grafted upon Lord Lavender, in *False Concord*, that amiable old ruin of a fop, Lord Ogleby, a lineal descendant of Sir Fopling Flutter, Sir Novelty Fashion, and Lord Foppington. Hazlitt's notion is that Garrick supplied most of the *sauce piquante;* the lion's share of the

James Townley (1714-1778).

David Garrick (1717-1779).

collaboration in this excellent stage-play is nevertheless still conceded to Colman.[1]

George Colman (1732-1794).

Born at Florence, where his father was envoy, George Colman, called the elder, to distinguish him from that quite as eminent comic writer his son, followed the primrose path of the professional wit at Westminster School and Christ Church, Oxford. He soon began scribbling for the magazines, with Bonnell Thornton and with Lloyd. He joined with the latter in parodying Gray and Mason's 'Odes' in the cleverly framed *Odes to Obscurity and Oblivion*. In 1760 appeared Colman's successful farce *Polly Honeycombe*, and early in 1761 his *Jealous Wife*, which remained a popular comedy for the remainder of the century, but has little vitality for the reader of to-day. In 1763 appeared his clever patter-comedy, *The Deuce is in him*; and on February 20th, 1766, was produced at Drury Lane his one play of lasting note (of which he shares the credit with Garrick), *The Clandestine Marriage*, still occasionally seen on the London boards.

Foote and Colman were to the Restoration dramatists what Shirley and Heywood were to the school of Marlowe. They carried on the tradition of the comedy of manners, weakened by circumstance and continuity, but still the same. Against the licence of the Restoration drama there arose in the second generation a very strong feeling of protest. Such plays as Vanbrugh's *Relapse* and *Confederacy*, witty though they were, disgusted a large section of playgoers, influenced, on the one hand, by the energetic remonstrance of the high churchmen, on the other, by the

[1] One of the most successful stage-plays of the century, containing one of Edmund Kean's very greatest parts, was *The Iron Chest* (1796), by George Colman the younger; but its literary merit is *nil*, and it reads almost like a burlesque.

efforts of Addison to reduce the coarseness of middle-class manners. From this reaction sprang a new style of comedy, at once sentimental and edifying, sententious, and to the modern reader extremely soporific. Steele's *Conscious Lovers* may be regarded as the type of this style of production. Parson Adams remarks slily that such a play was as good as a sermon; but the comparison is unfair to a good sermon. Everything was sentiment in these plays. 'If a man was to be hanged or married, out came a sentiment. If the butler was drunk or the chambermaid impudent, listen to a sentiment.' The catastrophe arrived at, 'forward came every individual actor and actress, and suspended the fall of the curtain with a sentiment.' Yet, mawkish and insipid as the display upon the stage of so much moral sensibility now appears, it had plenty of admirers during the eighteenth century, and well on into the nineteenth, as the comedies of Lord Lytton and Robertson bear sufficient witness. Chief among the practitioners of this artificial style in our period were Hugh Kelly and Richard Cumberland.

Hugh Kelly (1739-1777).

Hugh Kelly, the son of a Dublin tavern-keeper, won the suffrages of all the sentimentalists by his comedy produced at Covent Garden in January, 1768, and most fitly entitled *False Delicacy*. There is a distinct aroma of literary elegance about the dialogue, but hardly a glimmering of common sense. Three separate lovers are severally beguiled by the false point of honour which is so often the mainspring of action upon the stage into paying their addresses to the wrong ladies, and no amount of literary cleverness can make interesting complications which are so utterly pointless in their origin. The success, if not the merit, of *False Delicacy* inspired a much more accomplished man than Kelly in the person of Richard Cumberland, 'The Terence

of England, the mender of Hearts,' as Goldsmith called him.

Richard Cumberland (1732-1811).

A native of Cambridge, a grandson of its most famous scholar, and a nephew of Dr. Richard Bentley, Cumberland had the advantage of a Westminster and Trinity College education; and he studied comedy, as Goldsmith probably meant to imply, before he began to write it. Four at least of his comedies were highly successful: *The Brothers* (1769), *The West Indian* (1771), *The Fashionable Lovers*, and *The Wheel of Fortune* (1779). In *The West Indian*, in the character of Major Flaherty, a gallant Irishman in the service of Austria, he drew attention to the impolicy of driving such men from the British service, a comment pertinent enough in the days of General Browne. It had a great success; 'the snarlers snapped at it, but they never set their teeth in the right place,' and it ran twenty-eight nights 'without the buttress of an after-piece.' At the present day Cumberland's plays, without exception, are far less readable than his *Memoirs*, which are full of amusing stories of his contemporaries. But in their day they came as a powerful reinforcement to the sentimental school. Of this school Cumberland, with characteristic complacency, came to regard himself as the creator. He was by no means deficient in satirical power himself, but, like other humorous caricaturists, notably his fellows Garrick and Foote, he was extremely sensitive in regard to a jest directed against himself. Sheridan hit off this weakness in his immortal character of Sir Fretful Plagiary in *The Critic* (cf. *Fortnightly Review*, February, 1900).

Oliver Goldsmith (1728-1774).

Such plays as *False Delicacy* were a direct challenge to a conception of broadly humorous comedy upon the old lines such as that formed by Oliver Goldsmith. So strongly did public opinion incline to Kelly that poor Goldsmith had the

greatest difficulty in getting a hearing for his *Good-Natured Man*, the best comedy that had appeared since *The Provok'd Husband*, as Johnson (who prologued) justly described it. The run of the professional critics deplored the low taste shown in the bailiffs' scene, and were almost solid in favour of the other play of the year. It is difficult now to believe that such a play as *False Delicacy* could ever have been pitted against *The Good-Natured Man*, the bailiffs' scene in which is so exceptionally rich in stage possibilities. It must be said, in extenuation of the first-night audience at Covent Garden on January 29th, 1768, that the bailiffs were very poorly acted. The parts of Croaker and Lofty are both first-rate, and the former, as a character-sketch, second to none in modern comedy. Honeywood, it is true, though an excellent stage-figure, can scarcely be claimed as a character; but, this one concession made to stage convention, the play may be freely commended for its truth to nature, its wealth abounding of comic pose and dialogue. Goldsmith's gay, plausible, thoroughly Irish humour is nowhere seen to better advantage. The superiority of Goldsmith's next play consists not only in the greater variety of the plot and the more effective *scenario*, but in the higher level of workmanship throughout.

On Monday, March 15th, 1773, appeared this second piece of Goldsmith's. It had been a long time in Colman's hands, and the manager thought extremely poorly of it; so much so, that he keenly regretted having promised in a weak moment to produce it. *The Mistakes of a Night*, as it had been named, was held, apparently, to be quite too destitute of sentiment for the Covent Garden boards. The very title was thought to be undignified for a comedy. Reynolds suggested *The Belle's Stratagem*, anticipating Mrs. Cowley. Goldsmith at the last moment had a happy

inspiration, and named his play *She Stoops to Conquer*.[1] 'She does, indeed,' was the fastidious Walpole's comment. Johnson took a prominent seat in a box to lead the applause, but the claque had a sinecure, for the house was uproarious with merriment. There are few *premières* one would rather have attended. The stratagem is good, the dialogue quick and gay, the humour broad and genial, the language racy and idiomatic to the last degree. Tony Lumpkin has become a stage type, and remains the first of his class. The scene between Hardcastle and the servants is another rich stroke of humorous literature, which, despite imitations without number, will always hold its own. The *high-comedy* passages between Marlow and Miss Hardcastle are somewhat inferior; but it is much better to regard *She Stoops* less as competing for a place beside the comedies of Molière, or *The School for Scandal*, or Congreve's *Way of the World*, than as ranking, near *The Critic*, as one of the half-dozen best farces in existence. It shows its versatile and accomplished writer at his best, for it has many of the qualities of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, and is not disfigured by a weak plot. In the mistake of the manor-house for the village inn, the author is said to have retraced an incident of his own youth, in which an involuntary impertinence was humoured by a good-natured Irish squire. Goldsmith dedicated his play to one of its staunchest admirers, Dr. Johnson. 'It may do me some honour to inform the public that I have lived many years in intimacy with you.' His prefaces and dedications are always perfect models of their kind. The play had such a good effect that in it human nature may be said to have won a momentary victory over affectation on the stage.

Of the dramatists who came in the wake of Goldsmith

[1] Cf. Dryden's 'But kneels to conquer, and but stoops to rise.'

a brief notice must be accorded to three, John O'Keeffe, Charles Macklin, and Frederic Reynolds. O'Keeffe (1747-1833), a native of Dublin, inspired by Farquhar and Goldsmith, became an actor, and was, with Frederic Reynolds, the most systematic and industrious of the stagewrights of the day. He had the necessary gifts of receptivity and facility amply developed, and among the dramas and comic operas that he scattered broadcast, it is not surprising that one of his comedies, *Wild Oats* (April, 1791), should have fixed its tentacles firmly upon the stage. Not many farces are more provocative of light, careless laughter than his *Agreeable Surprise;* nor have either of these works been yet finally ejected from the prompter's cupboard. Ten years before *Wild Oats* had appeared at Covent Garden (May, 1781) one of the best comedies of the time, *The Man of the World* of Charles Macklin (*d.* 1797), a native of the north of Ireland, born in 1696, a veritable link with the Bettertonian tradition. Written about 1771, the play is truly wonderful as the work of a man of seventy-five. It is also an admirable stage-play of the one-man genus, the part of Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, as played by Macklin himself, being one of the great impersonations of English stage tradition. Nor is the written part a merely coarse or gross caricature. It is a legitimate satire, packed close with sardonic humour, upon the diplomatic pursuit of siller by an o'er-canny North Briton. There is, it is true, a certain savagery about it acquired in the school of Hogarth and Smollett, which appeared belated in 1781. But for this, the comedy would have retained a stronger hold over both playgoers and readers. Frederic Reynolds (1764-1841), son of a well-known Whig attorney, was unrivalled in his day as a *prolific* playwright. His innumerable dramas were machine-made, but without the mechanical skill of a Scribe or Sardou, or

even of our own Albery or Tom Taylor. His first comedy, *The Dramatist*, given at Covent Garden in October, 1789, was perhaps the best. *The Caravan* survives on account of the jest of Sheridan. This play was constructed on what Mr. Crummles calls 'the London plan,' revolving about a dog who plunged into real water on the stage to rescue a juvenile heroine. When the applause subsided Sheridan rushed into the green-room and asked for his saviour—not the author, but the dog. Decidedly more popular and amusing than anything Reynolds ever wrote, though not perhaps rising to a very high literary level, was the once favourite farcical operetta *Caleb Quotem*, written by Henry Lee (1765-1836) in 1789, and given at the Haymarket in 1800.

The two plays of Goldsmith, admirable as they are for their genial humour, are hardly sufficient to confer positive dramatic lustre upon the Age of Johnson; but this is amply performed by the work of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, 'the Hesperus among the lesser lights' of Johnsonian drama. It would be a manifest absurdity to endeavour to estimate Sheridan in a comparison with the great dramatists of the Elizabethan period; yet it can be said, with something approaching certainty, that after the creator of Falstaff, not one of our dramatists has conferred such benefits upon his countrymen at large. Sheridan was no innovator. Eschewing the sentimental variety, he took the Vanbrugh-descended comedy of his day pretty much as he found it; but he had innately, like Molière, the true spirit of high comedy, the best comedy, in him, and when he descended to farce or burlesque, as in *The Critic*, he made his audience laugh as one laughs at the *Médecin malgré lui*.

R. B. Sheridan (1751-1816).

An Irishman (like Goldsmith, O'Keeffe, Murphy, Macklin, Wilde, Synge, and Shaw), Sheridan was born at Dublin in

October, 1751, being the third son of Thomas Sheridan, the butt of Johnson, the preternaturally dull 'Sherry,' who burned a candle at Dover to show a light at Calais. Frances Sheridan, the dramatist's mother, made herself a name by her *Memoirs of Miss Sydney Biddulph, extracted from her own Journal* (1761). Fox praised the book highly; but Johnson, who loved a straightforward scheme of punishments and rewards, remarked to the writer, 'I know not, madam, that you have a right upon moral principles to make your readers suffer so much.' Richard Brinsley was at school at Harrow (under the great Dr. Parr), and just kept himself free from castigation. Recalled to Bath, he entered upon that romantic championship of Eliza Linley (a beautiful girl with unacceptable admirers) which, after several escapades, was concluded by his marriage with that young lady in April, 1773.

The anxieties of their early married life were relieved to some extent by the eventual success of *The Rivals*, produced at Covent Garden on January 17th, 1775. The plot of his famous comedy is of the mystification order, though the misunderstanding here is slender enough. The rivals, of course, are one and the same person. The gallant young lover has introduced himself to the romantic heroine in the character of Ensign Beverley, a poor young subaltern, in preference to his own more eligible personality as the heir of Sir Anthony Absolute, a baronet with £4,000 a year, and has gained the heart of the sentimental Lydia, who prefers love in a cottage to the finest settlements, and looks forward to an elopement and the loss of a great part of her fortune with delight; but the young man's plans are confounded by the sudden arrival upon the scene of his father, bent upon marrying him forthwith in his own person to the aforesaid Lydia. Thus he is at the same time in her eyes the

romantic and adored Beverley and the detested Captain Absolute, the wealthy suitor to whom she has been bartered by her guardians. Such is the airy complication upon which this famous comedy is hung. Yet so completely do the broad but amusing character-sketches, Sir Anthony with his fits of temper, Mrs. Malaprop with her ingenious derangement of epitaphs, Bob Acres with his swaggering poltroonery—so completely do these occupy and divert us, that a realization of the story is by no means essential to the complete enjoyment of the piece; the brisk movement and the unfailing sparkle of the dialogue are in themselves sufficient to sustain it in popular favour by the side of *She Stoops to Conquer* and beneath *The School for Scandal*, alone among the comedies of the eighteenth century.

Having thus entered upon his career as a dramatist, Sheridan wrote also in the year of his first success the farce called *St. Patrick's Day; or, the Scheming Lieutenant*, written, it is said, at the request of Clinch, out of gratitude to that actor for taking the part of Sir Lucius O'Trigger in default of Lee, who had nearly wrecked the piece by his miserable performance. This is a slight and wholly uninspired little production, showing but few touches of Sheridan's magic wit. More successful for the time even than *The Rivals* was Sheridan's sparkling libretto of an opera called *The Duenna* (November, 1775), which was held to have eclipsed *The Beggar's Opera*, and certainly does so in merit, if not in fame.[1]

Garrick, rendered uneasy by these successes at the rival house of Covent Garden, revenged himself effectually in 1775 by parting with his half share of the patent of Drury Lane to a syndicate, at the head of which was Sheridan. The latter commenced his reign at the historic house by

[1] The songs in *The Duenna* are Sheridan's best, notably *Oh, the days when I was young.*

remodelling Vanbrugh's famous *Relapse* under the new title of *A Trip to Scarborough*, first given at Drury Lane on February 24th, 1777. The critics came to the conclusion that the 'modern Congreve' had somehow rather 'bungled' the 'reformation' of the licentious original.

With a public with the songs of *The Duenna* still ringing in its ears, and expecting great things from the author of *The Rivals*, such a poor *rechauffé* must have fallen flat indeed. A great effort was required to repair the loss of Garrick's withdrawal from Drury Lane. Sheridan rose to the occasion. He laboured hard while more than a year elapsed, but when in May, 1777, *The School for Scandal* was produced, the success was convincing. The momentary effect was enhanced by the circulation of the legend, which the author himself encouraged, that the most sparkling scenes were dashed off by the most indolent of men with a reckless haste and a sublime ease. Men have produced astonishing literary effects by work done at a white heat, but the rapid production of exquisite work of art in filigree, after the pattern of Pope's *Epistles* or *The School for Scandal* is simply *contra naturam*. The workmanship of the comedy (the germ of which was merely a Pump-Room scene at Bath) was not only highly elaborate, but extremely laborious; and we know from Moore how the work was issued forth to the actors (after distractingly long intervals) in shreds and patches upon detached slips of paper, upon the last of which was scrawled in the author's autograph, 'Finished at last; thank God!'

Sentimentalist though he ever was, Sheridan was a great drill-sergeant of words. Few writers of English have had a more fluent literary faculty than Oliver Goldsmith, yet we know that he considered six lines of one of his poems a hard day's work; and beautifully polished as the rhetoric

of his verse is, it can seldom bear comparison with the exquisite finish of Sheridan's prose dialogue. The studied malignity of Sir Benjamin Backbite is not to be 'done in the smack of a whip':

'*Sir Peter:* Ah, madam, true wit is more nearly allied to good nature than your ladyship is aware of.

Lady Teazle: True, Sir Peter; I believe they are so near akin that they can never be united.

Sir Ben: Or rather suppose them man and wife, because one seldom sees them together.'

Sheridan had no new ideas; he was not a Mercier or a Sedaine, still less a Diderot; his glance reverted always to the artificial comedy of Wycherley and Vanbrugh as the model. But in *The School* he thoroughly modernized the setting, and he showed a most wonderful instinct for a striking situation. That evolved in the famous screen scene has seldom been surpassed on the stage, or indeed in fiction.

In another famous scene, again, that in which Charles sells the family portraits, Sheridan is far from original. He has recourse to a very familiar type of hero—the reckless, warm-hearted, impressionable, well-meaning profligate and spendthrift, busily employed in sowing his wild oats, yet easily touched and full of kind impulses. The moralist—nay, the man of common sense—is fully aware that in real life dissipation cannot possibly keep the heart soft or promote a single fine sentiment, still less a noble generosity; but an audience is all on Charles's side from the first, and when he proposes to a boon companion to knock down his ancestors with their own pedigree, it votes him the most delightful of good fellows.

And that brings us to Sheridan's capacity, scarcely less, if it be not indeed greater, than his knack of stage-craft and instinct for situation, namely, his capacity to provoke mirth—mirth without malice or *arrière pensée*, which expresses itself in peals of laughter. His endow-

ment with this rich and rare compelling power, which leads us to associate him with men of far greater genius than himself (Shakespeare, Burns, Dickens), is strikingly manifested in his next production, *The Critic*,[1] given at Drury Lane on October 29th, 1779. It had been said of Sheridan that he would be afraid to write any more—afraid of the author of *The School for Scandal*. If the story be true, the manner in which Sheridan eluded comparison with himself was a stroke of genius. No farce so ludicrous as *The Critic* has probably ever held the stage, while in genuine *vis comica* there is nothing certainly in *The School for Scandal* to surpass Sir Fretful Plagiary. When, after the production of one more piece (the patriotic melodrama *Pizarro*, adapted from Kotzebue many years later, in 1799), the dramatic career of the author of *The Critic* ended, it might be said with more truth than of the death of Garrick that the event eclipsed the gaiety of nations.[2] Sheridan represents a social milieu. He lived in the brightest set in an era of conversational champagne. Everywhere he went he came under the wit-sparkle. Some of it may be tinsel, but it looked very well under the wax-lights and over the polished floors. He had not great knowledge of the heart, may be: but if, compared with Goldsmith, Sheridan is cold, compared with Congreve, he is warm and sociable.

[1] In pointing out the antiquity of satirizing upon the stage things connected with the theatre, the infirmities of players and authors, it is necessary to go back no further than *Hamlet*. The chain of connection may easily be drawn from *The Rehearsal*, through Carey's *Chrononhotonthologos* (1734) and Fielding's *Tom Thumb*, to *The Critic* and its latest successor, *A Pantomime Rehearsal*.

[2] 'Poor Brinsley!' wrote Byron. 'He has written the *best* comedy, the *best* comic opera, the *best* farce, and the *best* address (*Monologue on Garrick*), and, to crown all, delivered the *best* oration (the famous Begum speech) ever conceived or heard in this country.'

Thomas Holcroft (1745-1809).

One of the most prolific playwrights among Sheridan's contemporaries was Thomas Holcroft.[1] A Londoner by birth (Orange Court, Leicester Fields), Holcroft's youth was spent literally on the highway, in the gutter, and (as a promotion) in the stable. He started theatrical life as a prompter at Dublin, and it was not until 1778 that he reached the boards of Drury Lane and a salary of a pound a week. Three years later his first comedy, *Duplicity*, was presented at Covent Garden, and obtained a qualified success. In 1784 he went over to Paris to hatch an English version of the success of the time, the *Mariage de Figaro* of Beaumarchais. Being unable to procure a copy of the play, and afraid of taking notes during the performance, Holcroft nightly attended the theatre until the whole piece had been committed to memory. He then returned to England, and swiftly produced *The Follies of the Day* (December 14th, 1784), which met with an ovation from the English public. There followed *Seduction* and *The School for Arrogance*, two unimportant comedies, and then at Covent Garden, on February 18th, 1792, *The Road to Ruin*, his most popular play, and one that still holds the boards. The dog-eared *rôle* of Goldfinch lent itself surprisingly to the cravings of histrionic ambition, and many are the triumphs that have been won over it. But the play is intolerably artificial, a collection of sententious rhymed tags and stage conventionalities, with a minimum of literary merit. And, though it has been galvanized into life from time to time by the exertions of a capable actor, it is clearly doomed to follow the remainder of its prolific writer's dramas into oblivion.

John Tobin (1770-1804).

The tale of the dramatists may be fitly concluded with the name of John Tobin, who wrote at the very end of our period, and whose work forms a good link between the sentimentalists of the past and the present century. Tobin, if remembered at all, is remembered by one piece, *The Honeymoon*, which was inspired to some extent by *The Taming of the Shrew*, and modelled with more taste than might be expected into a semblance of the Elizabethan manner; it was, in fact, a curious out-of-the-way expression in that most conservative place, the stage, of the dawn of 'Gothic'

[1] See also Chapter II., p. 60; cf. Sichel's sparkling *Sheridan*, 2 vols., 1909; Genest's *English Stage*, vol. v.

revival. Tobin was a solicitor's clerk, whose ambition through life was to get himself acted. What was more unusual was the mistaken idea, which he cherished with something of the passion of Charles Lamb, that the drama of Shakespeare and of Fletcher was a thing for laborious imitation after the lapse of two centuries. Unfortunately, Tobin had no influence with a manager, and never had the encouragement of success; he sent play after play to Drury Lane, only to be rejected or lost. At last, in the autumn of 1804, Wroughton the stage-manager was rummaging the prompter's room when he came upon Tobin's *Honeymoon*, and, being desperately in need of a comedy by a new name, decided to produce it. *The Honeymoon* rivalled *Venice Preserved* in popularity for about thirty years, and then flickered out of public notice as suddenly as it had leapt into it. It is now gathered to rest along with Talfourd's *Ion* and Knowles's *Virginius*.

When taste for literary exhumation is strong and critical acumen weak—what happens? The closing years of the century that witnessed the forgeries of Chatterton, and the 'restorations' of Macpherson and Percy, had also to put up with the palpably sham 'Shakespearean' tragedy of *Vortigern*. Its author, William Henry Ireland (1777-1835), a barrister's clerk, had already, with the aid of his father, a skilful engraver, produced a volume of forged papers claiming to relate to Shakespeare's career, when, on April 2nd, 1796, Sheridan and Kemble produced at Drury Lane the bombastic 'ancient British' drama called *Vortigern*, which was stated to have been discovered by Ireland among the other Shakespeare papers. Kemble, as was usual with him in new tragic parts, 'did not try'; but the piece, though it imposed upon a section of the literary public, would probably not have succeeded in any case, and the fraud was finally traced to young Ireland in Malone's able *Enquiry into the authenticity of the Ireland Manuscripts*.

Incitement to literary forgery was happily but one side of the Shakespearean revival. Apart from the valuable illustrations of Shakespeare afforded by critics such as Steevens and Malone, the movement led to the purification of the stage-texts and, gradually, to the complete banishment from the boards of the travesties by Davenant, Otway, Shadwell, Durfey, Dennis, Lansdowne, Cibber, Colman, and Nahum Tate, whose version of *Lear* is generally considered to have established a record for bad taste.

CHAPTER X.

THE POETS.

I. *The Tradition of Pope.*

The middle of the eighteenth century, which has been too often denounced for its deficiency in poetry, literally abounded in poets. The wit of the day was expected to establish his standing, if not by a tragedy, then by a poem in the heroic measure. This understanding gave rise to the performance upon the instrument of Pope of a crowd of rhymesters—a poetical mob. Versifying became, in the words of Lady Mary Montagu, as common as taking snuff (the usual practice of the great ladies of that age). Others compared it with an epidemical distemper—a kind of murrain. The result was the conversion into metrical form of a quantity of raw material, which should have been shaped into periodical essays. In this shape it would have been perfectly innocuous, happily forgotten; as it is, a large proportion of this perfunctory verse constitutes a literary nuisance, like lumber which has gone astray and got into the wrong department of a warehouse. The fact was that Pope had familiarized the heroic couplet to a dangerous extent. The initial difficulty of instruments like the violin or the flute operates to keep sciolists away from the manipulation of them; the comparative simplicity of the piano allures would-be performers, and leads those who are often the merest tyros to imagine they are achieving results.

Similarly, the ease and adaptability of the couplet inveigled a large number of versifiers into imagining that poetry was their appropriate form of expression.

Poets Laureate.

At the head of the performers of this class, room may be fittingly found for the official versifiers, or poets laureate. The first of these during the Johnsonian epoch, Colley Cibber, is much more intimately connected with the Age of Pope, if only on account of his pre-eminent part in *The Dunciad*. He was, upon his death on December 12th, 1757, succeeded by William Whitehead.[1]

> 'Next Whitehead came, his worth a pinch of snuff,
> But for a laureate, he was good enough.'

His indifferent *Roman Father*, a play in the manner of Rowe, appeared in 1750, and his collected *Poems* in 1754. At his best he approaches Namby-pamby Philips. Whitehead, who had long been an inmate of Lord Jersey's family, died in April, 1784. An epitaph in the style of 'Prince Fred's' does him substantial justice:

> 'Beneath this stone a Poet Laureate lies,
> Nor good, nor great, nor foolish, nor yet wise,
> Not meanly humble, nor yet swelled with pride,
> He simply liv'd—and just as simply died.'

Henry James Pye (1745-1813).

He was succeeded by Thomas Warton, who died in 1790, and was in turn succeeded by Henry James Pye, a country gentleman, whose main object in life was to obtain recognition as a poet. He was fitted to shine as a police

[1] The laureate must be distinguished from Paul Whitehead (1710-1774), a clever but disreputable imitator of Pope, whose *Poems*, containing *The State Dunces* (written in 1733) were edited in 1777 by Captain Edward Thompson, author of some sea-songs and 'shady' light verse.

magistrate, and he did, in fact, write an admirable compendium of the duties of a justice of the peace. If while still of tender years he could have been induced, like Blackstone, to utter a *Lawyer's Farewell to his Muse*, we should have been spared many examples of 'the art of sinking in poetry.' As a poet Pye sank below Whitehead. His reputed *magnum opus* was a lengthy epic called *Alfred*, but the chief event of his laureateship was the commutation of the annual perquisite of a tierce of canary for an annual payment of £27. The appearance of one of his 'birthday odes,' always punctual, patriotic, and crowded with allusions to vocal groves and feathered choirs, is said to have evoked from George Steevens the impromptu—

> 'When the *Pye* was opened
> The Birds began to sing:
> Wasn't that a dainty Dish
> To set before a King?'

Samuel Johnson (1709-1784).

The priority given to these laureated scholars in the school of Pope is accorded to their official position. In general influence and importance, if not in actual merit, the first place among the transmitters of the tradition of Pope must be assigned to Johnson. But the difference between the metrical utterance of a Cibber or a Whitehead and that of Johnson is one of degree only, not of kind. Prologues (at which he was an adept) apart, expression in verse was not thoroughly congenial to Johnson. He is conventional without escaping his own particular weakness for ponderous verbiage. In his first poem, *London*, an imitation of the third satire of Juvenal, published in May, 1738, we find the avowed devotee of Fleet Street eagerly adopting hollow sentimental denunciations of the corruption of towns, and singing the praise of an

innocent country life. More sincere was his second poem, *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, published in 1749, the same year in which Gray completed his *Elegy*. Here he gives classical and memorable expression to some of his profoundest convictions. 'Infelicity is involved in corporeal nature and interwoven with our being.' 'The cure for the greatest part of human miseries is not radical, but palliative.' Such maxims as these from *The Rambler* form the subject-matter of the poem. The passage in which he exposes the vanity of the hopes of the young scholar is thoroughly typical:

> 'Should Reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
> And pour on misty Doubt resistless day;
> Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,
> Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright;
> Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
> And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;
> Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
> Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart;
> Should no Disease thy torpid veins invade,
> Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade,—
> Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
> Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee:
> Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
> And pause awhile from learning, to be wise;
> There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,—
> Toil, envy, want, the patron, [1] and the jail.'

We perceive at once that Johnson is more of a rhetorician than a poet, and even as a rhetorician he lacks the exquisite point and tact of Pope, and still more the graceful ease and delicacy of sentiment that pervade Goldsmith. Figures of speech are strewn around with profusion, yet his verse is not free from glaring technical defects. The passage above is one huge sentence, half protasis, half apodosis.

[1] This read 'garret' before the Chesterfield episode.

The symmetry of this balanced construction and of the end-stopt couplets, with the chiming antithesis of verbs and epithets is terribly monotonous. The rhyming is generally accurate, yet this very poem is disfigured by *God* being made to rhyme with *bestow'd*. The slurring of syllables is often no less violent (thus venturous is in Johnsonese a dissyllable). In the third couplet above we have an example of Johnson at his worst. The rhyme to *refrain*, the sense of which is forced, is *vain*, and in the next couplet but one we have *veins invade*, a disagreeable assonance. Yet the faults are redeemed by the vigour of the thought. Profound feeling vibrates through an iron frame. Newman, Scott, Macaulay, and Jowett were deeply moved by the Doctor's verses. Those to Dr. Robert Levett touch every heart.

The Johnsonian melancholy is tempered in the poems by an occasional epigram. Generally speaking, however, it is the sententious and didactic side of Pope that Johnson, with a certain massive achievement not far from success, strained to imitate. Pope's pre-eminence as a lampooner, one may add as a veritable literary wasp, was the heritage, not of Johnson, but of a man whom he despised, Charles Churchill, the great satirical poet of his age.

Charles Churchill (1731-1764).

Born in Vine Street, in February, 1731, the son of a Westminster parson, Churchill was sent in 1739, when eight years old, to Westminster, where there was just then a remarkable group of boys. Bonnell Thornton was in the upper forms; George Colman, Robert Lloyd, Richard Cumberland, and Warren Hastings were almost contemporaries; and just of Churchill's own age was William Cowper, who always looked up to the satirist as his school protector. In 1758, having taken orders, but not a degree, Churchill settled as his father's successor as lecturer and curate of St. John the Evangelist's, Westminster. Churchill

admits himself that he was a drowsy preacher and an idle pastor; it was not likely that a man of his coarse grain would make a pattern divine. The handsome, sensual face prefixed to the edition of Churchill's *Rosciad*, edited in 1891 by Mr. R. Lowe, gives one a better insight into the man than can be obtained from a great quantity of criticism. Having made an imprudent marriage and got heavily into debt, Churchill resolved to try his fate as a poet. His first attempt, *The Bard*, a satire in Hudibrastic verse, was contemptuously rejected. His second attempt, a libel upon the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, would have been published eagerly but for a legal opinion of the danger involved. He determined, accordingly, to libel the defenceless actors on the London stage. From the front row of the pit, which then ran right up to the orchestra, he watched closely 'to discern the real working of the passions of the actors, or what they substituted in place of them.' The players must have often wondered who the ungainly parson was who would sit—

> 'In foremost row before the astonished pit,
> And grin dislike,
> And kiss the spike,
> And twist his mouth, and roll his head awry.'

They soon had their doubts resolved. *The Rosciad* was finished, and Churchill hied to the booksellers. 'A trade more remarkable for misvaluation of its raw material than any other in existence' was alarmed by the price (five guineas, says Southey) that he asked. But Churchill was not to be baffled this time. On March 14th, 1761, appeared *The Rosciad* ('by the author'), printed and published at his own expense. Instead of five, he cleared nearly a thousand guineas by the production.

The lampoon achieved a success not equalled by that of

any satire between *The Dunciad* and Byron's *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. The strong and easy verse, which showed Churchill to be no unworthy follower of Dryden, the rude wit, and above all the daring personalities, made *The Rosciad* the talk of the clubs and coffee-houses. Everyone was asking, who is the author? *The Critical Review* answered that it was by Lloyd and Colman. This led to Churchill claiming the satire, and preparing another in the form of *An Apology*, addressed to the 'Critical Reviewers,' in which Smollett was roughly attacked. In the meantime there had been a panic among the players. It was the remark of one of themselves that they ran about the town like stricken deer. They cared little on their own account, they said; but they grieved so very much for their friends. 'I am not at all concerned for myself,' said one, 'but what has poor Billy Havard done that he should be treated so cruelly?' Davies, well known afterwards as the bookseller who introduced Boswell to Johnson, was driven from the stage by the verse:

'He mouths a sentence as curs mouth a bone.'

Churchill was still to be seen near the spikes dividing the orchestra from the pit, and he now came provided with a cudgel. The expression of his face was anxiously watched by the disconcerted actors. He discarded his black gown, and appeared in a blue coat with metal buttons. The dean, whom he was to have libelled, and his parishioners, were shocked at his improprieties. He accordingly resigned his lectureship and plunged frankly into a life of jollity and dissipation. He published little further until 1762, but from that date until his death he poured forth satires with great rapidity, and on the whole fairly sustained his reputation.

Night (1762), an attack upon the *Day* of John Arm-

strong,[1] was followed by *The Prophecy of Famine*, an onslaught vigorous to the point of grotesque extravagance upon the unpopular Scotch. This was published early in 1763, and henceforth Churchill was labelled as a partisan of John Wilkes, whose tastes and animosities the poet freely adopted. He helped Wilkes in *The North Briton;* and when Hogarth caricatured the patriot, Churchill retorted with his savage *Epistle to Hogarth*. He next published two poems in octosyllabic metre, *The Duellist*, a satire on Wilkes's assailants, Sandwich, Warburton, and Mansfield; and *The Ghost*, in which Johnson is ridiculed as 'Pomposo.' But Churchill was stronger in rhetoric than in versecraft, and he is much happier when imitating Dryden than when cramping his periods into the tricky measure of Butler. *The Conference* and *The Author* completed the tale of the satires produced in 1763. The next year saw no abatement of his energy. *Gotham* (the workmanship of which was over-praised by Cowper) was rapidly followed by *The Candidate*, *The Farewell*, *The Times*, *Independence*, and the unfinished *Journey*. In the autumn of 1764 the satirist went to France to meet his friend Wilkes, and he died at Boulogne on November 4th.

For four years Churchill had been a genuine force in England, felt and feared in the same kind of way as, but with more intensity than, the early Edinburgh Reviewers. Prominent people, who imagined they might come within range of his lash, were extremely careful as to what they said about him. 'Such talent, with prudence, had commanded the nation,' wrote Garrick, but to administer even such a qualified rebuke as this he waited prudently until Churchill was known to be dying. The immediate reputation of Churchill was very great indeed. A common steel pen that he had used fetched the then unheard-of price of

[1] See *The Age of Pope*.

five pounds; his spurs were sold for sixteen guineas. To satisfy the public curiosity, vulgar letters were forged in his name, and Colman went so far as to devise a patriotic death-bed scene for the edification of the public. 'Churchill the poet is dead,' wrote Walpole, 'to the great joy of the ministry and of the Scotch.' 'The meteor blazed scarce four years.' During these years he had been wonderfully prolific. 'He has shown more fertility than I expected,' said Johnson. 'To be sure he is a tree that cannot produce good fruit: he only bears crabs. But, sir, a tree that produces a great many crabs is better than a tree which produces only a few.' The lampoon has become almost a fossil, and Byron, whose lines on Churchill's grave are well known, was perhaps one of the last sincere admirers of Churchill's methods. Much of his work appears to us to-day almost unaccountably rough and coarse, like that of the caricaturists to whose limning his lines seem so well adapted. Such work was, of course, struck off very rapidly, and we must judge it to some extent by its effectiveness. In this respect, during the century *par excellence* of political satire, Churchill was never surpassed. As a literary artist there seems little reason why he should be ranked much higher than Hanbury-Williams or Gifford; but, as illustrating the history and manner of his period, his satirical sketches, like those of Gilray and Rowlandson, are of the utmost interest, and will, no doubt, continue to be highly valued. Churchill's own estimate of his 'muse' would appear to be a much more accurate one than that of some of his too ardent admirers:

> 'Me whom no Muse of heavenly birth inspires,
> No judgment tempers when rash genius fires:
> Who boast no merit but mere knack of rhyme,
> Short gleams of sense, and satire out of time;
> Who cannot follow where trim Fancy leads

By prattling streams o'er flower-empurpled meads;
Who often, but without success, have prayed
For apt alliteration's artful aid;
Who would, but cannot, with a master's skill
Coin fine new epithets, which mean no ill—
Me thus uncouth, thus every way unfit
For pacing poesy and ambling wit,
Taste with contempt beholds, nor deigns to place
Among the lowest of her favoured race!'

Prophecy of Famine.

John Wolcot, 'Peter Pindar' (1738-1819).

Churchill's mantle fell unmistakably upon 'Peter Pindar,' who, if more genial, was scarcely less rude than his master. 'Peter Pindar,' whose real name was Dr. John Wolcot, was born at Dodbrooke, near Kingsbridge in Devonshire, in May, 1738. After medical experience as physician-general at Jamaica, Wolcot returned to England, and after some years of practice at Truro came up to London in 1780 with a sheaf of audacious squibs and lampoons. These he launched literally by the score during the next twenty years. The ministers are said to have tried to bribe him into silence; but he was content with an annuity of £250 from his booksellers, which he enjoyed down to his death, in January, 1819. Wolcot, with his coarse good nature, would have been an ideal librettist for Rowlandson. His favourite instrument was the ode, and his chosen target for satire was His Majesty George III. That monarch's primitive tastes, his wonder at the obvious, his fondness for repeating stale questions and eliciting truisms in reply, are reflected with ludicrous exaggeration in a number of Peter's productions, among which the earliest in point of date are the most vigorous and the best. An alleged order that all the cooks in the palace should have their heads shaved upon the discovery of a parasite in the royal soup occasioned *The Lousiad*, a

burlesque of the heroic ode, in 1786. George's famous inquiry as to how the apples got into the housewife's apple dumplings, the economies of the queen at Frogmore, such themes kept honest Wolcot busy, making the town laugh. Neither Charles II. at the hands of Marvell, nor George IV. at the hands of Moore or Thackeray, had to stand such a steady fire of lampoon as that which 'Pindar' levelled against the irreproachable George III. Other butts were Whitehead, Bruce, Banks, but above all 'Bozzy.' When Boswell brought out his *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*, Wolcot was prompt with a witty epistle in which the eminent cicerone was compared with 'a tomtit twittering on an eagle's back.' Better still (in conception, at any rate) was *Bozzy and Piozzi, or the British Biographers, a Town Eclogue*, in which the competition between Boswell and Mrs. Thrale as sources of Johnsonian revelation is thrown into effective humorous relief. In his *Lyric Odes*, in which the chief Royal Academicians of the day are mercilessly satirized, Wolcot makes the nearest approach to the author of *The Rosciad*.

Christopher Anstey (1724-1805).

After speaking of Churchill and Wolcot, the remainder of the light verse of the Age of Johnson may be fittingly noticed and dismissed; but in order to do this one must go back in point of time from 'Peter Pindar,' the continuator of Churchill, to Christopher Anstey, who was not a continuator at all, but was in a small way a literary pioneer. The son of a Cambridgeshire rector, Anstey was educated at Eton, the *alma mater* of occasional poets, and at Cambridge, whence he was rusticated for a literary impertinence. He settled down as a country gentleman upon competent means and obtained a seat in parliament through his father-in-law. Like the rest of the fashionable world, he paid periodical visits to Bath; and on the humours of

that place he indited from time to time a series of light satirical epistles in charming light verse.[1] These he collected and issued anonymously in 1766 under the title of *The New Bath Guide.* The letters are supposed to be written by the different members of a family staying in Bath to their mother in the country. It was a happy inspiration, and Anstey had many imitators; his book became a 'standard pattern.' From it Smollett is said to have got the idea which inspired him to describe the tour of the Brambles in his immortal *Humphrey Clinker.*

Anstey was a good versifier, and he tried several measures in his epistles, octosyllabic, heroic, anapæstic, and amphibrachic, all with success. He is shrewd as well as diverting; but the texture of the epistles is very slight, and it will generally be admitted that he was fairly eclipsed in his own manner by Praed.

From Anstey we come by an easy transition to another group of satirists, who combined his lightness of touch and metrical skill with some of the polemical ferocity of Churchill. In 1784 a group of high-spirited and ingenious Whig 'forwards' combined to produce an amusing series of papers, in which objectionable books and hostile politicians were attacked from behind a buckler of parody.

The Rolliad.

The papers were collected in 1785 under the title *The Rolliad* (aimed chiefly at Pitt, but named after one of the less formidable butts, Lord Rolle), forming a curious amalgam of literary and political satire.[2] A coterie of scheming politicians is

[1] He employed the anapæstic tetrameter of Prior.

[2] For details as to the authorship of the several pieces in *The Rolliad*, see *Notes and Queries*, First Series, Vols. II. and III. The idea of the burlesque *Probationary Odes for the Laureateship*, attributed to the Rev. Dudley Bate, was evidently the germ of *Rejected Addresses.*

well exposed, and there is a good deal of fun, sometimes coarse, but an improvement upon the *State Poems* of a century back. The book contains some novel verse forms, such as rondeaux and madrigals, rarely to be seen in the eighteenth century. Among the contributors were Dr. French Laurence (1757-1809), General Richard Fitzpatrick (1747-1813), Richard Tickell (1751-1793), and George Ellis (1753-1815), better known as the editor of *Specimens of the Early English Poets* (1790). Ellis is remarkable, however, as a link between *The Rolliad* and its far more brilliant Tory successor, *The Anti-Jacobin*, which he helped Canning to found in November, 1797. Canning's career belongs to politics. It is enough to say that when at Eton he won distinction by his contributions to *The Microcosm*. In a lucky hour he conceived the idea of *The Anti-Jacobin*, a weekly newspaper interspersed with poetry, the avowed object of which was to expose the viciousness of the doctrines of the French Revolution, and to serve as a weapon of offence against the extreme reformers and French sympathizers of the opposition to Pitt. The opposition had hitherto rather prided itself on having all the young literary talent of the day upon its side. Canning's light skirmishers, including, besides Ellis, John Hookham Frere, Jenkinson (afterwards Earl of Liverpool), and Lord Morpeth, soon dispelled this illusion. Canning himself wrote the prospectus to the first number (Nov. 20th, 1797), but the editing was intrusted to the vigorous and unscrupulous pen of William Gifford. So vigorous, indeed, were his onslaughts that Wilberforce and other moderate supporters of the government were alarmed; Pitt was induced to interfere, and after coruscating for eight months *The Anti-Jacobin*, in its original form, ceased to exist.

The Anti-Jacobin.

The portion of *The Anti-Jacobin* which retains literary

interest is, of course, exclusively the poetry. This consists for the most part of extremely clever parodies, some of them almost entirely of political, but others of literary interest, and not altogether unlike those which Isaac Hawkins Browne had strung together much earlier in the century in his *Tobacco Pipe*. Some of the most noted of the parodies are: *Inscription on Mrs. Brownrigg's Cell*, by Canning and Frere, after Southey's sonnet on Henry Marten; *The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder* (aimed at the 'cosmopolitan' sentiment of George Tierney), by the same, after Southey's Sapphic stanzas commencing 'Cold was the night wind; drifting fast the snow fell'; *The Soldier's Friend*, in dactylic metre, by the same, after *The Soldier's Wife* of Southey; *The Progress of Man*, a parody of Richard Payne Knight's *Progress of Civil Society*, by Canning, Gifford, and Frere; *The Loves of the Triangles*, a parody of Darwin's *Loves of the Plants*, by Frere; *Brissot's Ghost*, in the metre of Glover's ballad, *Admiral Hosier's Ghost*, by Frere; *The Rovers*, a parody on Schiller's *Robbers*, by Canning, Frere, Ellis, and Gifford; *The New Morality*, a trenchant valedictory address in heroic couplets, by the same four collaborators.

William Gifford, who devoted such energy to correcting 'Jacobin Lies,' was well qualified for putting down impostors, as he had shown by the drastic vigour with which, in his *Baviad* and its sequel *The Mæviad* (1789), he had pulverized the group of poetasters, headed by Robert Merry (1755-1798), and styled Della Cruscans, from the domestication of a section of the precious coterie (which included Parsons, Greathead, Mrs. Piozzi, and Hannah Cowley) at Florence. The Della Cruscan effusions appeared in *The Oracle* and *The World* during 1786-8,

[1] For interesting Anti-Jacobiniana, see Edmonds's *Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin*, 1890, and Festing's *J. Hookham Frere*, 1899

and many of them were collected in *The British Album* of 1789. Their verses, said Gifford, opened the sluicegates of sentimental slush, and everyone who could fit rhymes now longed to commit suicide in verse, or to drop a poetic tear upon a suicide's grave. Similar mutual admiration societies were presided over by Lady Miller at Batheaston, and at Lichfield by Darwin and the Sewards.

Minor Satirists.

Among the lesser lampooners and skirmishers in light verse were Richard Owen Cambridge (1717-1802), a conversational wit of literary tastes who published, in 1751, *The Scribleriad*, an attack upon false taste; Francis Fawkes (1721-1777), a translator whose 'principal defects' are 'want of judgment and good taste,' but whose song in *Poems and Translations* (1761) describing how the clay of that jolly toper, Toby Fillpot, was transmuted into a *Brown Jug* is not yet forgotten; Bonnell Thornton (1724-1768), author of a burlesque, *Ode on Saint Cœcilia's Day* (1763) and *The Battle of the Wigs;* Arthur Murphy (1727-1805), the assailant of Churchill in *The Naiads of the Fleet Ditch* (1761) and similar Grub Street odes; Robert Lloyd (1733-1764), author of *The Actor* (1760), a satire which stimulated Churchill to write *The Rosciad;* and John Hall Stevenson (1718-1785), the unworthy continuator of the *Sentimental Journey*, who obtained a secluded success of scandal for his *Crazy Tales* (1762), but is better known as the initiator of Sterne into some of the mysteries of Medmenham.[1]

Oliver Goldsmith (1728-1774).

From the satirists we may return to the legitimate heirs of Pope, as represented by one of the greatest exponents of the heroic couplet, Oliver Goldsmith. When *The Traveller* appeared in December, 1764, Johnson remarked with

[1] See p. 186.

prompt good judgment that there had not been so fine a poem since Mr. Pope's time. Goldsmith lacks the exquisite point and the intellectual subtlety of Pope, no doubt; but he inherits Pope's lucidity, he shares his mastery over the couplet, and he is more than his equal in the poetical subtlety that springs from genuine sentiment. As for the polite savagery of Pope, it is replaced in him by a kindly and serene urbanity, and a playfulness which is reminiscent rather of Addison and of Gay. Boswell made the absurd suggestion that *The Traveller* derived its charm from the conversation of Johnson, to whom Goldsmith had acted as a kind of poetical reporter. It is possible, certainly, that Johnson may have suggested the theme of the meditation and the conclusion that happiness depends little on political institutions, and much upon the temper and regulation of our own minds; but, beyond this, he did little more than add a few stops to the poem, and suggest some four couplets at the end (which Goldsmith did adopt), and the cumbrous title *The Philosophic Wanderer* (which he happily did not). In neatness, grace, and graphic power, not to speak of *bonhomie* and humour, Goldsmith was, indeed, greatly the superior of his powerful mentor.

All these qualities, together with some passages of Thomsonian delineation, and an idiomatic vigour which, as it approaches Swift, is more remote from Johnson than anything in *The Traveller*, are best displayed in Goldsmith's second and most elaborate poem. *The Deserted Village* appeared in May, 1770, and not only stirred the youthful enthusiasm of Goethe, but, what is more remarkable, elicited from Gray, in his critical old age, the exclamation, 'This man is a poet.' As evidence of Goldsmith's accomplishment as an artist such a testimony is supreme. Goldsmith, whose quality is so excellent

throughout, is one of the few poets whose quantity is felt to be much too small. The tenderness of his heart, the sweetness and finish of his versification, the strength of his visualizing faculty more than compensate for his lack of spontaneity. Unfortunately, apart from *The Traveller* and *The Deserted Village*, we have extremely little from the hand of this exquisite poetical essayist. Two bright and stirring pieces in the anapæstic measure, both exceedingly well known, *Thanks, my Lord, for your venison, for finer and fatter*, and *Retaliation*, in playful revenge for a clever skit upon the author by David Garrick,[1] these, the somewhat mawkish ballad of *Edwin and Angelina* and a few scraps and *jeux d'esprit* such as *The Description of an Author's Bedchamber*, in the manner of Dryden, are practically all that we have.[2] Those who look to poets for a 'message' would probably not rate Goldsmith very high. Like the novels of Scott, his poems were designed merely to please, and, like them, they succeeded.

A precipice separates Goldsmith from the remaining metrists of the Popean school, such as William Falconer, the son of a poor Edinburgh barber, born in February, 1732, who became the mate of a ship and was shipwrecked in the Levant. In 1762 he published his experiences in florid heroics. Like Armstrong's *Art of Preserving Health* (or, to take a more modern instance, one of Mr. Kipling's

William Falconer (1732-1769).

[1] The well-known distich:

> 'Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness call'd Noll,
> Who wrote like an angel, but talk'd like poor Poll.'

[2] Chronology of Goldsmith's Poems: *Elegy on Mrs. Mary Blaize* (1759), *Author's Bedchamber* (1760), *Traveller* (1764), *Edwin and Angelina or The Hermit* (1765), *Elegy on Mad Dog* (1766), *Deserted Village* (1770), *Haunch of Venison* (written 1771), *Retaliation* (1773?).

tales), *The Shipwreck* abounds in highly abstruse technical terms; but the temperature of the poem is frigid, and such fidelity of colouring as it possesses is insufficient to preserve it against the ravages of time. Falconer's iambics are impeccable, he describes with conviction and fluency, and, when he puts aside the fashionable classical diction and uses the language of real life, his vigour is unmistakable; but he has little style and very little poetic feeling.

Richard Glover (1712-1785).

Richard Glover, born in London in 1712, is a poet who belongs to the same category as Falconer. He has got his name indissolubly linked with a poem, *Leonidas*, which is never read, but as an epic poem, in blank verse and in nine books, is vaguely supposed to be worthy of respect. When literary chroniclers have the courage entirely to ignore such shadowy poets as Falconer and Glover and Grainger, the poetic character of the period they are supposed to illustrate will be the gainer. *Leonidas* appeared in 1737, and two years later, upon the capture of Porto Bello by Vernon, Glover made an effective attack on Walpole's reputed lack of patriotism in his ballad, *Admiral Hosier's Ghost*, a fine example of the trochaic measure. The first two verses form a splendid opening to a ballad:

> 'When at Porto Bello lying
> On the gently swelling flood.' . . .

Glover died in London on November 25th, 1785, a second ponderous epic, *The Athenaid*, being published posthumously in 1787.

James Grainger (1721-1766).

Another of these verse-tract writers was James Grainger, the son of an exciseman in co. Berwick, and born there in 1721. Having taken his M.D. degree at Edinburgh, Grainger went as an army surgeon, wrote as a critic for *The Monthly*

Review, and was well trounced by Smollett in its rival, *The Critical*, for a metrical *Translation of the Elegies of Tibullus*. In 1759 he set out for St. Kits in the West Indies, and while there superintended an estate, doctored the planters, speculated in negro slaves, and studied botany. On his return he put forth an unhappy poem in four books on the cultivation of *The Sugar Cane* (1764, 4to). Johnson was horrified at the bald reference to such unpoetic creatures as rats, and when at a public reading of the poem the author asks in mock-heroic vein, 'Say, shall I sing of rats?' Johnson is said to have caused consternation by the vehemence with which he exclaimed 'No!' Grainger returned to St. Kitts and died there on December 16th, 1766.

Minor Bards.

Among the diminutive poets of this age whose writings are preserved in the collections which marked the early years of this present century (notably the *English Poets from Chaucer to Cowper*, edited in twenty-one volumes by Alexander Chalmers in 1810, and embodying the critical prefaces of Johnson), a few only can be selected for the briefest possible mention. Priority may be given on chronological grounds to Robert Dodsley (1703-1764), originally a footman, and best known for his edition of *Old Plays* (1744) and his typical eighteenth-century anthology, the *Collection of Poems by Several Hands* (1748-58). His *Muse in Livery* first saw the light in 1732, but his *Miscellanies* did not appear until eight years after his death, in 1772; they contain some pleasing songs, such as *One kind kiss before we part*. William Thompson (1712-1766) published in 1757 two 'tomes,' as he called them, of verse, affording a high idea of the author's piety. His lugubrious poem in heroic verse called *Sickness* was suggested, perhaps by the popularity of Young and Armstrong, or, possibly, by *The Spleen* of Matthew Green. William Wilkie

(1721-1772) wrote a poem in nine books describing the sacking of Thebes by the Epigoni, called *The Epigoniad* (1757). The work, despite its lack of competent scholarship, was described by Smollett as conferring a lustre upon the reign of George II. Other Scots formed a ring of defence around their compatriot, on whom the title of 'Scottish Homer' was bestowed by friends as indiscreet as those who compared Homer with Shakespeare. Some good stories of the rustic Grecian, his Linlithgow garb and dialect, were retailed by Sam. Rogers (see Clayden's *Early Life*, 166). Edward Lovibond (1724-1775) wrote some pretty sentimental verses, *The Tears of Old May Day*, which inspired better poets than himself, such as Fergusson and Bruce. Having originally appeared in *The World*, his *Poems on Several Occasions* were collected in 1785. Richard Jago (1715-1781), a poet of the fellowship of Denham and Dyer, or still more, perhaps, Pastoral Philips, published a pleasing elegy, *The Blackbirds*, in 1753, and a pastoral in four books, or cantos, called *Edge-Hill*, in 1767. A poetaster of a similar type was John Langhorne (1735-1779), better remembered as the translator of Plutarch.[1] He was a prolific writer of sentimental verse, pastoral elegies, *Visions of Fancy*, *Tears of Music*, and many such elegant inanities, collected in 1804. Then there was Henry Brooke (1703-1783), author of *The Fool of Quality*, who wrote a consistently dull philosophical poem in six books, entitled *Universal Beauty*, the reputed original of Darwin's *Botanic Garden*, and published in 1738 a metrical translation of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered* (Books I. and II.). More interesting is Thomas Blacklock (1721-

[1] Langhorne wrote at least one line that will live:

'Cold on Canadian Hills or Minden's plain,'

enshrined in Scott's memorable account of his meeting with Burns. Cf. Churton Collins, *Treasury of Minor British Poetry*, 1896.

1791), who issued a volume of *Poems* in 1754, including pastorals and epistles, not at all below the standard of early Georgian elegance. His distinction is that he was born blind, and he certainly combines images that must have been second-hand with a remarkable skill. He wrote a long article on Blindness in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Sir William Jones (1746-1794), the great scholar, published *The Game of Chess*, adapted from the poem by Vida (oft translated by English pens) with no little metrical dexterity. He also issued translations from Petrarch, and from Latin, Turkish, Persian, and Sanskrit. Many of his Indian verses, too, are beautiful, full of Oriental colour and imagery, but employing a large number of exotic words in a somewhat indiscriminate manner. Another writer who combined Indian antiquities and English poesy was Thomas Maurice (1754-1824), for whose version of *Œdipus Tyrannus* Johnson wrote a preface; but he is best remembered on account of Byron's allusion to 'the petrifactions of his plodding brain.' Thomas Moss (*d.* 1808), a Staffordshire parson, published at Wolverhampton in 1769 his *Poems on Several Occasions*, the first of which is the well-known and truly pathetic *Pity the Sorrows of a poor old man*, of which there are many versions—one in Latin, as *Mendici Supplicatio*—and parodies. A fitting place may be found at the end of a tail of poetasters for the dilettante William Hayley (1745-1820), a sort of diminutive of John Byrom.[1] From Eton, where he imbibed his unfortunate passion for versifying, he proceeded to Trinity, and then to the Temple. As a matter of course he learnt Spanish, wrote for the magazines, and composed a tragedy. His *Triumphs of Temper* and *Triumphs of Music* (1781 and 1784) have been deservedly

[1] For Byrom and his contemporaries Shenstone and Armstrong, see *The Age of Pope*. For Dodsley's *Miscellany* see W. P. Courtney's *Notes*, 1910.

ridiculed by Byron. His *Life of Milton,* in 1794, was a failure, and he is chiefly remembered on account of his attempt to befriend Blake, and his more successful relations with Cowper, Romney, Flaxman, and Southey, who wrote that everything was good about him except his poetry.

A worthier continuator of the poetical tradition of Pope was Dr. Erasmus Darwin (1731-1802), a man of such remarkable intellectual and scientific ability that it is somewhat curious he should have devoted so persistent an energy to probing the possibilities (and impossibilities) of the couplet of Pope. Extraordinary in many respects, Darwin was not least so in the fact that in Johnson's native Lichfield he held a kind of court as a rival dictator of letters, whose sympathies were not merely Whig, but free-thinking, Radical, and almost Jacobin. He was a clever physician, an enthusiastic botanist, and a prolific theorist. To the characteristics proper to these parts he added a finished skill in smooth and sonorous versification, as he showed in his poem *The Botanic Garden* (1789-92), the scheme of which was suggested first by some lines of Miss Seward's, and secondly, it would appear, by Brooke's *Universal Beauty.* There is no doubt that Darwin, with intuitive genius, anticipated Lamarck in some of his luckiest speculations, and caught glimpses of principles and doctrines expounded some sixty years later by his grandson, Charles Darwin, and by Herbert Spencer, in their evolution hypothesis. The following passage is certainly not deficient in rhetorical grandeur:

> 'Roll on, ye stars, exult in youthful prime;
> Mark with bright curves the printless steps of Time;
> Near and more near your beamy cars approach,
> And lessening orbs on lessening orbs encroach.
> Flowers of the sky! ye too to age must yield,
> Frail as your silken sisters of the field;

Star after star from heaven's high arch shall rush,
Suns sink on suns and systems systems crush;
Headlong, extinct to one dark centre fall,
And death and night and chaos mingle all:
Till o'er the wreck, emerging from the storm,
Immortal nature lifts her changeful form,
Mounts from her funeral pyre on wings of flame,
And soars and shines, another and the same!'

It cannot be denied that there is something exquisitely ludicrous about many episodes in *The Loves of the Plants*, as one of the sections of *The Botanic Garden* is styled. Of this Darwin himself was probably fully aware, for he was by no means devoid of humour. The general public ignored this absurd side until the appearance of Frere's irresistible parody in *The Anti-Jacobin, The Loves of the Triangles*, in which

'Fair Hydrostatics, simpering as they go,
Lead the light Naiads on Fantastic toe;
Th' obedient pulley strong Mechanics ply,
And wanton Optics roll the melting eye.'

Darwin was delighted with the parody, not foreseeing that his poem would live, not in spite of, but in consequence of, the ridicule. His reputation, sanctioned by Walpole, Cowper, and Coleridge, was destined, perhaps unjustly, to be preserved only by the Attic salt of his political foes.

II. *The Transition.*

In his poetical prelections, to which he gives the title *Imagination and Fancy*, Leigh Hunt leaves a complete gap between Milton and Coleridge, thus excluding from his English Helicon not only Dryden and Pope, but also the initiators of the romantic movement in English Poetry, such as Thomson and Collins, the Wartons and Beattie, Gray and Cowper. We must perhaps make some allow-

ance for the inevitable bias of critics against the generation penultimate to their own, and the strong partiality of the circle of Lamb for the Elizabethan manner; yet may we recognize the substantial justice of the rescript which excludes Gray and Cowper from a place between Milton and Coleridge on the highest plane of imaginative poetry. What might in Amiel's words be said of the Shelleyan group of poets, that imagination was their intellectual axis, that passion stirred their imagination and ruled supreme over their reason, was the reverse of truth regarding the two most accomplished poets of our epoch. The greatness of both consisted in the expression of universal sentiments and emotions in supremely fitting language; and a good deal may be forgiven even by a romanticist to a poet, like Gray, who devotes a lifetime to stringing together a few melodious phrases as a perpetual utterance of our better moods. Among poets of this order, a very high one, if not the highest, Gray and Cowper have seldom been surpassed. Their manner was elaborated to the simplicity and ease which marks the attainment of the highest point of literary skill. Both have achieved a permanent home in our English tongue, have moulded to some extent the very tone of English sentiment. In this they were representative of their age, a very formative one as regards national character; and it is characteristic, too, that in the Elizabethan or early nineteenth-century qualities of imaginative insight and intensity they are inferior to two emphatically minor poets, William Collins and Christopher Smart.

The negative side of Johnson's power of appreciation is well illustrated by his remarks upon Collins. 'His diction,' says the doctor, 'was often harsh, unskilfully laboured, and injudiciously selected. He affected the obsolete when it was not worthy of revival; and he puts his words out of

the common order, seeming to think, with some later candidates for fame [this was a hit at Gray], that not to write prose is certainly to write poetry. His lines commonly are of slow motion, clogged and impeded with clusters of consonants. As men who are often esteemed who cannot be loved, so the poetry of Collins may sometimes extort praise when it gives little pleasure.' Johnson's sympathies, one may say his prejudices, were, of course, always strongly enlisted on the side of Dryden, whose methods had been brought to such perfection by Pope. The epoch of the latter had been one of connoisseurs and critics, and among these Pope had been accepted sovereign. The range of subjects, under his sway, came to be strictly defined by convention, and within the sphere thus delimited poetical production became a labour of application and intelligence, increasingly devoid of warmth of feeling and spontaneity of utterance, more and more deliberately calculated.[1] What was needed was a new field of observation, a new method of introspection: an appeal to the human heart through nature.

William Collins (1721-1759).

Of this new mode of appeal Collins was undoubtedly a pioneer. Montégut has shown how in Collins is to be found the germ of the romantic movement which blossomed in *Christabel*. The new sounds which he uttered reverberated

[1] From an endeavour such as this to estimate the general or predominant tendency of a period the student will always make large deductions. The chosen literature of an age does not express its entire, but only its prevailing spirit. Pope himself read Spenser with delight. Then, not less than now, writers were not impervious to the beauties of an opposing school. Pope may have been incapable of making romantic poetry, but was not, therefore, incapable of appreciating it. So, side by side with those who accepted his doctrines, there grew up a race of insurgents—the two tendencies are subsisting side by side during the whole of our period.

distinctly through the successive appeals from the classical school made by the Wartons and Gray and Chatterton, Percy, Russell, and Bowles. How far he was really an initiator is a point much more difficult to determine, or again how far his influence was effectual. There seems little doubt of the debt incurred to Collins by Gray, though Gray rebukes without ceremony the minor poet's incorrectness and his lack of ear. Collins's beautiful *Ode to Evening* commences by appealing to a mood or phasis of sentiment closely akin to that of the *Elegy*, and some lines[1] are suggestive of familiar verses of the elegist.

The son of a hatter at Chichester, where he was born on Christmas Day, 1721, William Collins was educated at Winchester and at Magdalen College, Oxford. Precocious as a youth, he composed at seventeen the *Persian Eclogues* (1742) which open the slender volume of his verse; and he seems to have read widely and with judgment, if we may go by the 'epistle' which he addressed to Sir Thomas Hanmer in 1743, and which contains a noteworthy if isolated fragment of criticism. As a career he contemplated vaguely the church, the army, letters. As a first experiment he came to London, having many projects in his head. At the close of 1746 he printed his *Odes*, a thin pamphlet of three and a half sheets, but including the *Ode to Evening*, *The Passions*, and the flute-like *Ode to Pity*. Its ill-success vexed him so acutely that he threw on the fire a number of the unsold copies to which he had access. Rarely after this did he break silence; but on Thomson's death, in 1748, he wrote the pathetic ode, *In*

[1] Take the third stanza for example :

'Now air is hushed save where the weak-eyed bat,
With short, shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing ;
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn.'

yonder Grave a Druid lies, and in 1749 he addressed his *Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands*, his last surviving work, to Home, the author of *Douglas*. This beautiful ode, prophetic of so much that has since come to pass in the sphere of imaginative poetry, shows that up to 1749 the poet was in full enjoyment of his powers. In the same year he inherited a small fortune from his uncle and retired to Chichester. But, says his first biographer, 'Man is not born for happiness. Collins, who while he studied to live felt no evil but poverty, no sooner lived to study, than his life was assailed by more dreadful calamities, disease and insanity.' He gradually subsided into habitual melancholia, and had to be confined temporarily in an asylum, though he returned to die in his sister's house at Chichester on June 12th, 1759.

Essentially a lyric poet, Collins shows a harmonious smoothness and felicity in almost all he wrote, a good deal less than two thousand verses in all. Montégut claims for him that since Ariel's 'Full fathom five' (1612) nothing had appeared comparable in its kind to the elfin music of the stanza written early in 1746:

> 'By fairy hands their knell is rung;
> By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
> There honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
> To deck the turf that wraps their clay;
> And freedom shall awhile repair,
> To dwell, a weeping hermit, there!'

His fondness for the pastoral idyll, and his skill in conveying the charm and the nuances of his conception by delicate impressionist touches, have gained for Collins a deserved comparison with the great painter of the *Crépuscule*.

It was in the same year that Collins put forth his *Persian Eclogues* (1742) that Thomas Gray,[1] having returned

[1] The son, like Milton, of a city scrivener, Gray was born at his father's house in Cornhill, on December 26th, 1716. (See also p. 32.)

to Cambridge, entered the noble ranks of the English Poets, for to that year are referred his Odes *To Spring*, *On a distant Prospect of Eton College*, *On Adversity*, and the *Sonnet upon the Death of Richard West*. During the next five years, a victim to dejection, Gray buried himself at Cambridge among the classics. Then he wrote the delicious trifle *On the Death of Mr. Walpole's Cat*. Next year a new friend, William Mason, found the means of enticing the solitary recluse from his hermitage. Three odes printed in *Dodsley's Miscellany* during 1748 introduced his work to the public. In the summer of 1750, after two or three years' elaboration, he finished the *Elegy*, which was published by Dodsley as *An Elegy wrote in a Country Churchyard* in February, 1751. The *Elegy* (like Shakespeare's 'sugred sonets,' like Coleridge's *Christabel*) had circulated for some months as an ingenious fragment among Gray's friends. At the last it was printed rather hurriedly in order to anticipate unauthorized publication in a magazine, and 'Nurse Dodsley[1] gave it a pinch or two in its cradle,' the sensitive author complains to Walpole. Several supplementary or alternative stanzas were written by Gray at various times for the purpose of being fitted into the poem, but were eventually suppressed. The best of them is one designed for insertion immediately before the Epitaph:

Thomas Gray (1716-1771).

> 'There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
> By hands unseen are showers of violets found;
> The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
> And little footsteps lightly print the ground.'

This appears in the third and other editions, but Gray struck it out, disliking, no doubt, the length of such a parenthesis between 'Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay' and the Epitaph itself; perhaps, too, he

[1] See p. 69, note.

shunned the strong resemblance to the stanzas in Collins's *Dirge*.[1]

It seems a pity that Gray did not devote some of the energy he expended on these extra stanzas to perfecting the Epitaph, which remains the weakest part of the poem. Apart from the bad rhyme in the last stanza, one fails to see why the frailties of a man should either dwell in the place or behave in the manner ascribed to them. Upon the whole, however, few poems are more faultless than the *Elegy*. Its 'divine truisms make me weep,' said Tennyson. Most Englishmen carry through life a favourite stanza, and it is well known how Wolfe repeated a number of the verses as he floated down the St. Lawrence on the eve of his crowning victory. Had Gray written often thus it had been vain to blame and useless to praise him.

The *Elegy* was Gray's *Penseroso*. The *sombres plaisirs d'un cœur mélancolique* were well adapted to his idiosyncrasy. But his attempt at a *L'Allegro* in *The Long Story*, written apparently in 1750 after the manner of Prior, though pleasing enough, is quite lacking in distinction. In 1753 *Six Poems by Mr. T. Gray* were published in a luxurious folio. Next year he wrote two elaborate *Pindaric Odes*, which were privately printed by his friend Horace Walpole in 1757. Their publication pointed decisively to Gray as the most accomplished poet of the day (Goldsmith and Cowper were still mute), and he was

> 'To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
> Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
> Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
> And rifle all the breathing spring.
>
> 'The redbreast oft, at evening hours,
> Shall kindly lend his little aid,
> With hoary moss, and gathered flowers,
> To deck the ground where thou art laid.'

offered, but did not accept, the laureateship upon the death of Colley Cibber. In 1759 he published *The Progress of Poesy* and *The Bard* ('Some that tried them confessed their inability to understand them . . . many were content to be shown beauties they could not see,' commented Johnson), and his studies of early English poetry, leading him to the analogous study of Icelandic and Runic verse, he essayed the Eddaic poems, *The Descent of Odin* and *The Fatal Sisters*.[1] In 1768 he collected his *Poems*, after which appeared his 'Installation Ode' and a very few fragments. He died at Pembroke College on July 30th, 1771, and was buried in Stoke Poges churchyard.[2]

When all Gray's poetry is taken into account, the sum total scarcely exceeds the output of Collins. The spontaneity was much less. Gray was a scholar-poet like Spenser, like Milton, and like Tennyson, and in elaborating his work as he wrote, he seems to have far surpassed them all. His epithets are often far-sought, his atmosphere

[1] Cf. p. 34. How far Gray knew Runic or Old Norse it is impossible to say. Besides Mallett, he seems to have studied the *Orcades* of Torfaeus, the *Literatura Runica* of Olaus Wormius, and the well-known *Thesaurus* (1705) of Dr. George Hickes. See the admirable *History of English Romanticism*, by Henry A. Beers, 1899, Chapter V. (Cf. A. A. Jack's *Essays; Encycl. Brit.*, 11th ed.)

[2] It is worth noting that the quatrain of iambic pentameters, with alternate rhymes, as used by Gray, and now called the 'elegiac,' was the same 'noble measure' employed by Davenant (*Gondibert*) and by Dryden in his *Annus Mirabilis* (1666):

> 'It seems as every ship their Sovereign knows,
> His awful summons they so soon obey;
> So hear the scaly herd when Proteus blows,
> And so to pasture follow through the sea.'

Two results of the *Elegy* were that the ten-syllabled quatrain became consecrated to elegiac uses, and that for a time it became almost indispensable for a budding poet to try his hand at a night-piece or a churchyard soliloquy (see Goldsmith's *Life of Parnell*).

and his landscape seem derived to a large extent from Thomson, from Collins and the Wartons. At other times he is counting the syllables of his Pindaric strophes, and polishing them into perfect symmetry. There is, indeed, an artificiality (if not a turgidity) about even *The Progress of Poesy* which goes far to justify Johnson's dislike of Gray's *Odes*. Like Collins, Gray invokes the passions with fervour; but he treats them as abstractions, he does not fulfil the poet's highest function, that of exhibiting them in action. 'Ce n'est pas tout de concevoir des caractères en poëte; il faut concevoir aussi en poëte l'action qui les manifeste.'

Carlyle is exaggerating less, perhaps, than usual when he writes of the bulk of Gray's work as 'laborious mosaic, through the hard stiff lineaments of which little grace or true life could be expected to look: real feeling, and all freedom of expressing it, are sacrificed to pomp, to cold splendour; for vigour we have a certain mouthing vehemence, too elegant indeed to be tumid, yet essentially foreign to the heart and seen to extend no deeper than the mere voice and gestures. Were it not for his *Letters*, which are full of warm exuberant power, we might almost doubt whether Gray was a man of genius, nay, was a living man at all, and not rather some thousand times more cunningly devised poetical turning-loom than that of Swift's Philosophers in Laputa.'

The poetical sterility of Gray has proved a stumbling-block to some critics, who have claimed the highest honours for him upon the quality of his poetry; and they have attributed it either to a genuine lack of the important poetical quality of spontaneity, or to the poet's lack of sympathy with the canons of taste predominant at the time. But most great poets are in advance of their contemporaries, whom, through the medium of a chosen band of young enthusiasts, they are usually content to permeate

slowly and gradually with their own ideas; and, on the other hand, a veritable lack of inspiration would seem to condemn Gray to rank as one of the feeblest of faculty among our poets, instead of as the wielder of the strongest poetical influence of the day. As in the case of Matthew Arnold, the truth would seem that his muse was reserved and shy. He was above all extremely fastidious. He was apt to spend disproportionate energy upon preliminary or parallel investigations, to elaborate academical parerga, such as those he made over to Warton. His temperament resembled in more than one respect that of the desultory John Aubrey, of the vainly systematizing 'Mr. Casaubon,' of Philoxène Boyer, whose interminable course of preparations for a sketch of the Round Table led to another *chef-d'œuvre inconnu*, or that of 'the M. Clogenson,' notorious for many years as the collector on a colossal scale for a life of Voltaire which he was always upon the very eve of publishing.[1] At the same time it is unfair with Carlyle to reproach Gray's poetry with a deficiency of emotion. The emotion is there. The reason that Gray was not fluent in its utterance was because he cherished the highest possible ideal of style, expression, and accuracy. To him is largely due the fact that these qualities came to be regarded as essential in our nature poetry, and a return to the careless profusion of epithets of the post-Elizabethan school became impossible.

[1] Since writing I am glad to find that this view, as opposed to the paralyzing influence of the period, is held by Mr. Tovey, and thus expressed: 'His impediments to production were first feeble health, next his boundless and discursive curiosity, and next the extensive scale on which, like a man who has abundant knowledge, and seems to have abundant time before him, he formed his plans, ever delaying until the consciousness that the day is far spent makes him sad and silent about them.' Gray wrote to please himself, not for fame. Cf. Gray, *Letters;* M. Arnold in Ward's *Engl. Poets; Bookman Hist. of Engl. Lit.*, 1906, 314.

As among the satellites of Gray must just be mentioned Richard West, who corresponded learnedly with the poet from 1736 down to his (West's) early death in 1742. West often broke into verse, one of his best-intentioned efforts being a *Monody on the Death of Queen Caroline* (1737), in which he writes himself down:

> 'No sensual bosom, no ungenerous mind . . .
> And, tho' not virtuous, virtuously inclin'd."

He made versions from Catullus, rendered Greek epigrams, and performed other trifles in which he showed a certain capacity, more, probably, than the adviser and attendant biographer of Gray's later life, William Mason (1724-1797).

The son of the vicar of Hull, where he was born in 1724, Mason began his pseudo-poetical career by a *Monody* upon Pope's death. In 1757, after Gray's refusal, he was spoken of as laureate, but Whitehead was ultimately preferred. Two years later he produced a dramatic poem, *Caractacus*, with odes and choruses after the manner of Gray. The originals were not popular, the imitations spurred Colman and Lloyd to the amusing travesties which they styled *Odes to Obscurity and Oblivion*. He published Gray's *Life and Letters* in 1774, the now familiar plan of printing the letters as part of the Life having apparently been suggested by Conyers Middleton's *Life of Cicero*. The Life was certainly well done on the whole, though Mason takes some liberties with his documents, and exasperates by his endeavour to pose as the poetical providence of his friend.

Upon the death of his early friend West, Gray wrote some lines in which he showed his command over the old sonnet form, which since the death of Milton had been almost entirely neglected. But the credit of the revival of the sonnet must remain very largely with the Wartons. In point of date the sonnets of Thomas Warton were pre-

ceded by single sonnets by Thomas Edwards (1699-1757), a critical student of Milton and a disciple of Hurd, and by the dilettante Benjamin Stillingfleet (1702-1771), as well as by Gray's *On the Death of Mr. Richard West.* But in these three sonnets the falsetto note is strong. The writers seem conscious of the discredit that long attached to the sonnet as a kind of Italian 'foible,' and alarmed lest effeminacy might be imputed to them for 'stooping' to models which Waller and Dryden and Pope had ignored. The Wartons were thus, it may be said, the first writers of the century to devote express cultivation to the sonnet. Those by Thomas on *Winslade, Milton, The River Lodon, Bathing,* and *Dugdale's Monasticon* won the praise of Hazlitt and Lamb; and Coleridge also praised them, though he regarded them rather as masterly likenesses of the Greek *επιγραμματα* than sonnets in the strictest sense. The Wartons handed on the torch to Thomas Russell (1762-1788), a scholar of Winchester, who studied our earlier poetry with an enthusiasm inspired by his master (Joseph Warton), and gave promise of an exquisite talent, as is sufficiently demonstrated by his sonnet *Lemnos,* the subject being of course Philoctetes:

'On this lone isle, whose rugged rocks affright
The cautious pilot, ten revolving years
Great Pæan's son, unwonted erst to tears,
Wept o'er his wound: alike each rolling light
Of heaven he watched, and blamed its lingering flight;
By day the sea-mew, screaming round his cave,
Drove slumber from his eyes; the chiding wave
And savage howlings chased his dreams by night.
Hope still was his: in each low breeze that sighed
Through his rude grot he heard a coming oar,
In each white cloud a coming sail he spied;
Nor seldom listen'd to the fancied roar
Of Œta's torrents, or the hoarser tide
That parts fam'd Trachis from the Euboic shore.'

This was written about 1785, and three years later Russell's career was cut short at Bristol, where he died of phthisis on July 31st, 1788, his *Sonnets and Miscellaneous Poems* being published posthumously at Oxford in 1789. Among Russell's admirers were Landor and Wordsworth, whose own sonnet on Philoctetes does not compare too favourably with the above. Russell forms an interesting link between the Wartons and William Lisle Bowles, who was born in the same year (1762) and began sonnet-writing about the same time.

Christopher Smart (1722-1771).

A fitting place may be found between Gray and Cowper for Christopher Smart (1722-1771), as an exponent of metrical technique in whose composition there were some elements of poetical genius. Born near Tonbridge on April 11th, 1722, the son of a land steward, Smart as a lad gained the patronage of the Duchess of Cleveland, and was sent to Pembroke College, Cambridge, of which society he became a fellow in 1745. He took part in founding a university magazine, *The Student*, and rubbed shoulders with such wits and clever craftsmen in verse as Thomas Warton, Bonnell Thornton, and George Colman. Forfeiting his fellowship by marriage, he was allured to London and became 'a hackney' in the employ of the bookseller, John Newbery. For him he did a lot of loose and contemptible magazine work, in which, however, Smart's neatness and deftness of workmanship is constantly revealed. In 1752 he brought out a volume of *Poems on Several Occasions*, containing a georgic, *The Hop Garden*, in which he describes the beauties of his native county of Kent. The next ten years were spent miserably in compilation for Newbery, Rolt, Gardener, and other booksellers, and, in 1763, for the second time in his life Smart was shut up in Bedlam, where his grand poem called *Song to David* was

written. Johnson visited Smart in the asylum and gave a pithy account of the poet's condition. He concluded that he ought never to have been shut up. 'His infirmities were not noxious to society. He insisted upon people praying with him, and I'd as lief pray with Kit Smart as with any-one else. Another charge was that he did not love clean linen; and I have no passion for it.' That same autumn his *Song to David* was published in a thin quarto (1763). Smart died in the 'Rules' of the King's Bench Prison in May, 1771, without producing anything approaching in excellence the 'glorious,' impetuous stanzas which usher in the close of that poem:

'Glorious the sun in mid career;
Glorious th' assembled fires appear;
Glorious the comet's train:
Glorious the trumpet and alarm;
Glorious th' almighty stretched-out arm;
Glorious th' enraptured main:

'Glorious the northern lights astream;
Glorious the song, when God 's the theme;
Glorious the thunder's roar:
Glorious hosanna from the den;
Glorious the catholic amen;
Glorious the martyr's gore.'

Smart seems to have been afflicted with religious mania, and he developed a strong evangelical, if not a methodistical strain. His profound feeling for the beauty of the poems of the Hebrew psalmist is combined in the *Song* with an intense fervour and a tendency to mystical enthusiasm in which he now and again appears to anticipate Blake; his poem is at the same time marred by the obtrusion from time to time (as in Blake) of a suggestion of the grotesque, and also by the somewhat forced introduction of Christian colouring. This defect is exaggerated to such an extent in the version of the *Psalms of David* which he

published in 1765 that the significance of the Hebrew psalms is blurred by the prominence given to the New Testament matter. In his metrical psalmody Smart frequently recurs to the metre of the *Song to David*, which is indeed a favourite one among the old psalmodists; but he has recourse to all kinds of measures, iambic, trochaic, and even anapæstic—his *Psalm cxxxiv.* being in the metre of Cowper's *Selkirk*. Smart also wrote a number of hymns, some of which are fine examples of devotional feeling, touched but rarely, however, with the note, almost of sublimity, which leaps from stanza to stanza of the *Song to David*. This poem has elements of real greatness, but it has been absurdly described as a *portent*, or extravagantly praised as 'the only great accomplished poem of the eighteenth century.'[1] Every great poem is necessarily 'accomplished'—does not the word ποιημα imply the accomplishment of the best words in the best order? To say that this result is achieved more completely in the *Song to David* than in *The Castle of Indolence*, or Gray's *Elegy*, or *Yardley Oak*, or *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, or *Tiger, Tiger burning bright*, all of which are poems of the eighteenth century, is an injustice both to students of the eighteenth century and to Smart himself, for in the end no greater disservice can be rendered to a reputation than by exaggerated over-praise. To call the *Song to David* a 'portent of originality' is equally misleading.

From Addison's *The Spacious Firmament on High* (1712), through Watts's *Our God, our Help in Ages Past*,[2] and

[1] The opinion of D. G. Rossetti: there are 'few episodes in our literary history more interesting than this of the wretched bookseller's hack, with his mind thrown off its balance by drink and poverty,' rising from the depths of his misery to such a lofty pitch of poetic excellence.

[2] Modified by Wesley to *O God, our Help.*

Jesus shall reign where'er the Sun (1719), down to Sir Robert Grant's *O Worship the King*, the eighteenth century was constantly occupied with the study of and versification of the psalms. Vigour of rhythm and true poetical sympathy and feeling were frequently imparted to these versions; and when we reflect how these qualities must have been intensified by the religious fervour which culminated about the middle of the century, and which produced hymns so rich in devotional beauty as *Jesu, Lover of my Soul* (1740), and the later masterpieces of Cowper and of Toplady, we shall have no difficulty whatever in tracing the different elements which went to the composition of the *Song to David*, justly characterized as a grand outburst of devotional feeling.

William Cowper (1731-1800).

William Cowper, the best of English letter-writers and the most important poet in England between Pope and the illustrious group headed by Wordsworth, was born at Berkhampstead in November, 1731, being the son of the rector, John Cowper (chaplain to George II. and nephew of Earl Cowper).[1] His mother, the daughter of a good Norfolk family, died when he was six: her memory some fifty years later was embalmed in one of the most affecting tributes that ever came from the heart of a son. At school in Herts (Market Street) the child was cruelly bullied. 'I well remember,' he relates of his particular tyrant, 'being afraid to lift my eyes upon him higher than his knees, and I knew him better by his shoe-buckles than by any other part of his dress.' At ten he was placed at Westminster, where Vinny Bourne was usher, and Warren Hastings, Cumberland, Lloyd, Churchill, and Colman schoolfellows. With the last-named three and Bonnell Thornton (the translator of Plautus) he afterwards joined in the frolics of the 'Nonsense Club.' The members piqued themselves upon

[1] The name was pronounced as Cooper.

their cleverness at impromptus, crambo-verses, and the like; these exercises may have aided Cowper in acquiring that elegant neatness and dexterity in 'refractory rhyming' which is so distinctive of his work. In the execution of the difficult trifles called 'occasional verse' he came to excel all his contemporaries, and, indeed, he forms an important link in this class of literature between Swift and Prior and Praed and Thackeray. More than a dozen of his pieces figure in the *Lyra Elegantiarum*.

But at the best the rough life at Westminster ill-suited Cowper's timid, sensitive disposition, and he left the place with a rooted horror of the public school system. To this feeling he was in 1784 to give forcible expression in his metrical indictment of the public school system entitled *Tirocinium, or a Review of Schools*. His plea for the private tutor is vigorous and far-seeing, but one-sided. Of the public school he sees only the perils, emulation 'engendering hate,' brutal manners, the loss of the sacred intimacies of home. Posterity has not paid much heed to his warnings, but every passage in this poem deserves weighing, and wise men will especially regard the couplet:

> 'The rude will scuffle through with ease enough,
> Great schools suit best the sturdy and the rough.'

Cowper was articled to an attorney in 1752 and called to the bar two years later; but he never practised. For a time he plunged into gaiety and frivolity, wrote clever essays for the magazines, and qualified himself by London experience as a clubbable man. In the meantime he improved himself as a scholar, especially by the study of Homer and Horace. Moreover, under the influence of a pretty cousin, the daughter of his uncle Ashley Cowper, he became for the moment a fop: the lady's father, however, frowned upon the notion of such a match, and Cowper

submitted with meekness. His relatives were by this time anxious to make him some provision, and they succeeded in procuring him a nomination to the post of Clerk of the Journals of the House of Lords; but the ordeal of qualifying by examination proved more than his mistrustful spirit could stand, and after futile attempts at suicide, the sequel of a return in redoubled force of morbid images to his mind, he was placed in a mad-house at St. Albans, whence he emerged after eighteen months' sojourn in 1765, for the time at least completely cured. During his delirium he had been haunted by a sense of sin and visions of the wrath to come. The experience tinctured his mind with a profound religious melancholy, from which he could rarely altogether escape; and the impressions of the next few years, spent among the pastures and willows of the Ouse valley, tended to deepen rather than to mitigate the ultra-puritanic gloom of a too-despairing creed. Just at first, however, a bright gleam is cast upon his existence. On leaving St. Albans, he proceeded to Cambridge, and thence, with a view to strictly economic living, to Huntingdon; there he met a local clergyman, the Rev. Morley Unwin, and his wife, Mary. 'Their name is Unwin,' he writes in October, 1765, 'the most agreeable people imaginable; quite sociable and as free from the ceremonious civility of country gentlefolks as any I ever met with. They treat me more like a near relation than a stranger, and their house is always open to me. The old gentleman carries me to Cambridge in his chaise. He is a man of learning and good sense, and as simple as parson Adams. His wife has a very uncommon understanding, has read much to excellent purpose, and is more polite than a duchess.' He was so charmed with their society that he became after a short interval the inmate of their house—to the expenses of which he thenceforth contributed at a moderate rate.

His spirits revived under their influence and that of the peaceful life with which they encompassed him. The manner is best delineated in his own self-revealing words.

'Huntingdon, Oct. 20, 1766. . . . As to amusements, I mean what the world calls such, we have none. The place, indeed, swarms with them, and cards and dancing are the professional business of almost all the gentle inhabitants of Huntingdon. We refuse to take part in them or to be accessories to this way of murdering our time, and by so doing have acquired the name of Methodists. Having told you how we do *not* spend our time, I will next say how we do. We breakfast commonly between eight and nine; till eleven we read either the Scripture or the sermons of some faithful preacher of those holy mysteries; at eleven we attend divine service, which is performed here twice every day; and from twelve to three we separate and amuse ourselves as we please. During that interval I either read in my own apartment or walk or ride or work in the garden. We seldom sit an hour after dinner, but if the weather permits adjourn to the garden, where, with Mrs. Unwin and her son, I generally have the pleasure of religious conversation till tea-time. If it rains or is too windy for walking, we either converse within doors or sing some hymns of Martin's collection, and by the help of Mrs. Unwin's harpsichord make up a tolerable concert in which our hearts, I hope, are the best and most musical performers. After tea we sally forth to walk in good earnest. Mrs. Unwin is a good walker, and we have generally travelled about four miles before we see home again. When the days are short we make this excursion in the former part of the day between church-time and dinner. At night we read and converse as before till supper, and commonly finish the evening either with hymns or a sermon; and last of all the family are called to prayer. I need not

tell *you* that such a life as this is consistent with the utmost cheerfulness; accordingly we are all happy, and dwell together in unity as brethren. Mrs. Unwin has almost a maternal affection for me, and I have something very like a filial one for her, and her son and I are brothers.'

The little hermitage of pious souls is depicted with a loving fidelity, and lingers in the memory like the sanctuaries of Little Gidding or Chevreuse. But under the most promising conditions it is doubtful if Cowper's cheerfulness could have been very long maintained. He had been growing morbidly introspective and suspicious of base motives. 'My dear cousin,' he wrote to Mrs. Cowper, April 3rd, 1767, 'You sent my friend Unwin home to us charmed with your kind reception of him, and with everything he saw at the Park. Shall I once more give you a peep into my vile and deceitful heart? What motive do you think lay at the bottom of my conduct, when I desired him to call upon you? I did not suspect at first that pride and vainglory had any share in it, but quickly after I had recommended the visit to him, I discovered in that fruitful soil the very root of the matter. You know I am a stranger here; all such are suspected characters; unless they bring their credentials with them. To this moment, I believe, it is matter of speculation in the place, whence I came and to whom I belong. Though my friend, you may suppose, before I was admitted an inmate here was satisfied that I was not a mere vagabond, and has since that time received more convincing proofs of my *sponsibility*, yet I could not resist the opportunity of furnishing him with ocular demonstration of it by introducing him to one of my most splendid connections; that when he hears me called "That fellow Cowper," which has happened heretofore, he may be able upon unquestionable evidence to assert my gentlemanhood

and relieve me from the weight of that opprobrious appellation. O Pride, Pride! it deceives with the subtlety of a serpent, and seems to walk erect, though it crawls upon the earth.'

Unhappily, Mr. Unwin died in 1767, and Cowper accompanied Mrs. Unwin from Huntingdon to the neighbouring Olney, where he became subjected to the master influence of a good-hearted but stern and somewhat inquisitorial Puritan, John Newton, who gradually acquired over him all the ascendency of a spiritual director. This influence, too, surely tended to darken Cowper's horizon, for Newton was a Calvinist of the self-accusing type. With a mind that turned lightly under congenial influence to all innocent aspects of things mundane, the poet was fully capable of deriving a gentle and tranquil happiness from the passing hour, from the minutiæ of ordinary English home life; but he was also deplorably prone to moods of depression, in which, by the prolonged contemplation of the unseen world and the infinite, he suffered great mental anguish. Newton valued and exploited this side of the man to the infinite loss of the poet. Cowper began by endeavouring to respond in full to Newton's demands, and he wrote the series of *Olney Hymns*,[1] including the well-

[1] Cowper is, perhaps, the most considerable poet who has written hymns. He did little to develop hymn-structure, adopting the forms current in his day (most of his hymns are in C.M.) and the severe canons of Newton; but if his mode is not distinctive, the plaintive tenderness and refinement of the hymns are all his own. The spiritual ideas of the *Olney Hymns* (1779) are similar to Newton's—peace and thankful contemplation of an assured faith:

'God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain;'

though a few are informed with sad yearning and questioning (1, 9, 34, 45), or dark spiritual conflict (37, 39). *Hark, my Soul! it is the Lord* (18), is perhaps the best known, though it has a rival in

known *God moves in a mysterious Way.* But his system had not the vigour to react against the sense of doom with which Newton had momentarily infected him. His malady became worse than ever, and, but for the maternal care of Mrs. Unwin, whom Cowper for a brief period during 1772 contemplated marrying, the complaint would probably have proved fatal to him.

While still very weak and mentally ailing, literary occupation, in which the Unwins encouraged him, gradually induced a happier frame of mind. His correspondence was for a time the staple of his production. Here he avoids the deep wounds which religious gloom had inflicted, and reveals himself again, rather on the bright, clever, affectionate, and merry side. 'While I am in pursuit of pretty images, or a pretty way of expressing them, I forget everything that is irksome, and, like a boy that plays truant, determine to avail myself of the present opportunity to be amused and to put by the disagreeable recollection that after all I must go home and be whipped.' Apart from religion he is fondest perhaps of writing about the country and his diversions, his friends and his pets: but he often shows himself an admirable critic, as where he expresses the desire to dust old Johnson's jacket for his treatment of Milton until his pension jingled in his pocket (Johnson, he said, had plucked one or two of the most beautiful feathers out of his muse's wing and trampled them under his great foot); and he loves to enliven a friend with a *jeu d'esprit* in verse, such as the trial between the eyes and nose for the proprietorship of the spectacles, and the verdict to the effect that when the nose put his spectacles on the eyes should be kept shut. He seems to possess all the characteristics of supreme

Oh! for a closer walk with God (1), a purely English hymn of deep beauty, perfect structure, and stream-like cadence.

epistolary art—a peculiar, unconscious egotism, to which is yet linked a distinct personal charm, an exceptional gift of improvisation, together with a ready flow and spontaneity of phrase—and to possess these qualities so happily blended as to elevate him with little question to a sphere where he shines as a letter-writer with scarcely less lustre than a Cicero or a Mme. de Sévigné. In these charming letters of Cowper, moreover, are undoubtedly to be sought the true sources of his poetic endowment—the affectionate rallying, the gentle mischievousness, the familiarity which despises nothing of any interest as too humble and too little, side by side with a quiet pathos and with a moral purport deep and strong.

From his letters and his horticultural diversions Cowper gradually betook himself to verse. For subjects he was content with the life that surrounded him, with its round of small pleasures, surprises, and homely details. The postboy, the newspaper, the feeding of cattle, the winter morning's walk, the shower, the nightingale, the knitting-needles or the stockings, the toast and the tea urn: these are his themes.[1] What Pope is to our fashionable town

[1] He utilizes for his verse any occurrence, however trivial. He inadvertently snaps off the head of a rose, heavy with rain-drops, and the outcome is *The Rose*. A cat is accidentally shut up in a drawer, and we get the delightful and humorous *Retired Cat*. A viper is found in his garden; puss and her kittens inspect him, and Cowper kills him; there is nothing else to tell, but the result is the inimitable *Colubriad*. Prose versions of most of these incidents appear in the letters, that of the *Colubriad*, for example, in a letter to Unwin, dated August 3rd, 1782. As regards skill in adapting his metre to his theme, Cowper has rarely been surpassed; and one knows not whether to admire most his handling of the trochaics in *Boadicea*, of the anapæsts in *The Poplars are Fell'd*, or *I am Monarch of all I Survey*, or the iambics in *Toll for the Brave*, or *The Nightingale and the Glow-worm*. He wrote few sonnets, but one *To Mrs. Unwin* is an acknowledged masterpiece,

life, that to a great extent is Cowper to our domestic and social life. At first his poems were short pieces, frequently fables, in which his robins and goldfinches played a part, nor did he ever stray very far beyond such themes. He was a quick and skilful versifier and a very keen observer, so that it is truly said that there is more genuine observation in Cowper than in all the fables of Gay.[1] At the same time he worked at these 'diversions' with a minute care, and was not satisfied until he had brought them the nearest possible to perfection. To touch and retouch, he says, 'though some writers boast of negligence, is the secret of almost all good writing, especially verse. Whatever is short should be nervous, masculine, and compact. Little men are so, and little poems should be so.' In this gift of refinement, as in the unaffected grace of his letters and his feminine, if not quasi-morbid, sensitiveness and delicacy, Cowper shows a very remarkable affinity to, or what Leigh Hunt would call a kind of identity with, his greatest rival, perhaps, as an English letter-writer, Edward Fitzgerald.

and is included in *The Golden Treasury* as an unrivalled example of intensity of pathetic tenderness. Cowper's blank verse is frequently mannered, but he rose at times to complete mastery.

[1] In the peculiarly difficult art of the fabulist, it will probably be conceded that Cowper has never been rivalled—at least in England. Besides *The Nightingale and the Glow-worm* he contrived such excellent fables as *The Raven, The Poet, the Oyster and the Sensitive Plant*, and *Pairing Time Anticipated*. Robert Dodsley (1703-1764) compiled a volume of fables in 1761, the third section of which is devoted to 'Fables Newly Invented.' A few of these, in prose, such as *The Toad and the Ephemeron* (which is almost in the vein of Hans Andersen), are very good, but the authorship is unknown. James Northcote (1746-1831), the painter, who wrote some good fables, both in prose and verse, did not publish until quite the close of his long life. Beattie and Wm. Wilkie attempted a few fables in verse. Ed. Moore's *Fables for the Female Sex*, in sprightly octosyllabics, came out in 1744.

Cowper's first published volume of verse appeared in 1782. It contained *Table Talk, Conversation, Truth, Expostulation, Hope, Charity, Retirement*, and *The Progress of Error*. It attracted little attention, for the poetry was of too new a kind to be appreciated at once. Had it depended upon his own initiative, the absence of encouragement might have proved fatal to further production. His verses, like those of La Fontaine, had to be bespoke. Happily, at this juncture a charming fairy crossed his shadow in the person of Lady Austen, and the charm of poetry had entire possession of him during the next two years, 1783 and 1784.[1]

Lady Austen's lively spirits drove away the spirit of melancholy. Cowper wrote songs which she set to music and sung to the harpsichord. One evening in October, 1782, when he seemed depressed, she told him the story of *John Gilpin*, as her nurse had related it to her; next morning at breakfast Cowper read them the legend in versified form. In November it appeared in *The Public Advertiser*. A well-known popular reciter saw its possibilities; it became 'town talk,' the general favourite it has ever since remained. Cowper's ordinary humour is less broad, but in *Gilpin* for once he lets himself go, and the verses seem an echo of the peals of laughter that were heard issuing from his bedroom on the night of its composition. He was urged and urged to write a sequel, but wisely, most wisely abstained. *The Task*[2] (which is emin-

[1] The order of composition of Cowper's minor masterpieces was approximately: *Boadicea*, 1780; *Goldfinch*, 1780; *Adjudged Case*, 1780; *Selkirk*, 1781; *Royal George*, 1782; *Gilpin*, October, 1782; *Poplars*, 1784; *Ode to Apollo*, 1787; *Needless Alarm*, 1788; *Dog and Water-Lily*, 1788; *Receipt of Mother's Picture*, 1790; *Yardley Oak*, *Retired Cat*, 1791; *To Mary*, 1793; *Castaway*, 1799.

[2] 'You can write on anything,' said Lady Austen, when Cowper asked her for a subject for a blank-verse poem, 'take the sofa.' Hence—'I sing the Sofa' (*The Task*, bk. i., l. 1).

ently readable, despite its prolixity, for it contains some of Cowper's finest and most sensitive descriptive passages), imposed upon the poet by Lady Austen in 1783, was published in 1785, along with *Tirocinium*. Its success was complete, and Cowper's reputation was established. Unhappily a certain tension between Lady Austen and Mrs. Unwin led to Cowper severing the tie with his Egeria. She was sacrificed on the altar of his old friendship. Cowper, nevertheless, continued working hard at his version of the *Iliad*, which appeared in July, 1791 (£1,000). In the meantime he renewed friendship with his cousin, Lady Hesketh, who furnished a comfortable house for him and Mrs. Unwin at Weston, near Olney. He was again attacked by his malady, and, after 1793, the dejection which came in its train became almost habitual. Yet in flashes, lighting up this deplorable gloom, he produced some exquisite poems, among them the 'tender incomparable lament *To Mary*' (which Tennyson could never trust himself to read aloud) and *Yardley Oak*, a poem with passages of almost Miltonic grandeur and of Wordsworthian intimacy and charm. The oak was described some fifty years later by Hugh Miller, who makes this suggestive stroke of critical illustration: 'If asked to illustrate that peculiar power which Cowper possessed above all modern poets, of taking the most stubborn and intractable words in the language, and bending them with all ease round his thinking, so as to fit its every indentation and irregularity of outline (as the ship carpenter adjusts the stubborn planking grown flexible in his hand to the exact mould of the vessel), I would at once instance some parts of *Yardley Oak*.' The under side to this wonderful skill in phrase-moulding was Cowper's fondness for long Latin derivatives, polysyllables such as vortiginous or stercoraceous, excoriate or incompatible, which few poets would think of introducing into

verse, and his occasional weakness for ornate periphrases, 'levelled tube' for gun and 'fragrant lymph' for tea, which is almost worthy of Armstrong's 'gelid cistern' (meaning 'cold tub').

One of Cowper's last pieces, *The Castaway* (written the year before his death), describes a seaman who has fallen overboard in the course of Anson's voyage; he struggles to swim after the vessel, his comrades vainly throw ropes to him, and the storm sweeps him away. In this the poet sees a melancholy image of his own spiritual destiny. Sainte-Beuve compares his malady justly with the vein of insanity which existed in Rousseau,[1] eternal reprobation taking the place of the universal conspiracy by the fear of which Rousseau was haunted. Mary Unwin died on December 17th, 1796. He had nursed her tenderly, and after her death he relapsed into a kind of wretched apathy, from which he was released by death on April 25th, 1800.

The liberal and humanitarian tendency which distinguished the last quarter of the eighteenth century manifested itself in Cowper long before it reached the episcopal benches of the House of Lords. Tenderness for the unhappy rendered Cowper's shrinking spirit bold. Slavery, oppression, war, injustice in all its forms were his abhorrence. He preached emancipation before Wilberforce. In 1783 he wrote the grand passage of aspiration in which he predicted the fall of the Bastille as symbolizing the tyranny of the *ancien régime*. His verses mark the commencement of political poetry in England, and in the cause which inspired Wordsworth,

[1] Rousseau himself, after reading a Jansenist book, was rendered miserable by the thought of hell. His life, like Cowper's, was surrounded by gentle companionship. Cowper had his hares. Rousseau spent hours at the Charmettes taming pigeons. The feeling of both for landscape was *sub*-Alpine.

Coleridge, and Shelley; and similarly he is the first modern poet of fraternity, a harbinger in a measure of Burns, of Whitman, and of Tolstoi. But Cowper is still more interesting, perhaps, not as an initiator at all, but as continuing the work of Thomson and expressing with more art, if less original vigour, the feeling for nature which was to become the distinctive mark of English poetry. He envisaged the beauty of the fields and woodland in a manner very different from Thomson. He lacked the vivid touch of Burns, he was not a botanist like Gray; he was a stranger to the rapture of Wordsworth, to the ecstasy of Keats. There is something of the rusticating city scholar about his aspect. Hazlitt characterizes it rather harshly as the finicalness of the private gentleman, who looks at nature over clipped hedges from well-swept garden walks. Delicate to fastidiousness, Byron's 'coddled poet' is glad to get back after a romantic adventure with crazy Kate, a party of gipsies, or a little child on the common, to the drawing-room, the ladies and the tea-urn. As with Richardson (who died for want of a change of flatterers), the society of sympathetic ladies became necessary to him. But Hazlitt's appreciation is tinged, maybe, with just a little malice, such as the lettered Bohemian would be apt to harbour against the pious recluse. Cowper would certainly never have preferred a claim to be ranked as a romanticist, a poet of the wilderness. His appeal was, and will be, most direct to the increasing class of bourgeois that is refined by poetry and elevated by liberal and humanitarian feeling.

As to the poet's character, it is traceable in his poems, but is more clearly defined in his letters. There we perceive the fair outline of a good man and a sincere, remarkably free from any form of cant or affectation, deeply religious, designing to do good by his verse and devoted to his craft.

Great as was his power as an observer of external nature, his insight into the human heart was even more penetrating; and akin to this was his morbid power of self-reproach, which reminds the student of Racine, or more particularly perhaps of Gresset, whose light vein in his famous *Vert Vert* has so close an affinity with Cowper's own. The pitiful view that he took of his own spiritual misery is described with a passion that is of the nature of the intenser school of poetry in the following passage, which is also an example of the eloquent use which he could make of blank verse as employed in his longer poems:

> 'I was a stricken deer that left the herd
> Long since: with many an arrow deep infixed
> My panting side was charged, when I withdrew
> To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
> There was I found by one who had Himself
> Been hurt by the archers. In His side He bore,
> And in His hands and feet, the cruel scars.'[1]

The same intense feeling is perceptible in his beautiful hymn, *Hark, my Soul! it is the Lord.* The pathos of his declining years, his devotion to poesy, the peculiar tenderness of much of his verse could not fail to appeal to the Brownings as strongly as to Tennyson, and the affection that he inspired (and is always inspiring) is exquisitely rendered in Mrs. Browning's *Cowper's Grave:*

> 'He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation,
> And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration;
> Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise or good forsaken;
> Named softly as the household name of one whom God hath taken.'

The calm process of transition in English poetry, which the scholarly deliberation of Gray might have matured in

[1] *The Task*, iii., 'The Garden,' line 108. A *Concordance to Cowper* by John Neve appeared in 1887. See Essays on *Cowper* by D. M. Moir, J. C. Bailey, Whitwell Elwin; *Correspondence*, ed. Wright, 1904.

about a century and a half, was strangely hastened and complicated, and on the whole no doubt intensified, by two strange phenomena—the Ossianic compilations of James Macpherson, otherwise known as an historical compiler, and the marvellous fifteenth-century forgeries of Chatterton. Between the publication of *Clarissa* and the appearance of Scott and Byron, our sympathetic critics abroad discovered no event in our literary annals commensurate in importance with the apparition of *Fingal* in 1762, followed by that of *Temora* in 1763. The ground had been prepared to some extent by the publication of Rousseau's *Nouvelle Héloïse* early in 1761; from whatever cause the enthusiasm for the Ossianic poems in Western Europe was intense.[1]

James Macpherson (1736-1796).

Well-disposed critics were ready to acquiesce in Macpherson's claim that he was doing for the Celtic oral and written legendary ballads and songs what Percy was doing for the old English. Just in the same way, it was maintained (rather later), the traditional poetry of the Finns, the Icelanders, and the Germans had been fused into the *Kalevala*, the *Eddas*, and the *Niebelungenlied*. Scholars of a more sceptical turn refused to believe that, except in the possible case of a few fragmentary lyrics, Macpherson had used any really ancient material at all.

[1] *Ossian* was translated into Italian by Cesarotti, and also into Spanish, rare honours for English books. In Germany there was an Ossianic delirium, *Ossian* being ranked with Shakespeare and Homer. *Ossian*, it will be remembered, drove Homer from Werther's heart. In France the poems were studied and translated by no less a man than Turgot. Napoleon himself shared the rage for the *Poésie du Nord*, and stamped imaginative work with his approval as *ossianique*. The shaping influence of the 'Celtic Homer' upon Herder, upon Byron, but above all upon Chateaubriand, is well established. There are several English metrical versions.

The violent clamour of contemporary scepticism, the outrageous contempt for everything Ossianic expressed by Johnson, seem to have been occasioned by Macpherson's vaulting ambition. When he began in 1760 by merely publishing a few random *Fragments*, few denied that the pieces might be genuine versions (more or less) of rude Gaelic poetry. When he collected a large number of these waifs and strays of Highland poetry and, under the notion that he was dealing with fragments of a regular epic, assigned to them a like antiquity and gave them a unity which was not implicit in them; when he gave these a regular order and, rendering them into a free and polished paraphrase, presented the six books of *Fingal* and the eight books of *Temora* as the substance (in prose) of an authentic epic poem composed by Ossian about A.D. 250, and handed down from mouth to mouth for fifty generations: then there burst forth (especially from London, where Scots were at the lowest ebb of popularity) a ferocious and inflamed attack upon the translator's honesty, in the course of which, as scholar after scholar imbrued, it became more and more difficult to discern the truth.

It can scarcely be denied by anyone that such genuine Ossianic verse as existed was unfortunate in the epoch of its translation. The prose of Macpherson's rendering is tumid, his language vague, and his imagery (drawn from the elementary forces of nature) inexpressibly monotonous. He not only makes absurd blunders in his chronology, but indulges in speculation and in poetic licence to an extravagant extent. On the other hand, he emerges from the investigations instituted by the Highland Society in 1805, not as an impostor, like Psalmanazar or Ireland, but merely as a careless, complacent, and irresponsible editor. His knowledge of Erse was superficial, and his attempts, like those of Pope at editing

Shakespeare, or those of some of the early Irish and dialect scholars, have been largely discredited by more thorough and accurate work. Little doubt remains, however, that his work embodied as a nucleus at least *some* of those ancient ballads, 'the vain, tempting, lying worldly histories concerning the Tuatha de Danaun, and warriors, and champions, and Fingal, the son of Cumhall, with his heroes,' which a bishop of the sixteenth century lamented that the superstitious Highlanders preferred to their Kirk books. Such a conclusion as this relieves one of the necessity of regarding the poems in their *entirety* as the work of one man such as Macpherson, whose capacity is open to test in the light of his accredited productions both in prose and verse. A valuable commentary upon the poems as a whole is supplied by Wordsworth, who says: 'Whatever men may now think of them, there cannot be a doubt that these mountain monotones took the heart of Europe with a new emotion and prepared it for that passion for mountains which has since possessed it.'[1]

From about 1760 to 1765 and onward (it is well to bear in mind the date of the *Reliques*, 1765, as a mnemonic point, though its publication was quite as much the *result* as the cause of the renewed interest in old ballads and songs) a passion set in for the exhumation of all kinds of old metrical literature. The corollary of this passion for archaic poetry was a mania for forging. The literary forger has little to fear save from scholars at once eminent and thoroughly expert; and the rarity of such specialists was taken advantage of to the full by Chatterton

[1] *Poetic Interpretation of Nature*, p. 223. Since this was originally written, in *James Macpherson: An Episode in Literature*, the argument for the complete spuriousness of *Fingal* and *Temora* has been greatly emphasized by Mr. J. S. Smart. See also J. A. Farrer's *Literary Forgeries* (1907).

and Ireland, as it had been already (to a much milder extent) by Ramsay, Macpherson, and Percy.[1] From this point of view, then, there is nothing so very remarkable in the appearance of a series of forgeries such as the *Rowley Poems;* nor is it difficult to understand that 'Thos. Rowley' should have imposed upon contemporary critics. Philologists who have made special study of the fourteenth and fifteenth century English have not abounded either before or since Chatterton's time. In the case of these particular forgeries the quality of the poetry is to be admired. But the chronology of Chatterton's career constitutes the marvel which time and the perspective of things seem only to increase.

Thomas Chatterton (1752-1770).

Thomas Chatterton, the posthumous son of a poor schoolmaster, was born at Bristol on November 20th, 1752. At six he was regarded as backward, at seven he went to the Blue-coat School at Bristol, but was there only taught the rudiments. At ten he read a number of historical folios, but his favourite diversion was to pore over heraldry and old writing in a solitary attic. There, too, while still eleven, he would seem to have invented the glossary of obsolete (and heterogeneous) words with which he bestrewed the pretended ancient poems. In this same year 1764 some satiric poems by him appeared in Bristol journals. In 1765 he first conceived the Rowley romance—a cycle of poems (in a novel ten-line stanza) illustrating the Norman Conquest. He wrote these in a quaint, disguising jargon of his own, but in order to excite more interest in them he claimed them as the work of Thomas Rowlie, a con-

[1] The succession of exposures made people so incredulous that, when Sir John Fenn published the fifteenth-century *Paston Letters* from authentic MSS., few people were convinced of their genuineness.

temporary of Lydgate. In July, 1767, he left school and was apprenticed to an attorney, his hours being from 7 a.m. to 8 p.m. all the year round. For the next fifteen months, notwithstanding, he pursued his study of antiquities and of old English poetry with passionate ardour. Towards the close of 1768 he showed to George Catcott, a Bristol tradesman of antiquarian tastes, several of the 'Rowley parchments,' containing 'antique' poems, among them the noble *Song to Ælla.* In March, 1769, Chatterton wrote to the author of the *Anecdotes of Painting,* Horace Walpole, inclosing among other curious manuscripts *The Ryse of Peyncteynge yn Englande.* The author of this work he described as 'T. Rowlie . . . a secular priest of St. John's [Bristol]; his merit as a biographer and historiographer is great, as a poet still greater . . . the person under whose patronage they may appear to the world will lay the Englishman, the antiquary, and the poet under an eternal obligation.' Walpole answered almost effusively, but when he learned that his correspondent was a struggling attorney's clerk he thought less of his find. He therefore sent Chatterton some prudent advice, and after considerable delays, during which the sensitive boy suffered anguish, he returned him all his papers (August, 1769). Early in 1770 Chatterton's indenture was cancelled and a number of his poems were burned as trash by his master, the attorney. In April the youthful poet set out for London with about five guineas in his pocket. There, after writing for four months for the leading magazines with varying but apparently diminishing success, he began to lose heart. He was especially depressed when his *Excelente Balade of Charitie* was refused by the *Town and Country Magazine.* His pride in refusing help of every kind led to actual starvation, and during the night of August 24th, 1770, having torn to atoms a large

quantity of manuscript, he poisoned himself in his Holborn garret. His age was $17\frac{3}{4}$ years. 'This is the most extraordinary young man,' wrote the familiar biographer of Parnassians, 'that has encountered my knowledge.'

Chatterton had read widely in Dryden, Pope, Goldsmith, had studied Geoffrey of Monmouth and Holinshed, and dipped fruitfully if not very deeply into Chaucer and Spenser. From these he gleaned words and phrases; but the romantic vigour at which he aspired was all his own, and by merely transcribing the curious Rowley language that he invented into the decent English tongue in which he conceived his verse, we shall realize at once its modernity and its claim to rank as poetry, immature and sufficiently rude, but the rapid, spontaneous growth of a soil rich in æsthetic impulse. In his use of proper names and his power of metric modulation Chatterton may well claim to have been a pioneer who suggested much that Coleridge only brought to a full fruition. Nor can it be denied that there is a genuine lyric fire, a poetic energy, and above all an intensity, remote from his contemporaries and suggestive (as Cimabue in his antique and primitive manner is suggestive of Giotto and Angelico) of Shelley[1] and Keats. A typical example of the wonderful appeal of Chatterton's rhythm is in the fine song addressed to William the Conqueror by the minstrel, invoking his mercy:

> 'With pacing step the lion moves along,
> William his iron-woven bow he bends;
> With might like to the rolling thunder strong,
> The lion in a roar his sprite forthsends:
> Go slay the lion in his blood-stained den,
> But be thy arrow dry from blood of other men.

[1] Chatterton's *Prophecy* contrasts well as regards sanity and maturity with much of Shelley's rather childish political raving. His letters, like his poetry, astound one by their precocity.

'Swift from the thicket starts the stag away,
The couraciers as swift do after fly.
He leapeth high, he stands, he keeps at bay,
But meets the arrow, and eftsoons doth die.
Forslayen at thy feet let wild beasts die,
Let thy shafts drink their blood, yet do not brethren slay.'

Chatterton's verse seldom rises to this point of intrinsic excellence; the high, abiding quality in his poetry is much rarer than some perfervid enthusiasts would have us believe.[1] Yet it is difficult to over-estimate the promise that was blighted when this 'prodigy of genius' was cut off in his eighteenth year. The series of operations by which a boy of fifteen gradually shaped the romance grouped about the battle of Hastings, which he attributed to 'Thomas Rowlie,' adding figure to figure and poem to poem, constitute a marvel which it is almost impossible to exaggerate. As forgeries the *Rowley Poems* have little to commend them, for they abound in anachronisms, some of which were pointed out after a very cursory inspection by the scholarship of Gray: as creative works of the youthful imagination, the poems are in many respects quite unique.

An *Elegy on William Beckford* (1770) was the only work of Chatterton that appeared separately in his lifetime. The *Rowley Poems* were collected and published by Thomas Tyrwhitt in 1777, and Chatterton's *Miscellanies* in the following year; but it was not until 1875, in the Aldine edition under the care of Skeat and Bell, that the poems of Chatterton were adequately presented to the student.

The very name of Chatterton (as of a boy-martyr in the

[1] The chief obstacle to the sustained reading of Chatterton is due to the monotony of his images and his fondness for grandiose terms and epithets—what Scott calls his 'tendency to mount the fatal and easily recognized car of the son of Fingal.' But the general dullness is unexpectedly relieved every now and again by a phrase or a line of wild, rare, half-artless beauty.

sacred cause of Romance) excited intense enthusiasm in Keats and afterwards in Rossetti. He also, to some extent, as we have seen, influenced Coleridge, who compares with a February blossom:

> 'Bristowa's bard, the wondrous boy,
> An amaranth, which earth seemed scarce to own,
> Blooming 'mid poverty's drear wintry waste.'

William Blake (1757-1827).

But of more immediate interest to us is the spell that he cast upon the singular visionary (the most original poet of our epoch) William Blake. That Blake's *Poetical Sketches* should have appeared in 1783, and that his *Songs of Innocence* should have been written during 1787-9, is perhaps one of the greatest anomalies in literary history. The time seemed consecrated to Blair on *Rhetoric*, to Darwin's *Loves of the Plants*, and to Glover and his *Athenaid*. The influence of Pope and his *Ars Poetica* was still outwardly supreme, and yet in 1783 (two years before Cowper published his *Task* or Burns the Kilmarnock edition of his *Poems*), at what seems a clearly impossible date, appeared this privately-printed little volume of Blake's *Juvenilia*, containing lyrics of such untrammelled beauty as *Whether on Ida's shady Brow*, the song *How sweet I roamed*, written, it is said, in 1772, and not quite free from blemish, but yet already suggesting fellowship with Fletcher, and other numbers of almost equal lyrical charm. Suggestive as they were, however, of high poetic beauties, the *Poetical Sketches* of 1783 were eclipsed by that little paradise of 1789, the *Songs of Innocence*. The 31 plates were impressed upon 17 octavo leaves, coloured by hand, and strung (by Mrs. Blake) on a cord, and then sold for a crown. Blake composed airs for his lyrics. Blithe as bird-carols, these sing and soar and quire aloft with an inconceivable

sweetness and purity of effect; and sometimes, too, with a groundswell of sound that has a large anticipation of Wordsworth about it.[1] All of them are distinguished by an entire simplicity of utterance and by a strangely complete absence of the conventional and artificial ring of Johnsonian verse. Blake's poetry was indeed a peal of fairy bells from a lonely tower in a strange land.

The poet who produced this elfin music was a man amazing in his genius and no less so in his total unlikeness to his contemporaries. By birth a Londoner, William Blake was born near Golden Square, on November 28th, 1757. This was the year of the new era, according to Swedenborg, in whose revelations Blake's father, a poor hosier, implicitly believed. William, after a very scanty education (a boyish love for great literature however—Bible, Shakespeare, Milton, 'Rare Ben'), was bound apprentice in 1771 to an engraver called Basire. As in the case of Turner, his whole life practically was spent within the dusky recesses of the town, and many of his hours as a young man were passed in Westminster Abbey or amid the gloom of London churches, sketching the sepulchral monuments. After 1778, when his indenture came to an end, he studied for a short while at the Royal Academy (but was too eclectic for his teachers), and then set up as an engraver. He made some good friends among artists, notably Flaxman and Stothard, and obtained good work, for it was a prosperous season for line-engravers. In 1782 he married

[1] This seems inevitably a fragment from an Elizabethan songbook:

'Pretty joy!
Sweet joy, but two days old.
Sweet joy I call thee,
Thou dost smile,
I sing the while;
Sweet joy befall thee!

his idolized Kate, the daughter of a market-gardener, whom he taught to read, to colour engravings, and eventually to see visions; she repaid him with the devoted affection of a lifetime. But the imaginative life predominated so completely with Blake that the ordinary realities of the world hardly seemed to exist for him, and he admitted always that external nature rather perplexed than exhilarated his mind. He lived and worked without intermission in a world of dreams, and the idea of what is called 'a holiday' was repugnant to him. His visions dated back as far as he could remember. When a child of four he saw God at a window and screamed with terror. At Peckham once in youth he saw a tree on which angels were clustered as thickly as leaves. He saw prophets and angelic forms, and in 1787, after the death of his brother Robert, he saw his soul ascend through the ceiling, clapping its hands with joy. Robert's spirit now revealed to him a plan for issuing his *Songs of Innocence*. The plan was a method of engraving the songs upon copper, together with a decorative margin of arabesque design. The pages were tinted different colours, but for the letterpress Blake always used red. He mixed his colours with diluted glue, a process revealed to him by St. Joseph.

The volume produced in this singular manner, and circulated among a small circle of friends during 1789, as *Songs of Innocence*, was thus a kind of illuminated missal, 'in which every page is a window open in heaven.' It is impossible to look upon this singular book without emotion—the lofty isolation of Blake's ideals, the unmistakable character of his poetical vocation, the mystical form of faith, which he seemed to have derived less from Boehme and Swedenborg than from one of the Hebrew seers of the Old Testament—all these considerations combine to inspire the reader with a certain feeling of awe,

which is indeed the right spirit to approach a genius of such character. There are only some twenty short poems in the book, but of these fifteen attain an extremely high standard of poetic beauty, and all of the songs, while absolutely free from imitation, recall the manner of Crashaw or Vaughan at their best infinitely more than that of any of the poets of the eighteenth century. Blake's reading cannot have been at all wide, but he had studied Shakespeare, Dante, and Milton with enthusiasm, the Bible was ever in his thoughts; the classical poets and the philosophers he seems alike to have eschewed. Many of these songs are well known, such as the opening *Piping down the valleys wild*, or again, *Little Lamb, who made thee? The Chimney Sweeper, A Cradle Song, Holy Thursday, Night, Infant Joy*, and *Nurse's Song*, this last a most exquisite piece of sunset melody.

But Blake's strangely exceptional quality among the poets of his time is nowhere better illustrated than in the perhaps less frequently cited *A Dream*:

'Once a dream did weave a shade
O'er my angel-guarded bed,
That an emmet lost its way,
Where on grass methought I lay.

'Troubled, wildered, and forlorn,
Dark, benighted, travel-worn,
Over many a tangled spray,
All heart-broke, I heard her say:

'"Oh my children! do they cry,
Do they hear their father sigh?
Now they look abroad to see,
Now return and weep for me."

'Pitying, I dropped a tear:
But I saw a glow-worm near,
Who replied, "What wailing wight
Calls the watchman of the night?

> ' "I am set to light the ground,
> While the beetle goes his round :
> Follow now the beetle's hum ;
> Little wanderer, hie thee home ! " '

The surpassing fitness and beauty of the diction (with its instinctive avoidance of all Latinized forms) might have been Webster's, the sentiment might owe something to Sterne or Rousseau, but the originality and imaginative power is Blake's before all the world: the rhythm and metre, too, are singularly appropriate, the same, it will be noted, as Hood adopted for his beautiful *Ruth*.[1] In the two dozen or so of poems of this stamp that Blake wrote, the ripple is distinctly heard of the identical stream which gushed forth so abundantly in the poetry of the next generation. England had to wait many years for her political revolution, but with 1789 the signal for poetic revolution had duly arrived. Eminently tunable, symbolist, full of innocence and glee, the *Songs* of '89, and the two wings of this middle panel, *Poetical Sketches* ('83) and *Songs of Experience* ('94) are anything but heroic and didactic.

After the completion of his *Songs of Innocence* the mystical side of Blake developed. In 1789 appeared the first of his prophetic writings, *The Book of Thel*. In 1794 was engraved *Songs of Experience*, containing a few poems, such as the well-known *Tiger, Tiger burning bright*, that in lyric intensity and power probably surpass anything he ever wrote. For the imagery of others it is evident that he explored chambers of the brain stored with writings produced in ages of eternity (as he explained to Flaxman), for the delight and study of archangels rather than of men. Henceforth he winged his flight farther and farther into strange and unknown regions. He continued a visionary and mystic of the intensest convictions, a universalist

[1] *Cf.* Milton's *L'Allegro*.

apparently in religion, communing habitually (like Swedenborg) with sages and prophets of past ages, entirely free in his life from self-seeking, and of a childlike simplicity of character; with this last trait went a semi-infantine irritability and suspicion, recalling in one or two points the like infirmity in Rousseau. Like him, old and poor, a teacher of sublime forgiveness, Blake became more and more absolute, dogmatic, and self-involved. He died in Fountain Court, Strand, 12th August, 1827, maintaining a happy serenity to the very end, his genius disregarded by all but a small and narrowing circle of friends.

III. *Allan Ramsay's School.*

From the outworn tradition of the school of Pope, by which the southron poets were trammelled, it is a relief to turn to the poets and balladists of Northern Britain, where continuity with the pre-Augustan school had never been so completely severed. The *revival*, which may be said to have commenced in England with Percy's *Reliques* of 1765, took its rise much less abruptly in Scotland in the life-work of Allan Ramsay (1686-1758). His various *Miscellany* collections ranging from 1716 to 1736 inaugurated a spirit of keen emulation in the setting, adapting, and imitation of old vernacular song. Ramsay was followed by David Herd with his *Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs* in 1769. Then came Evans's *Old Ballads* of 1777, Pinkerton's *Scottish Tragic Ballads*, 1781, and his *Select Scottish Ballads* of 1783. Joseph Ritson, a pedant without peer, 'a spider' with a huge gall-bag and his lair in the British Museum, who decried the efforts of all his fellow-workers, must yet be allowed an honourable place in the literature of his generation as an illustrator of ballad literature, folk-song, and ancient minstrelsy, and

as one of the earliest and most scrupulous collectors of local verse. His *Northern Garlands* appeared between 1783 and 1793, his *Select Collection of English Songs* in 1783, his *Robin Hood Ballads* in 1795, and his *Scottish Song* in 1794. These and similar compilations culminated in James Johnson's *Scot's Musical Museum*, commenced in 1787, to which Burns contributed many new songs, and in Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, the two first volumes of which appeared in 1802. A link between Allan Ramsay, whose *Evergreen* and *Tea-Table Miscellany* did so much to stimulate this kind of literature, and the age of Fergusson and Burns, is afforded by the two William Hamiltons.

The Hamiltons.

William Hamilton of Gilbertfield (1665-1751) hardly comes into the Age of Johnson, for he was a close associate of Ramsay, to whose miscellanies he contributed, and he died in Lanarkshire in May, 1751; but he is indissolubly connected with the poets of a later generation. His *Willie was a Wanton Wag* was an unrivalled model for the festive verse of his countrymen; his *Bonny Heck* was the recognized prototype of one of Burns's masterpieces, *The Dying Speech of Poor Mailie*. But, above all, his *Familiar Epistles* marked out the classic stanza (derived originally from Robert Semple or Sempill),[1] adopted by Fergusson and Burns for their ever-memorable work in this literary *genre;* and the perfect fitness of this stanza for its burden entitles 'Gilbertfield' (as Burns fondly calls him) to a distinguished place as a metrist.

William Hamilton of Bangour (1704-1754), the volunteer laureate of the Jacobites, was of Linlithgowshire, of a good family, from which he inherited perhaps the tradition of Caroline love-poetry. He fought at Prestonpans, and

[1] Cf. Morel, *Thomson: sa Vie et ses Œuvres*, 1895, p. 253.

after the suppression of the rebellion of 1745 migrated to France, dying at Lyons on March 25th, 1754. Like his namesake, he was an enthusiastic admirer of *The Gentle Shepherd*, and contributed to *The Tea-Table Miscellany* of 1724. His *Poems on Several Occasions* first saw the light at Glasgow in 1748. In *The Book of Scottish Song* there is the same mutual inspiration and homogeneity that there is in *The Book of Psalms.* The spirit of one age is transfused into that of another. The immemorial *Dowie Dens of Yarrow* was evidently breathing the charm of an ancient strain upon Hamilton when he composed his 'exquisite ballad' (as Wordsworth, in his *Yarrow Unvisited*, justly calls it):

> 'Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
> Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow!
> Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
> And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.'

Other permanent contributions to our treasury of national song were the natural products of a countryside in which half the inhabitants were real connoisseurs of a song, and where a large section of the population had a tincture of literary culture.

Thus, in 1756, while driving home after nightfall, as her contribution to some talk about Flodden Field and the cruelty of the loss sustained in half the homes of the Lowlands, Jean Elliot of Minto (1727-1805) composed a ballad, justly admired as one of the most perfect we possess. The old refrain of *The Flowers of the Forest* was sounding in the writer's ears and helped to shape the moving lyric:

> 'I've heard them liltin' at our yowe milkin',
> Lasses a liltin' before the dawn of day;
> But now they are moanin' on ilka green loanin',
> The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

'At e'en in the gloamin' nae younkers are roamin',
Bout stacks with the lasses at bogle to play
But ilk maid sits drearie, lamentin' her dearie—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.'

In 1772, in the room of some trivial words that accompanied a plaintive old melody that she loved, Lady Anne Lindsay (Lady Barnard, as she became), little more than a girl at the time, composed the immortal ballad of *Auld Robin Gray*, the name 'Robin Gray' being taken from that of the old herd at her native Balcarres. Four years later, in 1776, was published that 'grand Scots song,' a mighty favourite with Burns, the *Tullochgorum* of John Skinner (1721-1807), an Aberdeenshire parson.[1]

The same 'spirit of eld' that inspired these beautiful songs helped to preserve the minor poets of the north from the banality of the successors of Pope in the south of the island.

James Beattie (1735-1803).

In the van of unmistakably minor poets stands another Aberdeenshire bard, James Beattie, who by his various writings came to occupy a position of great influence among his contemporaries, but who is remembered now by one poem only, *The Minstrel*. He was, it is true, scarcely a follower of Ramsay, and ought perhaps of right to have a place to himself as a link of a modest sort between Thomson and Wordsworth. Born at Laurencekirk on October 25th, 1735, Beattie's father, a small farmer and shopkeeper, died when

[1] Fergusson was no less appreciative of its jovial numbers:

'Fidlers, your pins in temper fix,
And rozet well your fiddle-sticks.
But banish vile Italian tricks
Frae out your quorum,
Nor fortes wi' pianos mix—
Gie 's *Tullochgorum*.'

The Daft Days.

he was very young; but an elder brother took charge of the boy, and, observing his aptitude for learning, sent him to Marischal College, Aberdeen, where he gained a bursary. In 1753 he was appointed schoolmaster at Fordoun, at the foot of the Grampian Hills, amidst splendid scenery, which impressed itself deeply upon Beattie's mind. In 1758 he obtained a situation as under-master in the grammar school, Aberdeen, and two years later he was made professor of moral philosophy at Marischal College. In this capacity he produced some very indifferent works, criticising the philosophical theories of Locke, of Berkeley, of Helvétius and Hume, and advocating the doctrine afterwards familiarly known as that of Common Sense. In treating of such themes Beattie was hopelessly out of his depth. Nemesis has overtaken the once amazingly popular *Essay on the Nature and Immutability of Truth*, published in 1770. But Beattie's *Minstrel*, the two parts of which were published in 1771 and 1774, deserves a much better fate. It is mainly an autobiographical account of the progress and development of the poet's mind and imagination while in process of formation. It is, in fact, a humble ancestor of Wordsworth's *Prelude*. There is admittedly little of Wordsworth's original simplicity, or of his keen insight into the moral and spiritual problems that weigh upon the young reflective spirit. Beattie is far more artificial, his lights are for the most part reflected from Spenser and Thomson, or from Virgil; his diction is acquired and lacks spontaneity; yet there is in his melodious verse a fund of poetic imagination and of sensibility to the manifold aspects of nature:

> 'Thence musing onward to the sounding shore,
> The lone enthusiast oft would take his way,
> Listening with pleasing dread to the deep roar
> Of the wide weltering waves. In black array,

When sulphurous clouds rolled on the autumnal day,
Even then he hastened from the haunt of man,
Along the trembling wilderness to stray,
What time the lightning's fierce career began,
And o'er heaven's rending arch the rattling thunder ran.

Though languid at times, the true pulse of nature may generally be felt throughout his verse. Like some of the early landscape-painters, there is often too much of the composition about his pictures, which thus lack unity; this is specially to be noted in his well-known *But who the melodies of morn can tell?* (Stanzas 38 and 39 of *The Minstrel*, Book I.) which has suggested to the irreverent mind a working model of a Swiss village; yet it contains some memorable lines, such as 'Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings.' In his own style four lines of Beattie's, such as these, would be hard to surpass:

'Now beam'd the evening star;
And from embattled clouds emerging slow
Cynthia came riding on her silver car;
And hoary mountain-cliffs shone faintly from afar.'[1]

But for its eighteenth-century origin Leigh Hunt might have well printed the last line in italics. Beattie managed these Alexandrines of Spenser's with skill.[2] It has been regretted with justice that he did not more frequently use the Scot's vernacular,[3] which would have corrected a somewhat marked tendency to sentimental posing.

[1] *The Minstrel*, Book II., stanza 12.

[2] As a whole, however, Beattie lacked finish. His essays as a fabulist in *The Hares* and *Wolf and Shepherds* were not successful. Cf. note on p. 267.

[3] This vernacular was not restricted to writers of Scottish birth, for it was employed with success by Susanna Blamire (1747-1794) of Carlisle, whose *Poems*, including *The Siller Crown* and *What ails this Heart of Mine*, were first published in 1842. *And ye shall walk in silk attire* is one of them. She also wrote in the Cumberland dialect.

Alexander Ross (1699-1784).

Beattie was sponsor for a Kincardineshire poet, Alexander Ross, who occasionally rose to the level of a good song. His *Helenore, or the Fortunate Shepherdess,* 'to which are added a few Songs,' appeared at Aberdeen in 1768, and brought the author, a poor schoolmaster at Lochlee, £20 profit, 'a much larger sum than he had hoped for.' The long poem modelled on *The Gentle Shepherd,* though written in the unfamiliar Buchan dialect, is still popular in Scotland. The 'wild warlock,' as Burns called 'brother Ross,' is happiest in *Woo'd and Married, and a'.* But the dialect is as rich and there is a racy Scots humour (not without a touch of Burns's own quality) in Ross's *The Rock and the wee Pickle Tow:*

> 'There was an old wife and a wee pickle tow,
> But she wad gae try the spinning o't,
> She louted her down, and her rock took a low
> And that was a bad beginning o't . . .'

William Julius Mickle (1735-1788).

A contemporary and countryman of Beattie and Ross, though he spent most of his time in England, was William Julius Mickle, the son of Alexander Meikle, minister of Langholm, Dumfriesshire. The successful translator of the *Lusiad* of Camoens (1775), he is also remembered as the author of *Cumnor Hall* (contributed to Evans's *Old Ballads . . . with some of Modern Date,* 1777-84). The haunting beauty of the first stanza, which is indeed worthy of Coleridge, fascinated Sir Walter Scott:

> 'The dews of summer night did fall,
> The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
> Silvered the walls of Cumnor Hall
> And many an oak that grew thereby.'

A special charm is lent by the irregular substitution of a dactyl for an iamb in the first foot of the last tetrameter.

There are lines in Mickle's later poem of *Eskdale Braes* which likewise suggest a power in delineating nature greater than he ever actually displayed on other than a homœopathic scale. To Mickle, too, has been attributed the Scottish song, *There's nae luck about the hoose*, sufficient in itself to establish a reputation; internal evidence is rather against the likelihood of his authorship, and in favour of that of Jean Adams (1710-1765), but there is no definite external evidence forthcoming, and the case must be held to be not proven.

John Logan (1748-1788).

John Logan was a contemporary of Mickle, and his equal in rising occasionally to a high standard of excellence. He was born at Soutra, in the parish of Fala, on the southern extremity of Midlothian, in 1748. He was one of the ministers of Leith from 1773 to 1786, when he resigned his charge and settled in London. In 1770 appeared *Poems on Several Occasions, by Michael Bruce*, under the editorship of Logan, though his name was not given. Of the poems in this volume Logan ultimately claimed as his own the Levina episode, in *Lochleven*, the *Ode to Paoli*, and *The Cuckoo*. The authorship of this last poem, long claimed by the friends of Bruce, has been virtually decided in Logan's favour by Mr. Small.[1] Freer from conventionalism than *The Cuckoo*, admirable though it is, are some of Logan's other verses.[2] Like Hamilton of Bangour, he caught inspiration from the Yarrow. It is the same strain of disappointed love. The loss of the lover in Logan's version of the old ballad *Braes of Yarrow* is touched with the simplest, most impressive pathos:

[1] In his able article in the *British and Foreign Evangelical Review*, July, 1877. See, however, Grosart's *Works of Bruce*, 1865.

[2] Logan's *Poems* were published separately by T. Cadell in quarto, 1781. See also H. G. Graham, *Scottish Men of Letters*, 1901, 369.

'His mother from the window look'd,
With all the longing of a mother;
His little sister weeping walk'd
The green-wood path to meet her brother;
They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough,
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow!'

In many of these beautiful ballad passages the fusion of human emotion and the genius of nature is clearly adumbrated. The spirit of Tannahill and the Ettrick Shepherd is constantly recognized. Logan had some fine qualities as a poet, but he gave almost universal dissatisfaction by the careless and indefinite manner in which he edited the poetical remains of his friend Michael Bruce. The son of a poor weaver, Bruce was born in Kinross-shire, on the banks of Lochleven, on March 27th, 1746. With the help of a legacy of £11, his father sent him to Edinburgh University, and then he became a schoolmaster, receiving two shillings a quarter from each of the twenty-eight pupils, and free-board with their parents in rotation. He contemplated a volume of verse, for which he wrote a long imitative descriptive poem called *Lochleven;* but, unhappily, he was a victim to consumption, and died prematurely at his father's cottage, 4th July, 1767. With death full in view he penned his elegiac verses on *Spring*, the finest of his productions, and beautiful in itself, though full of borrowed turns and ideas. Thomson and Gray were continually dragging at his muse, and he never outgrew the imitative phase. His student's zeal aided him in attaining some superb rhythmic effects:

Michael Bruce (1746-1767).

'Soon as o'er eastern hills the morning peers,
From her low nest the tufted lark upsprings;

And, cheerful singing, up the air she steers,
Still high she mounts, still loud and sweet she sings.'

It was not until 1770 that Logan issued at Edinburgh, in a thin quarto, Bruce's *Poems on Several Occasions*, and it was commonly (though probably quite unjustly) believed by Bruce's partisans that the editor had lost some of Bruce's poems, suppressed others, and borrowed and adapted one or two for his own ends. Friends, and relatives especially, are apt to over-estimate the value of the fragmentary remains of an immature minor poet.

Robert Fergusson (1750-1774).

Robert Fergusson (1750-1774), 'precentor' of the convivial coterie of *Auld Reikie*, owes much of his fame to the fact that he was, in a special sense, the precursor of Burns, though some of his own verses well deserve to live on their own merits. Burns, the soul of generosity, was not slow to recognize either Fergusson's merits or his own debt to one whom he calls 'By far my elder brother in the muses':

'My senses wad be in a creel,
Should I but dare a hope to speel,
Wi' Allan, or wi' Gilbertfield,
The braes of fame;
Or Fergusson, the writer chiel,
A deathless name.

'O Fergusson! thy glorious parts
Ill suited law's dry musty arts!
My curse upon your whunstane hearts,
Ye Enbrugh gentry!
The tythe of what ye waste at cartes
Wad stow'd his pantry!'

To William Simpson.

Fergusson himself, however, was merely a transmitter of tradition, and he speaks with equal veneration of poetical ancestors. Speaking of his muse in vein and in metre carefully observed by his great successor, Fergusson says:

'I'll grant that she can find a knack
To gar auld warrld wordies clack
In hamespun rhime,
While ilkane at his billie's back
Keeps gude Scots time.

But she maun e'en be glad to jook
An' play teet-bo frae nook to nook,
Or blush as gin she had the yook
Upo' her skin,
Whan *Ramsay*, or whan *Pennicuik*,
Their lilts begin.'

Born at Edinburgh on September 5th, 1750, Fergusson was a fragile youth, endowed with a delicate sensibility and a quickness with which went an impulsive fickleness, not infrequently characteristic of the poetic temperament. After four years at St. Andrews, his father having died during his college course, he returned to Edinburgh and obtained employment as copying clerk in a lawyer's office. In the night clubs, of which he was an ornament in his time among the 'bucks of Edinburgh,' he was distinguished by his vivacity and humour, his power of mimicry, and his gift of Scots song. In person he is described as of a slender, handsome figure, his forehead high, his countenance open and pleasing, though somewhat effeminate and characterized by extreme pallor, but kindled into life by the animation of his large black eyes, whenever he became interested in the conversation.

At 'nine years less than thirty, sweet ane an' twenty,' Fergusson began contributing pieces, both grave and humorous, in English and in vernacular, to *Ruddiman's Weekly Magazine*.[1] Few are distinguished by any depth of poetic feeling, but the dialect pieces show graphic

[1] T. Ruddiman edited his *Poems on Various Subjects* with a memoir, 1779.

humour and a descriptive power rich with promise. He excelled in descriptive pieces, modelled on those of Swift and Gay, and in poetic epistles, garnished with strong pronunciations and in the 'Scotish metre':

> 'Could lavrocks, at the dawnin' day,
> Could linties, chirmin' frae the spray,
> Or todlin' burns that smoothly play
> Ow'r gowden bed,
> Compare wi' *Birks o' Invermay?*—
> But now they're dead.'

His fear that the songs of Scotia were dying was happily without foundation. In 1773, when he was but twenty-three, Fergusson's songs were collected and published in a volume. Burns was fifteen at the time, and we may be sure that a copy soon found its way to Mauchline. With Chatterton and Keats, and Chénier and Lermontoff, Fergusson was unhappily to be one of the great potentialities of literature. Before he completed his twenty-fourth year he died in a mad-house at Edinburgh, October 16th, 1774. In 1787 Robert Burns sought out Fergusson's grave in the Canongate cemetery, and put up a cut stone at his own cost.[1]

Fergusson's *Leith Races* supplied the model for Burns's *Holy Fair*, *The Mutual Complaint of Plainstanes and Causey*, probably suggested *The Brigs of Ayr*, nor will a comparison of *The Farmer's Ingle* of Fergusson with *The Cotter's Saturday Night* admit of a doubt as to the influence of the city-bred over the country-bred muse. One can still read, with a glow of genuine appreciation, the elder poet's *Hallow Fair*, and *Auld Reikie*, his *Epistles*, and his odes to the Bee and the Gowdspink, or his delicately-touched lines *On seeing a Butterfly in the Street*:

[1] Cf. Stevenson's *Letters*, 1899, ii. 330.

'Now shou'd our sclates wi' hailstones' ring,
What cabbage-fauld wad screen your wing,
Say, fluttering fairy! wer't thy hap
To light beneath braw Nanny's cap,
Wad she, proud butterfly of May,
In pity lat you skaithless stay?'

To turn from such pieces as these, good as they are, to the consummate workmanship of poems which they seem to have inspired or suggested (the Epistles to Simpson and Lapraik, *To a Mouse*, and others), assists one to evaluate the incandescence of great genius. The fable lay comparatively inert under Æsop and his imitators; then came La Fontaine and vitalized it in every part.

IV. *Robert Burns.*

Robert Burns was the son of William Burnes, who married in 1757 Agnes Brown, the daughter of a Carrick farmer. The Burneses had long been small farmers in the uplands of Kincardineshire. The poet, who was the eldest son, was born at Alloway, Ayrshire, on January 25th, 1759, and he had two and a half years' schooling there under a master paid by subscription among the local farmers. His father then left the small clay cottage which he had occupied as a gardener, and set up upon a small farm of £40 rental at Mount Oliphant. William Burnes was now what his ancestors had been, a yeoman farmer, and one of the martyrs of *la petite culture*. The farm was small, the soil not rich, the living very rude; and it was only by unceasing toil that the wolf could be kept from the door. At fifteen Robert became chief farm-hand to his father. The latter, happily, was not rendered morose by the grind of toil and poverty; he was of strong sense and lively affection, and he gave the best of his mind to his sons.

In 1777 the family moved to Lochlie, a 130 acre farm in the parish of Tarbolton, which proved rather more easy to work. There Robert learned to fill his glass, and fell in love with a charming 'fillette,' who 'overset his trigonometry' when he was but sixteen. Thus began a series of amours which appear only to have concluded with his life. A period of comparative ease came to an end in 1784, when William Burnes died. Robert and his brother Gilbert managed to get a small farm at Mossgiel in Mauchline, where, amidst the press of uphill work to make ends meet, most of his best poetry was written as he cut the furrows at the tail of the plough. The enumeration merely of these masterpieces in vernacular verse is a source of pleasure; among them were *Poor Mailie* (1782), *Green Grow the Rashes O, Corn Rigs, Mary Morison, To a Mouse, To a Mountain Daisy, To a Louse, Epistle to William Simpson, Jolly Beggars, Hallowe'en, Holy Willie, Holy Fair, Address to the Unco' Guid, The Cotter's Saturday Night*, and *The Twa Dogs* (1786).

The endowments of Burns as he grew up were not hidden under a bushel. There was a quick responsiveness in him to every human aspiration; he seemed indeed the favourite of nature, so gifted was he with strength and beauty, with vitality and humour. Quite apart from the aureole that surrounded the young poet, there were few that could resist the magnetism of his personal charm. The poet, on his part, was 'constantly the victim of some fair enslaver.' In the course of 1788 he was married to Jean Armour, the daughter of a Mauchline mason, but he was incorrigibly unfaithful; one of his nameless children was nursed by the devoted Jean along with her own. Meanwhile, in the summer of 1786, a volume of *The Poetical Works of Robert Burns* had been printed by Wilson of Kilmarnock, and the poet cleared about £20 by

the subscription. During this year he was much unsettled (the farm at Mossgiel not proving successful), and dallied with a project of emigrating to Jamaica; but while he was meditating this step he received convincing evidence that his genius had created an impression upon the great world. Influential people came forward and pressed the publication of his poems in Edinburgh. Henry Mackenzie, in *The Lounger* for December, 1786, wrote an enthusiastic review of the first issue with illustrative extracts. The second edition of the *Poems*, with additions, appeared at Edinburgh in 1787.[1] Burns had already become a lion in Edinburgh, and amid conditions and surroundings so strangely altered, it would have needed a power of resistance to extraneous influence much stronger than the poet possessed to have kept him altogether unspoiled by success, and to have prevented or even sensibly postponed the inevitable decadence. He was in many respects a typical rustic, and had the foibles and the strong points of his class (a chivalric self-restraint not conspicuous among the latter). The peasant is in many respects more nearly akin to the aristocrat born than to the burgess, and there have been men of discernment to hold, with Lady Hester Stanhope, that the foibles of the well-born are preferable to the nail-pared virtues of the middle class. Unhappily, it is from among the last class (where the Nonconformist conscience resides) that Burns's critics have come, and have sought with a crazy persistency to suppress or to explain away the poet's foibles altogether. There was nothing of the conventional bourgeois image about Burns at all, but a strong and lusty flesh-and-blood man, not deficient in noble and even heroic impulse, but possessed by masterful passions—passions which an artificial environment aggra-

[1] Enlarged editions appeared at Edinburgh during the poet's lifetime in 1793 and 1794. That of 1787 brought in £400.

vated in such wise as to undermine the primitive strength that was in the poet. Had he, like Millet, remained amidst the environment of his youth, he would never have been spoiled in any such manner. As it was, he remained to the end an idealist in conduct, but

'Thoughtless follies laid him low.'

Early in 1788 Burns took a lease of a farm at Ellisland in Nithsdale, and about the same time he had the option of a gaugership in the excise at a salary of £50 and some perquisites, a post which he decided to take up in 1789. Two years later he gave up the farm at Ellisland, and moved into Dumfries, upon a salary of £70 yearly as exciseman. Before he left Ellisland in one day of November, 1790, he wrote his own favourite *Tam o' Shanter*, his 'first essay in the way of tales.' On February 27th, 1792, Burns was despatched to watch an armed smuggler which had got into shallow water in Solway Firth. He was left on guard while his superior officer went to Dumfries for some dragoons. While watching he composed the song:

'The de'il cam fiddling thro' the town,
And danc'd awa wi' th' exciseman,
And ilka wife cries Auld Mahoun,
I wish you luck of the prize man!'

When the soldiers came he led them to the assault of the lugger, and was the first on board. Personages or incidents supplied the spark to his genius more often than mood or reverie; but the echo from an old song was most frequently of all the source of inspiration, and while he was at Dumfries, though the rate of production was less than at Mauchline, he wrote some of his finest songs. Some 184 of these in all were written for the later volumes of Johnson's *Musical Museum*,[1] among them *Ye Banks and*

[1] Many others [84] were composed for G. Thomson's *Select Collection of Original Scottish Airs* (6 vols., 1793-1841).

Braes of Bonnie Doon (1791), *Of a' the Airts, Willie brew'd a Peck of Maut, What can a Young Lassie do wi' an Auld Man, Bonnie wee Thing, Ae Fond Kiss, The Birks of Aberfeldie, Whistle and I'll come to ye my lad, My Wife's a winsome wee Thing, Auld Lang Syne, Comin' thro' the Rye, Scots wha hae,* made while riding in a snowstorm across the wilds of Kenmure in 1793, and *Is there for honest Poverty* (1794). He felt it humiliating to write these songs —many of them patriotic—for money, and would not receive a penny piece for any of them. He was no less proudly independent in regard to personal offers of money.

His pride of independence took other forms, and he was very nearly getting into trouble with his official superiors on account of his Jacobinical ebullitions.[1] His salary enabled him to live in tolerable comfort, his income amounting to a little under £100 a year. But his indulgence in hard drinking, and the constant excitement of various kinds to which his life was now subject, began to tell upon his powerful frame. Early in 1796 he fell asleep in the open air after returning from a carouse, and caught rheumatic fever; he rallied several times, but sank very rapidly in July, and died on July 21st, 1796, at the age of thirty-seven. 'His true life began with his death; with the body passed all that was gross and impure; the clear spirit stood revealed, and soared at once to its accepted place among the fixed stars in the firmament of the rare immortals.'[2]

In his satire and descriptive vein Burns is racy to the last degree of the poets of North Britain for at least three centuries before his advent. The appearance of strange isolation which is sometimes assigned to his poetry and its

[1] On one occasion, when Pitt's health was proposed at dinner, the poet gave as an improved toast—'A better man—George Washington.'

[2] Lord Rosebery on Burns.

ideals is dissipated when we examine its antecedents. From the influences that had gone to mould the English poetry of the century—Pope, Thomson, Gray, Cowper—he stood aloof.[1] In this respect it is almost impossible to over-emphasize his isolation. It is like that which distinguished from the French classics of the Boileau period the *bonhomme*, as the French love to call him, *naïf et immortel*, whose work supplies such a remarkable link in the chain of French tradition, which the brilliant but disdainful literature of the Grand Siècle had broken.

So Burns, like La Fontaine, like Sterne, like Turner, like many men of genius whose native faculty has been richest, had forerunners to whom, as far as themes and models and dialect went, he owed an incalculable amount. Like Scott, he grew up in an atmosphere of Scots ballads, ballads often of great merit, which Percy, and Mickle, and Ritson did their best to render as popular as they deserved to be in England. But Burns owed scarcely anything to the ballad, and for the ballad form throughout his work it is remarkable how little regard is shown. The fountain of his literary activity was his fondness for Scottish songs, and his special predecessor in the vernacular poetry of the keenly observant and grimly humorous type, to which he was specially addicted, was Robert Fergusson, the Teniers of Scots song.[2]

[1] Such English poetry as he did read was mainly of the early eighteenth century—Pope, Thomson, Shenstone, and Blair; but he came unscathed out of the ordeal as far as his best or vernacular verse was concerned. Several references show that he knew his *Ossian*. It is plain from many passages in his work that the old song-makers, with Penicuik and Fergusson, were the gods of his idolatry. When he is out for fashion he invariably fails.

[2] Compare and contrast *Farmer's Ingle* (Fergusson), *Cotter's Saturday Night* (Burns); *Auld Reikie* (F.), *Edina, Scotia's darling Seat* (B.); *Leith Races* (F.), *Holy Fair* (B.); *Elegy on Death of*

Some of his finest efforts, such as his *Hallowe'en* and his *Mailie*, were produced in direct and keen emulation of Fergusson and of William Hamilton of Gilbertfield, whose *Dying Words of Bonny Heck* is to *Mailie* as the old play is to Shakespeare's *Lear*.

He kept Fergusson before his eyes just as Turner kept Claude, or Wilkie the real Teniers, before his. Fergusson, in turn, had before him Allan Ramsay, Alexander Montgomerie, and Lyndsay in a long perspective. The forms employed by these writers with familiar names were traditional in Scottish poetry. The old Scots staves, which they revived, were not only the appropriate, but the inevitable forms for vernacular verse. Thus the familiar epistle which Burns used with such marvellous effect was adapted from Hamilton of Gilbertfield, and had been developed by him from the humorous address which had been handed down by the Semples.[1] And Burns was a conscientious follower of Allan Ramsay in his devotion to the collection and inscription of Scottish songs. Descriptive pieces in vernacular verse, lyrics to traditional tunes, were continually being 'collected' and 'edited,' both in the most liberal interpretation of the words. Between 1706 and 1711 appeared Watson's famous *Choice Collection of Comic and Serious Scottish Poems*. This was followed by Ramsay's *Evergreen* and *Tea-Table*

Scots Music (F.), *Elegy on Capt. M. Henderson* (B.); *Hame Content* (F.), *Twa Dogs* (B.).

[1] Notably Robert Semple or Sempill (1595-1660), author of *Habbie Simson*, known to Ramsay and other balladists and song-writers as 'Standard Habbie,' the model for all humorous epistles in the vernacular. Another favourite stave of Burns (*Hallowe'en*, *Holy Fair*) is the ballad or octave on two rhymes, with a four-syllable refrain, as employed by Fergusson in *Leith Races*. Another is the *Cherry and the Slae* stave (which Ramsay took from Alex. Montgomerie), adopted in *The Jolly Beggars*.

Miscellany (1724-7), by Lord Hailes's *Ancient Scottish Poems* (1770), by Pinkerton's *Ancient Scottish Poems* (1786), and in Burns's own day it was Johnson's *Musical Museum*. He studied all this popular poetry of his country, to which, as supreme editor, he was to give the finishing and master strokes. As for the ballads, he neglected them, because, although fascinating as literature, they represented life other than as he saw it. With regard to the residue, consisting of songs and dialect poems, short, colloquial, racy of the soil—of both these forms of popular literature alike Burns is unique in his mastery. Burns is thus in the main a fulfiller of a great tradition;[1] but in one sphere, comprising much of his intensest poetry, he is strikingly original.

Burns is the poet of passion. His love of woman inspired him with songs which rank with those of Shakespeare and Shelley as the most perfect and the most inspired of all English lyrics—the finest in the world. Burns's poetic ardour is not of the intellectual type. His emotion is not reflected or remembered, it is directly

[1] For the continuity of the Scots *Epistle* and *Song* from before the 'winsome days of Habby' see the verses to Alex. Ross of Lochlee, prefixed to his *Fortunate Shepherdess*:

> 'I here might gie a skreed of names,
> Dawties of Heliconian Dames!
> The foremost place Gavin Douglas claims,
> That pawky priest.
> And wha can match the first King James
> For sang or jest?
>
> Montgomerie grave and Ramsay gay,
> Dunbar, Scott, Hawthornden, and mae
> Than I can tell, for o' my say,
> I maun brak aff;
> 'Twould take a live-lang summer day
> To name the half.'

heartfelt. His Venus was a servant-girl (*e.g.* Mary Morison), his *Ile de Cythère* a cornfield ('corn rigs are bonny'); yet how few poets have felt each verse in their veins to the extent that Burns felt it. His passions were short-lived but intense, and for him to be in love and to write love-songs were one and the same thing. Hence the many-sided and exquisite *naïveté* of his love-verses; hence his unique position as the laureate of youthful ardour and heartache, of April sweet-hearting and harvest weddings. We may ignore the foibles of character that these qualities imply, or we may regard them from an Arcadian point of view; but this we do at the risk of missing the intimate warm breath of love-poetry as passionate in its sincerity as it is exquisite in its beauty.

Yet his love-poetry is but one element, though an all-important one in any attempt at an estimate of Burns. After Shakespeare and Wordsworth it would be difficult to name any poet, the value of whose legacy seems more general or universal in the interest that it excites. His phrases are masonic symbols. Lowland Scots, which had come in with two warriors (Bruce and Wallace), went out with two poets, Scott and Burns.

Of his characteristics as a poet, one of the first to attract us is patriotism. From the time of the earliest 'makares' the poetry the Scots loved had glowed with it—devotional and intense. Compare Dunbar's apostrophe to the thistle and Burns's own:

> 'The rough bur-thistle, spreading wide
> Amang the bearded bear,[1]
> I turn'd the weeding-heuk aside
> An' spar'd the symbol dear.'
>
> *To the Guidwife of Wauchope House.*

The traditional nationality was the happy instrument of

[1] Barley.

keeping him almost wholly to Scottish subjects, to Scottish scenery, and to the vernacular—

'I kittle up my rustic reed,
It gies me ease.'

Like himself (he but once crossed the Tweed, and then for only a few minutes), his muse is untravelled. When the Muse of Scotland appeared to him, she bade him sing his own people, the land and water of his own country. One of the most delightful of his early epistles expresses the determination that the streams of Ayrshire should obtain their due meed of celebration:

'Ramsay an' famous Fergusson[1]
Gied Forth an' Tay a lift aboon;
Yarrow an' Tweed to monie a tune
Owre Scotland rings.

[1] With this (*To William Simpson*) should be compared the lines in *Hame Content*, by Robert Fergusson, to whose clever rhymes and 'racy Doric' Burns was proud to admit obligation.

'The Arno and the Tiber lang
Hae run full clear in Roman sang;
But, save the reverence of schools,
They're baith but lifeless, dowie pools.
Dought they compare wi' bonnie Tweed,
As clear as ony lammer-bead?
Or are their shores mair sweet and gay
Than Fortha's haughs or banks o' Tay?
Though there the herds can jink the show'rs,
'Mang thriving vines an' myrtle bow'rs,
And blaw the reed to kittle strains,
While Echo's tongue commends their pains;
Like ours, they canna warm the heart
Wi' simple, saft, bewitching art.
On Leader haughs an' Yarrow braes
Arcadian herds wad tyne their lays,
To hear the mair melodious sounds
That live on our poetic grounds.'

While Irwin, Lugar, Ayr, an' Doon
Naebody sings.

'The Ilissus, Tiber, Thames an' Seine
Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line!
But, Willie, set your fit to mine
An' cock your crest:
We'll gar our streams an' burnies shine
Up wi' the best.

'We'll sing Auld Coila's plains and fells,
Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells,
Her banks an' braes, her dens an' dells,
Where glorious Wallace
Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
Frae southron billies.

'At Wallace' name, what Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
By Wallace' side.
Still pressing onward red-wat shod,
Or glorious died.'

Burns's next conspicuous characteristic is his great power as an observer of actual life and manners, with its frequent corollary in the profounder mind of our English folk —humour. This found expression mainly in Burns's satirical verse, and in his lashing of hypocrisy; but it is present throughout every portion of his writings. Direct observation takes in Burns the place of descriptions derived from reading; his metaphors are the result of working experience, and he seldom reflects the pale conventions of the printed page. His illustrations, his homely images, are drawn from the life of every day, and how exact his portraiture is! He is not preoccupied with the beautiful. He gives no idealistic portraits of the peasants around him—quite the contrary. He depicts them as they are, the lumbering figures of Teniers or of Wilkie, who seek

relaxation from rough toil in drink and scandal. The foibles of his people, whether they are satirized or condoned, form a very prominent part in his poems. How often is he laughing or slashing at the alcoholism, the hypocrisy, or the virtue-proof respectability of his neighbours! But these vices, if specially rank in Britain, are in no fear of extinction elsewhere. Burns is eminently national, as we have seen, yet few poets can appeal to so wide a range of individuals, quite apart from nationality. He has a large measure of the ex-territoriality of Shakespeare, of Heine, of Molière. Almost every grade of intellect can unite to admire and enjoy the poetry of Robert Burns.

He was specially endowed, it is true, as the poet of the Scottish Lowlands, where the common folk (whom he best understood) had always a certain literary taste and sympathy, and of a countryside in which all alike were judges of a song; yet so universal, so direct and so concentrated is he, that he stands apart more and more as he recedes into the past, and we contemplate him appealing to no special period, but to Time, representing no phase, no class, no school, no literary movement, but mankind.

A third important characteristic of Burns is his love of the poor and of popular freedom. For philosophical notions about the state of nature and the rights of man, for the abstract ideas of 1789, he showed no great fervour. The deep enthusiasm manifested by Wordsworth and Coleridge for the conceptions of the early revolutionaries was foreign to him. But with the popular side of the great upheaval he was at heart thoroughly sympathetic. He cared little for the lofty dreams of fraternity and social regeneration, but he believed in equality of opportunity, and in revolt whenever the weakness of the oppressor might render it feasible.

Both by nature and condition he was an insurgent, a hater of social distinction and of the rich. He regarded the latter mainly as do-nothings, for whose futile luxury he expressed in *The Twa Dogs* his hearty contempt:

'A country fellow at the pleugh,
His acres till'd, he 's right eneugh;
A country lassie at her wheel,
Her dizzen 's done, she 's unco' weel:
But Gentlemen, an' Ladies warst,
Wi' ev'ndown want o' wark are curst.
They loiter, lounging, lank and lazy;
Tho' de'il haet ails 'em, yet uneasy:
Their days insipid, dull an' tasteless,
Their nights unquiet, lang an' restless.'

In his easy description to his friend Thomson in January, 1795, of the verses headed *Is there for honest Poverty*, as a mere 'bagatelle,' we discern the attempt of genius to disguise the intensity of conviction conveyed in the famous lines:

'Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts and stares, and a' that,
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He 's but a coof for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that.
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

'A king can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that,
But an honest man 's aboon his might,
Guid faith he mauna fa' that.[1]

[1] Claim that. For the songs and airs see James C. Dick's *Songs of Robert Burns*, 2 vols., 1903; and the *Centenary Edition*, ed. Henley and Henderson, 1901.

For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that.
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that!'

'The sentiment, expressed with all the epigrammatic neatness of Pope[1] in the couplet

'Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunella.'

assumes in Burns likewise a thoroughly characteristic form, in this generous and heartfelt outburst against the rising tide of subservience to wealth, ancient or modern.

A fourth very distinctive feature of Burns, as a poet, is not so much his love of nature and animals as the genuine animation of his pictures of outdoor doings—the keen and sparkling impressionism of his homely yet vivid touches of rural life. He is the poet of things seen and constantly recognized. The fastnesses of the Highlands supply the grandest scenery in Britain, much of which was ready to his hand. But the lands which he depicts are the pleasant uplands of Ayrshire, bearing something of the same relation to the Highlands as the Wiltshire downs to Dartmoor; and he represents the busy life of the fields as Mr. Blackmore, in his most happily inspired moments, has depicted it. A busy place is assigned to animals, for Nature is to him no silent, no scenic pageant. Compare his animated picture of autumn-time in *The Brigs of Ayr* with Keats's inspired rhapsody *To Autumn*. The brisk air of country life pervades the one, the other is a dream of beauty and regret. As in Tolstoi's famous description of a day's reaping, there are vivid touches abounding in Burns which sum up an infinite amount of generalized experience. Such are his descriptions of harvesters, of the

[1] *Essay on Man*, iv. 204.

gardener shouldering his spade to work in the purple May morning. He has expressed with conscious power and precision that which thousands of men who labour and delve the earth have felt obscurely and confusedly for centuries past. Contrast his ploughman with Thomson's, his woodman with Cowper's, his blacksmith with Longfellow's, and we realize how distinct his intimate knowledge is from the sympathetic imagination of the enlightened and cultured burgess. Beautiful though the reapers' scene in *The Seasons* is, one realizes once and for all after reading Burns that Jemmy Thomson never straddled for ten hours a day for a month in a harvest field carrying forward his ridge.

Of abstract sentiment for Nature Burns had little, nor was he in the full sense of the word, like Wordsworth, or Keats, or Tennyson, a poet of Nature. He had little or none of that divining power whereby the genius of a spot is ascertained, and its moral influence gauged.[1] Shelley, with his extraordinarily intense and penetrative imagination, reveals, as it were, the psychology of Nature. In Tennyson's *In Memoriam* a philosophy of Nature is mingled intimately with the mystical feeling of confidence that underlies the poem. Wordsworth walks through Nature as if he were in a cathedral, where religious ceremonies are to be seen, of which he cannot indeed penetrate the full meaning, but of which the solemn character calms his spirit and profoundly affects his whole moral nature.

With Burns it was utterly different. Nature had not the same mystic balm for him. He was comparatively indifferent or impervious to its healing power. The interpretation of Nature's subtler moods and phases was to him

[1] See the splendid monograph on *Robert Burns* (1893), by Professor Angellier, of Lille. An excellent *Concordance to Burns*, by J. B. Reid, appeared in 1889.

no sacred task. Nature was to him, as to Romney or Gainsborough, primarily material for an effective background, to be powerfully if summarily stippled into the portrait group, rather than, as to a Turner or a Ruskin, a theme for independent poetic treatment. Magician as he was, of the calibre of Gerard Dow in his mastery of candlelight effects, he often dispensed with the adjunct of background altogether. He was not, in short, occupied by Nature for its own sake. It is this indifference to the religion of Nature that distinguishes him most from the poets of this century; but he also stands apart from them in that he is rarely meditative, still less metaphysical or religious, and wholly ignorant of the pathways of philosophic doubt.

A good illustration of the manner in which Burns

> '. . . made a clearer faith and manhood shine
> In the untutored heart'

is afforded by the heartfelt ejaculation of a poor shoemaker of Longnewton,[1] of the generation that followed the poet's own, upon acquiring a copy of Burns at St. Boswell's Fair in 1803. 'These poems brought not so much the idea of a new creation into my mind, as a new illustration of that world I had seen. Here I perceived many of the scenes of outward nature as if set in a more rainbow point of view. Common sense seemed also to have taken up a proper position, while superstition and hypocrisy were turned out in nudity to be ashamed of the light, or to clothe themselves in fig-leaves or in fustian in the best way they could. The poems appeared to me as having given our old-fashioned everyday life a new clearing up, a general repair. The springs of motion seemed to have acquired a new impulse.

[1] John Younger.

. . . Burns taught me to respect myself, and, in addition, all human worth, under whatever garb I should meet with it. He confirmed my former suspicion that the world was made for me as well as for Cæsar. The servilely acknowledged dignitaries of the day and hour seemed to sink into petty insignificance, and my formerly repressed idea that the mind alone made the man was now positively established. I began also to conceive the moral mind and genius of Scotland to be more obliged to Burns than to all her other authors taken together. . . . He seemed to have discovered the true link of sympathy between his own soul and the souls of others, and the sublime art of passing that fine subtle influence, like electric fluid, through every sensitive nerve of feeling with which he could possibly come in contact.'

As in the case of Goldsmith and Sheridan, of Shelley and Victor Hugo, an injudicious attempt has been made on behalf of Burns to explain away the petty failings of a great genius. Whatever were Burns's individual failings or follies, they were his own. It is absurd for us to canonize his weaknesses because they were Burns's. Let us reserve the enthusiasm for his poems, from the study of which there are few men but have risen up better. A regret may have lurked behind the poet's contemptuous astonishment at that wonderful self-restraint exhibited by the middle class:

> 'O ye douce folk, that live by rule,
> Grave, tideless-blooded, calm and cool,
> Compar'd wi' you—O fool! fool! fool!
> How much unlike!
> Your hearts are just a standing pool,
> Your lives, a dyke!'

But could an insurgent genius such as Burns have really subsisted amid the dams and the drains, the prim barriers,

the rectangular flats and middle levels of such a fenland of the emotions? The answer is as inevitable as his poetry:

'An anxious e'e I never throws
Behint my lug, or by my nose;
I jouk beneath Misfortune's blows
As weel 's I may;
Sworn foe to Sorrow, Care, and Prose,
I rhyme away.'

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

Works Published.	Comparative Chronology.
1748 (21 and 22 Geo. II.). Thos. Edwards: *Canons of Criticism.*	Dodsley's *Collection of Poems* (in 3 vols.).
Hume: *Inquiry Concerning Human Understanding.*	Mably: *Droit public de l'Europe.*
Ed. Moore: *The Foundling.*	Lord Anson presented to the Royal Society an account of his voyage round the world (June 30th).
S. Richardson: *Clarissa Harlowe.*	Laplace: *Le Théâtre Anglais.*
Smollett: *Roderick Random.*	Klopstock's *Messias.*
Tanner: *Bibliotheca.*	Gellert: *Fabeln.*
Thomson: *Castle of Indolence.*	Dr. Isaac Watts died.
John and Charles Wesley: *Hymns for the Lord's Supper.*	Thomson died.
	Bentham born.
	Charles James Fox born.
	Berthollet (the great chemist) born.
	Bürger born.
1749. Lord Bolingbroke: *Letters on Patriotism.*	*Monthly Review* begins.
Fielding: *Tom Jones.*	Muratori commences last vol. of his *Rerum Italicorum Scriptores.*
Johnson: *Irene* and *Vanity of Human Wishes.*	Montesquieu: *Esprit des Lois.*
Conyers Middleton: *Free Inquiry into Miraculous Powers.*	La Chaussée: *Ecole de la Jeunesse.*
	Buffon's first volume.
	Fréret died.
	Mme. de Tencin died

WORKS PUBLISHED.

1749. Wesley: *Plain Account of People called Methodists.*
J. Ames: *Typographical Antiquities.*

1750. Johnson: *The Rambler* begins.
W. Whiston: *Memoirs.*

1751. Fielding: *Amelia.*
Gray: *Elegy.*
Hume: *Inquiry concerning the Principles of Morals.*
Jortin: *Remarks on Ecclesiast. History.*
Paltock: *Peter Wilkins.*
Smollett: *Peregrine Pickle.*

1752. Bolingbroke: *On Study of History.*
Dr. W. Dodd: *Beauties of Shakespeare.*
Hawkesworth: *The Adventurer* begins.
Hume: *Political Discourses.*
Charlotte Lenox: *Female Quixote.*
Christ. Smart: *Hop-garden and other Poems.*
Society of Antiquaries receive Charter from George II.

1753. Chesterfield begins writing in *World.*

COMPARATIVE CHRONOLOGY.

Madame du Châtelet died.
Goethe born.
Alfieri born.
Laplace (the great astronomer) born.
Garat born.

Dr. Conyers Middleton died.
Sir Charles Wilkins (the great orientalist) born.
Robert Fergusson born.

French *Encyclopédie* begins.
Duclos: *Considérations sur les mœurs de ce siècle.*
Voltaire: *Siècle de Louis XIV.*

Bolingbroke died.
Will. Hamilton of Gilbertfield died.
Dr. Philip Doddridge died.
D'Aguesseau died.
Sheridan born.

The *New Style* Calendar was adopted in Great Britain from September 14th, 1752. Eleven days (September 3rd to 13th) had to be omitted to rectify the Calendar. Henceforth the Civil and Legal year began, not on March 25th, but on January 1st.

Bp. Butler died.
William Whiston died.
W. Cheselden died.
Frances Burney born.
Chatterton born.

Handel's *Messiah* performed at Foundling Hospital.

	Works Published.	Comparative Chronology.
1753.	Foote: *Englishman in Paris.* Hume: *Essays and Treatises.* Lowth: *Prælectiones de Sacri Poesi Hebræorum.* Gray: *Six Poems.* Ed. Moore: *The Gamester.* Richardson: *Sir Charles Grandison.* Smollett: *Ferdinand Count Fathom.* Thos. Warton: *Observations on Faërie Queene.*	In his preface to *Grandison* Richardson protests against the piracies of the Dublin publishers. Cowper, a student in the Middle Temple, writes an *Ode* on *Grandison.* Establishment of British Museum by Act of Parliament. Death of Sir Hans Sloane. Bp. Berkeley died. Dugald Stewart born. Thomas Bewick born. Pigault-Lebrun born. Rivarol born.
1754.	Bolingbroke: *Philosophical Writings* (ed. Mallett). Colman and Thornton: *The Connoisseur.* Glover: *Boadicea.* Hume: *History of England* (vol. i.). Bp. Newton: *On the Prophecies.* Thos. Birch: *Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth.*	*Annual Register* begins. Condillac: *Traité de Sensations.* Society of Arts founded. Ed. Cave (founder of *Gentleman's Magazine*) died. Fielding died. Wm. Hamilton of Bangour died. Thos. Carte died. Crabbe born. Joubert born. Joseph de Maistre born.
1755.	Fielding: *Voyage to Lisbon* (posthumous). Carte: *History of England* (completed). Hutcheson: *System of Moral Philosophy.* Johnson: *Dictionary of English Language.*	Parliament votes £100,000 for sufferers by Lisbon earthquake. Johnson wrote his 'civil letter' to Chesterfield (7 Feb.). Duc de St. Simon died. Montesquieu died. Maffei died.

Works Published.	Comparative Chronology.
1755. Deane Swift: *Life of Swift.*	John Flaxman born. Sarah Siddons born.
1756. Alban Butler: *Lives of the Saints* (completed 1759). Burke: *Vindication of Natural Society* and *Ideas of Sublime and Beautiful.* Home: *Douglas.* Thos. Amory: *John Buncle* (vol. i.).	*Literary Magazine* and *Critical Review* established. Gessner: *Idyllen.* Goldsmith arrived in London. Gilbert West died. George Vertue died. Gifford born. Godwin born. Gilbert Wakefield born. Raeburn born. Mozart born.
1757. Dyer: *The Fleece.* Gray: *Pindaric Odes.* Smollett: *Hist. of England.* J. Brown: *Estimate of . . . . the Times.* Wilkie: *Epigoniad.* Joseph Warton: *Essay on Pope* (vol. i.).	Strawberry Hill Press set up. Voltaire: *Candide.* Cibber died. Edward Moore died. David Hartley died. Fontenelle died. D'Argenson died. Blake born. James Gillray born Romilly born.
1758. Johnson: *The Idler.* Leland: *Philip of Macedon.* Price: *Principal Questions in Morals.* H. Walpole: *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors.*	Isla: *Historia del famoso Predicador Fray Gerundio.* Allan Ramsay died. Dyer died. James Hervey died. Jonathan Edwards died. Dr. Shebbeare pilloried. John Pinkerton born Noah Webster born. Dr. Gall born. Nelson born.
1759. Goldsmith: *Enquiry into Present State of Polite Learning in Europe* and *The Bee.*	Dodsley's *Annual Register* begins. W. Collins died (12 June).

	Works Published.	Comparative Chronology.
1759.	Johnson: *Rasselas.* Macklin: *Love à la Mode.* Robertson: *History of Scotland.* Adam Smith: *Moral Sentiments.* Sterne: *Tristram Shandy* (vols. i. and ii.). Townley: *High Life Below Stairs.*	Sir Charles Hanbury Williams died. Maupertuis died. Handel died and buried in the Abbey. Burns born. Schiller born. Richard Porson born. W. Wilberforce born. Friedrich August Wolf (the great scholar) born. P. Etienne Dumont (the 'Apostle of Bentham') born.
1760 (34 Geo. II., 1 Geo. III.).	Goldsmith: *Citizen of the World.* Hanway: *Letters on Vails Giving.* E. Capell: *Prolusions.* Macpherson: *Fragments of Ancient Poetry.* Sterne: *Sermons.*	George III. succeeds George II. (October 25th). *Public Ledger* started by Newbery (this and the *Public Advertiser* two of the best newspapers). *Biog. Britannica* (finished). Rousseau: *Nouvelle Héloïse.* *The Universal History* (completed). Browne Willis died.
1761.	Churchill: *The Rosciad* and *Night.* R. Dodsley: *Select Fables.* Gibbon: *Essai sur l'Etude de la Littérature.* Goldsmith: *Memoirs of Voltaire.* Smollett: *Version of Gil Blas.* Sterne: *Tristram Shandy* (vols. iii. and iv.).	*New and General Biographical Dictionary* (11 vols. expanded into 32, by A. Chalmers, 1812-14). Marmontel: *Contes Morales.* Richardson died. William Law died. John Dollond died. Bishop Hoadly died. 'Beau' Nash died. Stephen Hales died. Kotzebue born.

Works Published.	Comparative Chronology.
1762. Falconer: *Shipwreck.*	*The Briton* started under Smollett in May, and *The North Briton* by Wilkes in June.
Hurd: *Letters on Chivalry and Romance.*	Johnson granted a pension of £300.
Lord Kames: *Elements of Criticism.*	Cock Lane ghost exposed.
Macpherson: *Poems of Ossian.*	Wedgwood ware patented.
Sterne: *Tristram Shandy* (vols. v. and vi.).	Peter Annet imprisoned one month for writing *The Free Enquirer.*
Stuart and Revett: *Antiquities of Athens.*	Rousseau: *Contrat Social.*
Walpole: *Anecdotes of Painting in England.*	Wieland begins his version of *Shakespeare.*
Thos. Leland: *Longsword, Earl of Salisbury.*	Romney came to London.
	Lady Mary Wortley Montagu died.
	Marivaux died.
	André Chénier born.
1763. R. Chandler: *Marmora Oxoniensia.*	Johnson meets Boswell.
Churchill: *The Author.*	The scandalous *Essay on Woman* printed privately by Wilkes, but written mainly by Thos. Potter.
Hoole: *Version of Tasso.*	
Smart: *Song to David.*	
Lady M. W. Montagu's *Letters* (posthumously published).	
	Shenstone died.
	Byrom died.
	Abbé Prévost died.
	Rogers born.
	Jean Paul Richter born.
1764. Foote: *The Mayor of Garratt.*	Johnson's Literary Club founded.
Goldsmith: *The Traveller.*	Rousseau: *Emile.*
Grainger: *The Sugar Cane.*	Winckelmann: *Geschichte der Kunst des Alterthums.*
Hooke: *Roman History.*	F. Bartolozzi settled in London.
Reid: *Inquiry into the Human Mind.*	Gibbon at Rome conceives his *History.*
Psalmanazar: *Memoirs.*	Churchill died.

WORKS PUBLISHED.

1764. Shenstone: *Works* (ed. Dodsley, issued complete).
Walpole: *Castle of Otranto.*

1765. Sir W. Blackstone: *Commentaries.*
Johnson: Edition of *Shakespeare.*
Percy: *Reliques of Ancient Poetry.*
Tucker: *Light of Nature Pursued.*
Hawkesworth: Edition of *Swift.*

1766. Anstey: *New Bath Guide.*
Brooke: *Fool of Quality.*
Colman and Garrick: *Clandestine Marriage.*
Goldsmith: *Vicar of Wakefield.*
Pennant: *British Zoology.*
Daines Barrington: *Naturalist's Calendar.*
Rich. Farmer: *Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare.*

1767. Byrom: *Universal English Shorthand.*
Lyttelton: *History of Henry II.*
Sterne: *Tristram Shandy* (vol. ix. and last).

1768. Boswell: *Account of Corsica.*

COMPARATIVE CHRONOLOGY.

Nathaniel Hooke died.
Hogarth died.
Algarotti died.
Ann Radcliffe born.
Legouvé born.

Williams the bookseller pilloried for publishing No. 45 of *The North Briton* (February 14th).
Sedaine: *Philosophe sans le savoir.*

Ed. Young died.
David Mallett died.
Mackintosh born.
William Taylor of Norwich born.
Karamsin (the great Russian historian) born.

Turgot: *Distribution des Richesses.*
Lessing: *Laokoön.*
Wieland: *Komische Erzählungen.*
Lessing: *Minna von Barnhelm.*
Winckelmann: *Monumenti Antichi.*

Thomas Birch died.
Malthus born.
Lady Nairne born.
W. H. Wollaston born.
N. Drake born.
Mme. de Staël born.

Culmination of the movement against the Jesuits.

James Grainger died.
Maria Edgeworth born.
Schlegel born.

Royal Academy founded.
Circulating libraries established.

Works Published.	Comparative Chronology.
1768. Chatterton: *Ælla.*	Jovellanos: *Delinquente Honorado.*
Goldsmith: *Good-Natured Man.*	S. A. Tissot's curious *Essay on Diseases incidental to Literary Persons*, published at Lausanne, translated into English.
Gray: *Poems.*	Louis Dutens published at Geneva his great edition of Leibnitz.
Hawkesworth: *Fénelon's Telemachus.*	Sterne died.
Hugh Kelly: *False Delicacy.*	Joseph Spence died.
Alex. Ross: *Fortunate Shepherdess.*	Chateaubriand born.
Sterne: *Sentimental Journey.*	Krilof ('the La Fontaine of Russia') born.
Walpole: *Mysterious Mother.*	
1769. Cumberland: *The Brothers.*	Klopstock: *Hermanns Schlacht.*
Burke: *Observations on Present State of the Nation.*	*Nautical Almanack* established.
Granger: *Biographical History of England.*	James Watt obtains the first patent for his steam engine.
Junius: First Letter in *Public Advertiser* (Jan. 21st).	Shakespeare Jubilee.
Robertson: *History of Charles V.*	Robertson received £4,500 for his *History.*
Elizabeth Montagu: *Essay on the Genius of Shakespeare.*	French version of *Hamlet* by Ducis.
	Falconer died.
	Wellington born.
	Napoleon born.
	Cuvier born.
	Picard born.
	Humboldt born.
1770. *Archæologia* first published.	Holbach: *Système de la Nature.*
Bannatyne: *Ancient Scottish Poems.*	Chamfort: *Marchand de Smyrne.*
Beattie: *Essay on Truth.*	Denina: *Rivoluzioni d'Italia.*
Michael Bruce: *Poems.*	Leroy: *Ruines de la Grèce.*
	Akenside died.
	Chatterton died.

	Works Published.	Comparative Chronology.
1770.	Goldsmith: *Deserted Village.* Hume: *Collected Essays and Treatises.* Langhorne: *Version of Plutarch.* Pilkington: *Dictionary of Painters.* Thos. Warton: Edition of *Theocritus.*	King's Printing House moved from Printing House Square to Strahan's in New Street, Gough Square. Isaac Hawkins Browne died. Bachaumont died. Bamfylde Moore Carew died. Christopher Smart died. James Hogg born. Wordsworth born. Canning born. Sénancour born. Hegel born. Beethoven born.
1771.	Beattie: *Minstrel* (bk. i.). Lady Anne Barnard: *Auld Robin Gray.* Cumberland: *West Indian.* Bp. Horne: *Commentary on the Psalms.* Mackenzie: *Man of Feeling.* Lord Monboddo: *Origin and Progress of Language.* Smollett: *Humphrey Clinker.*	First edition of *Encyclop. Britannica* (in 3 vols.). Kimber and Wotton's *Baronetage.* Suard: *Charles-Quint* (after Robertson). Captain Cook returns from his circumnavigation. Gray died. Smollett died. William Wilkie died. Helvétius died. Sir W. Scott born. Sydney Smith born. Mungo Park born. Lingard born.
1772.	Cumberland: *Fashionable Lover.* Foote: *The Nabob.* Hurd: *Study of the Prophecies.* Sir W. Jones: *Poems.* Junius: *Letters* (in collective form). Pennant: *Tour in Scotland.*	Lessing: *Emilia Galotti.* Favart: *Théâtre.* *Morning Post* started. Swedenborg died. Duclos died. Coleridge born. Ricardo born. F. Schlegel born. Fauriel born. Fourier born. E. Geoffroy St. Hilaire born.

Works Published.	Comparative Chronology.
1773. Robert Fergusson: *Poems.* Byrom: *Poems.* Goldsmith: *She Stoops to Conquer.* Mackenzie: *Man of the World.* Pennant: *Tour in Wales.* Francis Grose: *Antiquities of England and Wales.*	Goethe: *Goetz von Berlichingen.* Bürger: *Lenore.* **Beaumarchais:** *Mémoires.* Johnson visited Hebrides with Boswell. Chesterfield died. Lord Lyttelton died. Hawkesworth died. Piron died. James Mill born.
1774. Anna Barbauld: *Early Lessons for Children.* Burke: *Speech on American Taxation.* Chesterfield: (Posthumous) *Letters to his Son.* Goldsmith: *Retaliation.* Mason: *Life of Gray.* Priestley: *Experiments on Air.* Thos. Warton: *Hist. of English Poetry* (vol. i. finished in 1781).	Herder: *Aelteste Urkunde.* In a decision upon appeal in the case of Donaldsons *v.* Beckett, the House of Lords rejected the doctrine of an author's right to perpetual copyright, but affirmed his claim to a copyright for twenty-one years under the Act of April, 1710 (8 Anne). Goldsmith died. R. Fergusson died. Quesnay died. Abraham Tucker died. Southey born.
1775. Burke: *Speech on Conciliation with America.* Johnson: *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland.* Mickle: *Version of Camoens' Lusiad.* Sheridan: *The Rivals* and *Duenna.* Macpherson: *Hist. and Orig. Papers.*	Johnson wrote his 'fierce' letter to Macpherson. Beaumarchais: *Barbier de Séville.* Toplady: *Rock of Ages.* K. G. Guichard died. Lamb born. Landor born. Jane Austen born. Turner born. Schelling born. M. G. Lewis born.

Works Published.	Comparative Chronology.
1776. Bentham: *Fragment on Government.*	American Independence declared.
Burney: *Hist. of Music.*	Garrick quits the stage.
Gibbon: *Decline and Fall.*	Rétif de la Bretonne: *Payson perverti.*
Goldsmith: *Haunch of Venison.*	Hume died.
T. Paine: *Common Sense.*	James Granger died.
Adam Smith: *Wealth of Nations.*	Fréron died.
Sir John Hawkins: *Hist. of Music.*	Robert Foulis (the celebrated Scots printer) died.
	Jane Porter born.
	Constable born.
	Niebuhr born.
1777. Brooke: *Fool of Quality.*	Denina: *Discorso sull' Impiego della Persone.*
Hannah More: *Percy.*	Foote died.
Clara Reeve: *Old English Baron.*	Hugh Kelly died.
Robertson: *Hist. of America.*	Mme. Geoffrin died.
Sheridan: *School for Scandal.*	Gresset died.
	Dr. William Dodd hanged.
	Campbell born.
	Hallam born.
1778. Frances Burney: *Evelina.*	John Nichols took over *The Gentleman's Magazine.*
Foote: *Trip to Calais.*	J. K. Lavater: *Physiognomische Fragmente* (ended).
Lowth: *Isaiah.*	Rousseau died.
V. Knox: *Essays Moral and Literary.*	Voltaire died.
Orme: *Indostan* (last vol.).	Chatham died.
Sir J. Reynolds: *Seven Discourses.*	Linnæus died.
	Hazlitt born.
	Ugo Foscolo born.
	Belzoni born.
	Candolle born.
	Brougham born.
1779. Cumberland: *Wheel of Fortune.*	Lessing: *Nathan der Weise.*
Hume: *Natural History of Religion.*	*Olney Hymns* issued.
	Crompton invents spinning 'mule.'

Works Published.	Comparative Chronology.
1779. Johnson: *Lives of the Poets.*	Swinburne: *Travels through Spain.*
Benj. Franklin: *Works* (in collective form).	Garrick died.
Monboddo: *Ancient Metaphysics.*	Dr. John Langhorne died.
Sheridan: *The Critic.*	Warburton died.
	Armstrong died.
	John Galt born.
	Thomas Moore born.
	Berzélius born.
1780. Bentham: *Principles of Morals and Legislation.*	The *Encyclopédie* finished.
Crabbe: *The Candidate.*	Wieland: *Oberon.*
Martin Madan: *Thelyphthora* (advocating polygamy as sanctioned by Mosaic law).	Blackstone died.
	Condillac died.
	Mme. du Deffand died.
	John Wilson Croker born.
	J. J. Morier born.
	Béranger born.
1781. Hayley: *Triumphs of Temper.*	*London Magazine* ends.
Kames: *Hints on Education.*	*New Annual Register* projected by Dr. Kippis.
Logan: *Poems.*	Kant: *Critique of Pure Reason.*
Macklin: *Man of the World.*	Schiller: *Die Räuber.*
Martin Sherlock: *Letters on Various Subjects.*	Lessing died.
J. Nichols: *Anecdotes of Hogarth.*	Turgot died.
	Henry Thrale died.
	Geo. Stephenson born.
	Chamisso born.
	Froebel born.
1782. Burney: *Cecilia.*	*European Magazine* established.
Hannah Cowley: *Belle's Stratagem.*	Musäus: *Volksmärchen.*
Cowper: *Table Talk.*	Pestalozzi: *Christoph und Else.*
William Gilpin: *Observations on River Wye.*	Letourneur: *Théâtre de Shakespeare* (fin.).
Pennant: *Journey from Chester to London.*	Independence of United States of America acknowledged by Great Britain.
Priestley: *Corruptions of Christianity.*	Lord Kames died.
	Metastasio died.

WORKS PUBLISHED.

1782. Baker and Reed: *Biographia Dramatica.*
Wolcot (Peter Pindar): *Lyrical Odes.*

1783. Hugh Blair: *Rhetoric.*
Blake: *Poetical Sketches.*
Ferguson: *History of the Roman Republic.*
Hoole: *Ariosto.*
Ritson: *Collection of English Songs.*
Crabbe: *The Village.*
Cowper begins *The Task* (July).

1784. Thomas Astle: *Origin and Progress of Writing.*
Beckford: *Vathek.*
Mitford: *Hist. of Greece* (vol. i.).
Wakefield: *Opinions concerning Person of Christ.*
Charlotte Smith: *Sonnets.*

1785. Boswell: *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides.*
Cowper: *Tirocinium* and *The Task.*
Laurence and Fitzpatrick: *Rolliad.*
Paley: *Moral and Political Economy.*
Raspe: *Baron Munchausen's Travels.*
Reid: *Essays on the Intellectual Powers of Man.*

COMPARATIVE CHRONOLOGY.

Dr. Solander died.
Richard Wilson died.
Charles Robert Maturin born.
Tegner (the Swedish poet) born.
Lamennais born.

Mably: *Manière d'écrire l'Histoire.*
Robertson, Adam Smith, and others founded Royal Society of Edinburgh.

D'Alembert died.
Euler died.
Mme. d'Epinay died.
Henry Brooke died.
Washington Irving born.

Beaumarchais: *Mariage de Figaro.*
Pitt's long ministry begins.
First balloon ascent in England by V. Lunardi.

Dr. Johnson died.
Diderot died.
Allan Cunningham born.
Leigh Hunt born.

Daily Universal Register begins, renamed *The Times* in 1788.
Thos. Warton succeeds Whitehead as laureate.

Glover died.
Mably died.
Thomas Leland died.
Wm. Whitehead died.
Wm. Woollett died.
De Quincey born.
Thos. Love Peacock born.
Manzoni born.
Varnhagen von Ense born.
Grimm born.

Works Published.	Comparative Chronology.
1785. Sir Charles Wilkins: *Translations from Mahabharata.*	William Strahan (the eminent printer) died.
1786. Burns: *Poems, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect* ('Kilmarnock').	Burke exhibited nine articles of impeachment against Warren Hastings (February).
Rich. Gough: *Sepulchral Monuments.* I.	Frederick the Great died.
Pinkerton: *Ancient Scottish Poems.*	Thomas Tyrwhitt died.
Hester Thrale Piozzi: *Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson.*	Charlotte Smith died.
Rogers: *Ode to Superstition.*	Jonas Hanway died.
Horne Tooke: *Diversions of Purley.*	Gilbert Stuart died.
Moore: *Zeluco.*	Both George Crabbe (born 1754), whose verse tales began in 1783, and Samuel Rogers (born 1763), whose *Pleasures of Memory* appeared in 1792, belonging more intimately to *The Age of Wordsworth*, are treated in Professor Herford's volume.
Wolcot (Peter Pindar): *The Lousiad.*	
1787. Bentham: *Defence of Usury.*	Bernardin de Saint-Pierre: *Paul et Virginie.*
Burns: *Songs in Scots Musical Museum.*	Goethe: *Iphigenia.*
John Wesley: *Sermons.*	Schiller: *Don Carlos.*
British Museum Catalogue (first issue in two folio volumes).	Bp. Lowth died.
	Soame Jenyns died.
	Galiani died.
	Whateley born.
	Uhland born.
	Guizot born.
1788. Gibbon: *Decline and Fall* (last three vols.).	Goethe: *Egmont.*
Glover: *Athenaid.*	Gainsborough died (his eulogy pronounced by Reynolds in his 14th Discourse).
Hester Thrale Piozzi: *Letters from Dr. Johnson.*	James ('Athenian') Stuart died.
	John Logan died.

Works Published.	Comparative Chronology.
1788. Thos. Holcroft: *Life of Baron Trenck.*	Buffon died.
Thomas Reid: *Essays on the Active Powers of Man* (a sequel to the *Essays* of 1785).	Thomas Amory died.
	Byron born.
	Silvio Pellico born.
	Sir Wm. Hamilton born.
	R. H. Barham born.
	Sir F. Palgrave born.
1789. Blake: *Songs of Innocence* and *Book of Thel.*	Meeting of the States General at Versailles.
Bowles: *Sonnets.*	*Journal des Débats* founded.
Erasmus Darwin: *Loves of the Plants.*	Herschel discovered the planet named after him.
Gilbert White: *Natural History of Selborne.*	Literary Fund instituted by David Williams.
Thomas Russell: *Sonnets and Miscellaneous Poems.*	D'Holbach died.
	Sir John Hawkins died.
Thos. Twining: *Treatise on Poetry* (after Aristotle).	Thomas Day died.
	Baretti died.
	Michael Scott born
	Fenimore Cooper born.
	Thos. Hamilton (Cyril Thornton) born.
	Daguerre born.
1790. Alison: *Essay on Taste.*	Goethe: *Faust.*
Burke: *Reflections on the Revolution in France.*	Moratin: *El Viejo y la Niña.*
Bruce: *Travels.*	Kant: *Kritik der Urtheilskraft.*
Ellis: *Specimens of the Early English Poets.*	Sieyès: Tracts on ecclesiastical property, justice, and education.
Malone: Edition of *Shakespeare.*	Adam Smith died.
	John Howard died.
Paley: *Horæ Paulinæ.*	Benj. Franklin died.
Ritson: *Ancient Songs.*	Thos. Warton died, and was succeeded as laureate by Pye.
Topham: *Life of John Elwes.*	Dr. Robert Henry died.
	Lamartine born.
1791. Boswell: *Life of Dr. Johnson.*	Benj. West succeeds Reynolds as P.R.A.
Burke: *Thoughts on French Affairs.*	Priestley's house destroyed in the Birmingham riots.

Works Published.	Comparative Chronology.
1791. Cowper: *Version of Homer.*	Schiller: *Dreissigjährige Krieg.*
Darwin: *Botanic Garden* (completed).	Volney: *Les Ruines.*
I. Disraeli: *Curiosities of Literature.*	Wesley died.
O'Keeffe: *Wild Oats.*	Mirabeau died.
Mackintosh: *Vindiciæ Gallicæ.*	Mozart died.
Thos. Paine: *Rights of Man.*	Thos. Blacklock died.
Ann Radcliffe: *Romance of the Forest.*	William Williams (the great Welsh hymn-writer) died.
Lodge: *Illustrations of British History.*	Francis Grose (the great antiquary) died.
	Charles Knight born.
	Champollion born.
	Kœrner born.
	Scribe born.
1792. Burdy: *Life of Philip Skelton.*	Libel Act passed.
Burke: *Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs.*	Reynolds died (Lawrence appointed Royal Painter in his stead).
Holcroft: *Road to Ruin.*	William Tytler died.
T. Paine: *Age of Reason.*	Mme. Riccoboni died.
Rogers: *Pleasures of Memory.*	Shelley born.
A. Young: *Travels in France.*	John Keble born.
	Samuel Roffey Maitland born.
	Capt. Marryat born.
	V. Cousin born.
1793. Burns: *Poems* (2 vols.).	*British Critic* begins.
Godwin: *Inquiry concerning Political Justice.*	Booksellers imprisoned and heavily fined for selling Tom Paine's works.
Hannah More: *Village Politics.*	Monument erected to Milton in Cripplegate Church (September 1st).
Dugald Stewart: *Outlines of Moral Philosophy.*	Gilbert White died.
Wordsworth: *An Evening Walk.*	Robertson died.
G. Steevens and Reed's edition of *Shakespeare.*	Goldoni died.
	Lord Mansfield died.
	John Hunter died.
	Maginn born.

	Works Published.	Comparative Chronology.
1794.	Gifford: *Baviad.* Godwin: *Caleb Williams.* Paley: *Evidences of Christianity.* A. Radcliffe: *Mysteries of Udolpho.* Ritson: *Collection of Scottish Songs.* Blake: *Songs of Experience.* Thomas J. Mathias: *Pursuits of Literature* (first dialogue).	Goethe: *Reinecke Fuchs.* Fichte: *Wissenschaftslehre.* Xavier de Maistre: *Voyage autour de ma chambre.* Gibbon died. Sir W. Jones died. James Bruce died. Condorcet died. Beccaria died. Tiraboschi died. Florian (the fabulist) died. Lavoisier guillotined. A. Chénier guillotined. George Colman the elder died. G. Grote born. J. G. Lockhart born. Whewell born.
1795.	Gifford: *Mœviad.* M. G. Lewis: *The Monk.* Ritson: *Robin Hood Poems.* Gilbert White: *Naturalist's Calendar.* Nichols: *History of Leicestershire.* Lindley Murray: *English Grammar.*	Goethe: *Wilhelm Meister.* J. P. Richter: *Hesperus.* Boswell died. Dr. Andrew Kippis (editor of the *Biographia Britannica*, new edition unfinished) died. Philidor died. Ranke born. Carlyle born. Keats born.
1796.	Burke: *Letter to a Noble Lord.* Burney: *Camilla.* Robt. Bage: *Hermsprong.* Ed. King: *Munimenta Antiqua.* Roscoe: *Life of Lorenzo de Medici.* Lysons: *Environs of London* (completed).	Goethe and Schiller: *Xenien.* Kemble produced Ireland's *Vortigern.* Burns died. Macpherson died. Reid died. Abbé Raynal died. Samuel Pegge (the antiquary) died. Gerard ('Single-Speech') Hamilton died.

Works Published.	Comparative Chronology.
1796. Southey: *Joan of Arc.*	*Monthly Magazine* begins.
Watson: *Apology.*	W. H. Prescott born.
W. H. Ireland: *Authentic Account of Shakespeare MSS.*	Mignet born.
	Jouffroy born.
1797. Burke: *Letters on a Regicide Peace.*	Carlo Gozzi: *Memorie inutili.*
G. Colman the younger: *Heir-at-Law.*	*The Anti-Jacobin.*
Pinkerton: *Hist. of Scotland.*	Burke died.
A. Radcliffe: *The Italian.*	Horace Walpole died.
Wilberforce: *Practical View of Christianity.*	Macklin died.
	Mason died.
	John Wilkes died.
	Sedaine died.
	Lover born.
	Rosmini born.
	Alfred de Vigny born.
	De Rémusat born.
1798. Coleridge: *France.*	Goethe: *Hermann und Dorothea.*
Cowper: *Poems.*	Firmin Didot introduced stereotype printing.
Lamb: *Rosamund Gray.*	Pennant died.
Landor: *Gebir.*	Wolfe Tone died.
Malthus: *Principles of Population.*	Vancouver died.
Somerville: *Hist. of Great Britain under Anne.*	Robert Merry (the Della Cruscan) died.
Wolfe Tone: *Autobiography* (finished writing).	Casanova died.
Wordsworth and Coleridge: *Lyrical Ballads.*	Alexander Dyce born.
	Auguste Comte born.
	Michelet born.
	Leopardi born.
	Hoffmann born.
	T. Crofton Croker born.
1799. (39 and 40 Geo. III.).	Schiller: *Piccolomini.*
Campbell: *Pleasures of Hope.*	Lord Monboddo died.
M. G. Lewis: *Tales of Terror.*	Beaumarchais died.
Mungo Park: *Travels.*	Marmontel died.
	Galvani died.
	William Seward (of *The Anecdotes*) died.

	Works Published.	Comparative Chronology.
1799.	Scott: *Version of Goethe's Goetz von Berlichingen.* Sheridan: *Pizarro.* Sinclair: *Statistical Account of Scotland.* Sharon Turner: *History of Anglo-Saxons* (vol. i.). Strutt: *Queenhoo Hall* (begun).	Montgolfier died. George Washington died. Cracherode (the great book and print collector) died. Spallanzani died. Vassili Pétrof died. Parini died. Balzac born. Pushkin born. Catherine Gore born. Thos. Hood born. Heine born.

INDEX.

[*Initials and dates are given in the case of a number of eighteenth-century writers but cursorily alluded to in the text.*]

Absolute, Sir Anthony, 176, 215.
Account of London, 103.
Acta Sanctorum, 153.
Acton, Lord, 13.
Actor, The, 236.
Adam, Robert, 104.
Adams, Dr., 7.
Adams, Jean, 292.
Adams, Parson, 166, 208, 261.
Ad Bellendenum, 106
Addison, xvii, 8, 155, 200, 208, 237, 258.
Address to the Unco' Guid, 298.
Adjudged Case, The, 268.
Admiral Hosier's Ghost, 235, 239.
Adventurers, The, 8, 27.
Ae Fond Kiss, 300.
Æschylus, 32.
Age of Pope, 228.
Age of Reason, 116.
Age of Wordsworth, 84.
Agreeable Surprise, An, 213.
Akenside, 173. *See The Age of Pope.*
Aikin, 99, 100.
Albery, James, 214.
Alchemist, The, 200.
Aleman, Mateo (d. 1610), 154.
Alfred, 224.
Almon, John, 80, 81.
Amelia, 169, 170.
Ammianus Marcellinus, 139.
Amiel, H. F. (his *Journal Intime* cited), 245.
Amory, Thomas, 190.
Analogy, Butler's, 111.
Anatomy of Melancholy, 181.
Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs, 285.
Andersen, Hans, 267.
Anecdotes of Painting in England, 50, 277.
Anecdotes of the late Dr. Johnson during the last twenty years of his life (ed. Hester Thrale Piozzi, 1786), 56, 63.
Animated Nature, 23.
Angellier, Professor, xxxvii, 311.
Annet, Peter, 112.
Annual Register, The, 69, 89.
Annals of Scotland, 151.
Annus Mirabilis, 251.
Anson, Lord, 270.
Anselm, 110.
Anstey, Christopher, 175, 232-233.
Anti-Jacobin, The, 234-235, 244.
Antiquities of Athens, 34.

Antiquities of Scotland, 35.
Apology, An, 228.
Apology for the Bible, in a Series of Letters, 116.
Apologia, Newman's, 142.
Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs, 74.
Apthorpe, Dr., 143.
Aquinas, Thomas, 110.
Arbuthnot, Dr. John (d. 1735), 32, 85, 181.
Arguments demonstrating the Letters (of Junius) to be by J. L. de Lolme, 80.
Arian, 141.
Ariel, 248.
Ariosto, 109.
Aristotle, 43.
Aristophanes, 108.
Armour, Jean, 298.
Armstrong, John, 228, 238, 270. *See The Age of Pope.*
Arnold, Matthew, xi, 33, 44, 77, 105, 112, 253.
Art of Preserving Health, 238.
Ars Poetica, 280.
Ashburton, Lord, 13.
Ashmole, 170.
Astle, Thomas, 35.
As You Like It, 200.
Athenæus, 32.
Athenaid, The, 239, 280.
Aubrey, John, 59, 170, 253.
Auld Lang Syne, 301.
Auld Reikie, 294, 296, 302.
Auld Robin Gray, 288.
Austen, Lady, 268, 269.
Author, The, Foote's, 205, 229.
Autobiography, Carlyle's, 134.
Autobiography, Franklin's, 85.
Autobiography, Gibbon's, 141.
Autobiography, Law's, 124.
Autobiography, Sir John Bramston's, 194.

Bacon, Francis, 43, 66, 72, 92.
Bage, Robert, 190.
Bailey, Nathan, 10.
Balfour, Mr., 13, 19.
Balzac, 160, 162.
Banks, Sir Joseph, 13, 232.
Barré, 80.
Barrington, Hon. Daines, 99.
Barrow, Isaac, 167.
Barry Lyndon, 168.
Bard, The, 227, 251.
Barker, E. H., 80.
Barnard, Lady, 288.
Baron Munchausen, 181, 191.
Baron's War, The, 138.
Bas Bleu, Hannah More's, 198.
Basire, 281.
Bate, Dr. Dudley (1745-1824), 233.
Bathing, 255.
Bathurst, Richard, 8.
Battle of the Wigs, 236.
Baviad, The, 235.
Bayes, 204.
Beaconsfield, Lord, 145.
Beattie, James, 97, 244, 267 ; life and works of, 288-291.
Beauclerk, 5.
Beaumarchais, 220.
Beckford, William (1760-1844), 196.
Bedford, Duke of, 74, 75.
Bee, The, 8.
Beers, Henry A., 251.
Beggar's Opera, 200, 216.
Begum Speech (Sheridan's), 229.
Behn, Aphra, 154.
Bell, Prof. Thomas, 100, 279.
Belles Lettres, 102.

Belle's Stratagem, 211.
Bentham, Jeremy, 84. *See The Age of Wordsworth.*
Bentley, Dr. Richard, 210.
Bergerac, Cyrano de, 168.
Berkeley, 97, 289.
Berry, Miss, 50.
Betham-Edwards, Miss, 103.
Beverley, 202, 215.
Bible in Spain, 170.
Bickerstaffe, Isaac (d. 1813), 214.
Biographical History of England, 151.
Bion, 108.
Birch, Thomas, 151.
Birks of Aberfeldie, 301.
Birthday Odes, 30.
Black, Joseph, 102.
Black Prince, The, 138.
Blackbirds, The, 241.
Blacklock, Thomas, 241.
Blackmore, Sir Richard, 15.
Blackstone, Sir William, 152, 223.
Blair, 280, 302.
Blake, Ellen, 281.
Blake, Kate, 282.
Blake, Robert, 173, 282.
Blake, William, 242, 257; life and works of, 280-285.
Blamire, Susanna, 290.
Blomefield, Francis, 104.
Boadicea, Cowper's, 266, 268.
Bodley, Mr. J. E. C., 103.
Boehmen, 282.
Bohn, Henry, 126.
Boileau, 2, 28, 36, 162, 302.
Bolingbroke, 32, 46, 69, 70, 71, 82, 83, 127, 148.
Bolton, Duke of, 27.
Bonnie wee Thing, 301.
Bonny Heck, 286.
Booby, Mr., 165.
Book of Psalms, 287.
Book of Scottish Song, 287.
Book of Thel, 284.
Borrow, 170.
Bossuet, 136.
Botanic Garden, 241, 243, 244.
Boswell, James, 3, 13, 14, 24, 39, 46, 47, 48, ; life and works of, 51-60, 64, 120, 144, 206, 228; lampooned by Wolcot, 232, 237.
Boswell, Mrs., 54.
Bouchet, Guillaume, 181.
Bouquet, 128.
Bower, 135.
Bowles, William Lisle, 30, 246, 256. *See The Age of Wordsworth.*
Boyd, 80.
Boyer, Philoxène, 253.
Bozzy and Piozzi, or the British Biographers, a Town Eclogue, 232.
Brady, Robert, 128.
Braes of Yarrow, 292.
Brantôme, 46.
Bridges, John (1666-1724), 104.
Brigs of Ayr, The, 296, 310.
British, The, 174.
British Album, The, 236.
British and Foreign Evangelical Review, 292.
British Classics, 174.
British Nation in Indostan, 149.
British Zoology, 99.
Briton, The, 8, 174.
Britton, John, 79.
Brissot's Ghost, 235.
Brooke, Henry, 192-193, 241, 243.
Brothers, 210.
Brougham, 83.
Brown, Agnes, 297.

Brown, John, xxiii; his *Estimate*, summary of, xxiv.
Browne, General, 210.
Browne, Isaac Hawkins, 234.
Browning, Mrs., 272.
Bruce, James, 102, 232, 241.
Bruce, Michael, 292; works of, 293-294.
Bruscambille, 181.
Bryant, Jacob (1715-1804), 152.
Buccleuch, Duke of, 90.
Buchanan, George (d. 1582), 132.
Buckland, Frank, 99, 100.
Buckle, H. T., 91, 128.
Buffon, 23, 32, 98.
Bunyan, 154, 163.
Burdy, Samuel, 60; life of, 61.
Burgess, Daniel (d. 1713), 120.
Burke, Edmund, xiii, xiv, 2, 11; at Johnson's death-bed, 17, 19, 23, 24, 66, 67, 68; life and works of, 68-77, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 89, 91, 100, 144, 145.
Burn, Richard (1709-1785), 104.
Burnet, Bishop, his history, 38, 127.
Burney, Dr. Charles, 64, 65, 191, 192.
Burney, Fanny, 17, 26, 191, 192. *See also* D'Arblay, Mme.
Burnes, William, 297, 298.
Burns, Gilbert, 298.
Burns, Robert, xiv, 66, 219, 271, 280, 286, 288, 291, 294, 296; life and works of, 297-313.
Burr, 79.
Burton, Robert, 120, 181.
Bury, Prof., xxxvii, 18.
Busby, T., 80.
Busch, M., 81.
Busy Body, 200.
Bute, 12, 174.
Butler, Alban, 15, 111, 126, 229.
Button's, 15.
Byrom, John, 242; and *see The Age of Pope*.
Byron, Lord, 37, 162, 169, 219, 228, 242, 273.

Cælebs in Search of a Wife, 198.
Caleb Quotem, Lee's, 214.
Cambridge, Richard Owen, 236.
Camden, 127.
Camilla, 192.
Camoens, 291.
Campbell, George, 126.
Campbell, John, 151.
Candidate, The, 229.
Candide, Voltaire's, 12, 190.
Canning, 234, 235.
Canons of Criticisms, 119.
Capell, Edward, 2, 14, 34.
Caractacus, 254.
Caravan, Reynolds's, 213.
Carey, Henry (d. 1743), 219.
Carlyle, 18, 42, 57, 58, 134, 252, 253.
Carlyle, Dr. Jupiter, 65, 132.
Caro, M., 184.
Carte, Thomas, works of, 128-129.
Casaubon, Isaac, 10, 253.
Castaway, Cowper's, 268, 270.
Castle of Indolence, 32, 110, 258.
Castle of Otranto, 49, 194, 195.
Catalogue of the Royal and Noble Authors of England, 50.
Catcott, George, 277.
Catholic Doctrine, 136.
Cato, 197.
Cato, Addison's, 200.
Catullus, 254.
Cave, Edward (1691-1754), 6.
Cavendish, Henry, 102.

'Cawmell,' John Campbell, 151.
Caxton, 152, 153, 154.
Cecilia, 62, 64, 192.
Centlivre, 200.
Cervantes, 163, 181, 186.
Cesarotti, Melchiore (d. 1808), 273.
Chabot, Charles, 80.
Chalmers, Alexander, 31, 79, 80, 240.
Chamberlain, Foote and the Lord, 205.
Charity, Cowper's, 268.
Charles I., 203.
Charles II., 203, 232.
Charles VIII., 138.
Chasles, Philarète, xxv, 42.
Chateaubriand, 273.
Chatham, Lord, 53.
Chatterton, Thomas, xix, 221, 246, 273, 275, 296; works of, 276-280.
Chaucer, 32, 278.
Chaucer, Tyrwhitt's edition of, 34.
Chelsum, 143.
Chénier, A., 296.
Cherry and the Slae, 303.
Chesterfield, Lord, xviii, xix, 2, 7, 8, 10, 18, 39, 40, 45, 49, 82, 133, 159; his connection with Johnson's *Dictionary*, 9, 10, 11; life and works of, 40-46. *See also* Philip Dormer Stanhope.
Chevrillon, André, his *Sydney Smith* (1894) cited, xv, xvi, xxxvii.
Chevy Chase, 35, 37.
Churchill, Charles, 2, 175, 232, 233, 236, 259; life and works of, 226-231.
Churchill, John, 14.
Childe Maurice, 202.
Chimney Sweeper, The, 283.
Chinese Letters, Goldsmith's, 22.
Christabel, 246, 249.
Chrononhotonthologos, Carey's 219.
Chrysal, or the Adventures of a Guinea, 186, 189.
Cibber, Colley, 15, 30, 190, 223 224, 250, 260.
Cicero, 44, 48, 83, 266.
Cimabue, 278.
Citizen of the World, 22, 182.
Clandestine Marriage, 207, 208.
Clarendon, 32, 40, 59, 127, 141.
Clarissa Harlowe, 159-161, 178 191, 273.
Claude, 303.
Cleveland, Duchess of, 256.
Clinch, 216.
Clinker, Humphrey, 175, 176.
Clive, Lord, 149.
Clogenson, 253.
Club, The, Johnson's, 13, 22, 90.
Cobbett, 82, 85, 116, 198.
Cocker, Edward, 10.
Coke, 66.
Colubriad, Cowper's, 266.
Coleridge, 32, 244, 249, 255, 271 278, 280, 291, 308.
Collection of Poems by Several Hands, 240.
Collier, Jeremy, 27, 155.
Collins, William, 31, 56, 111, 126, 244, 245, 249, 251, 252; life, 246-248 (*Works*, ed. Chris. Stone, 1907).
Collinson, John, 104.
Colman, George, 8, 37, 199, 201, 211, 226, 228, 229, 254, 256, 259; life and works of, 207-209.

Comin' thro' the Rye, 301.
Commentaries on the Laws of England, 152.
Commentary, Scott's, 126.
Commines, 32.
Common Sense, 86.
Compayre, on Hume's philosophy, 64.
Concordance, Cruden's, 126.
Concordances to Cowper, and to Burns, 272, 311.
Condé, 154.
Confederacy, Vanbrugh's, 200, 208.
Conference, The, 229.
Congreve, 15, 164, 168, 200, 212, 217.
Connaught, people of, 45.
Connoisseur, The, 8.
Conscious Lovers, Steele's, 200, 209.
Constitution of England, 152.
Contarine, rector of Kilmore, 20.
Continuation, 32.
Conversation, Cowper's, 268.
Conway, Henry Seymour, 46
Cook's Voyages, 8.
Copleston, Bp. Edward, 113.
Corn Rigs, 298.
Correspondence, Hume's, 96.
Correspondence of Horace Walpole, 47, 48, 123.
Cosmopolitisme Littéraire, 161.
Cotter's Saturday Night, 258, 296, 298, 302.
County Histories, 104.
Covent Garden Journal, 170.
Coventry, G., 79.
Cowley, 64.
Cowley, Hannah, 235.
Cowley, Johnson's *Life of*, 15, 211
Cowper, Ashley, 260.
Cowper, Earl, 259.
Cowper, John, 259
Cowper, Mrs., 263.
Cowper, William, xxix, 4, 8, 16, 18, 28, 31, 33, 38, 39, 42, 48, 68, 109, 135, 226, 229, 243, 244, 245, 250, 256, 258, 259, 280, 302, 310; life and works of, 259-273.
Cowper's Grave, 272.
Crabbe, George, xxviii, 76, 328. *See The Age of Wordsworth.*
Crabtree, Cadwallader, 172.
Cradle Song, A, 283.
Craik, G. L., 25.
Cramp, W., 79.
Crashaw, Richard, 283.
Crazy Tales, 236.
Crébillon, 49.
Crépuscule, 248.
Critic, The, Sheridan's, 210, 212, 214, 219.
Critical, The, 22, 240.
Critical Enquiry proving Junius to be Lord Sackville, 79.
Critical Observations on Shakespeare, 119.
Critical Observations on the Sixth Book of the Æneid, 139.
Critical Observations; Gibbon's, 119.
Critical Review, 173, 228.
Croaker, 211.
Croft, Sir Herbert, 16.
Croker, 80.
Cromwell, Oliver, 19, 158.
Crowne, 200.
Cruden, Alexander, 126.
Crummles, Mr., 214.
Cuckoo, The, 292.
Cumberland, Richard, 8, 190, 201,

226; life and works of, 209, 210.
Cumberland, County, 104.
Cumnor Hall, 291.
Cunningham, Peter, 48.
Curchod, Mlle., 142.
Curiosities of Literature, 16.
Cuttle, Captain, 173.
Cymbeline, 200.
Daft Days, The, 288.
Daillé, Jean, 114.
D'Alembert, 156.
Dalgetty, 177.
Dalrymple, Sir David, 151.
Dalrymple, Sir John, 151.
Dalton, John, 102.
Dante, 283.
D'Arblay, General, 192.
D'Arblay, Mme., *Early Diary of*, 62; life and works of, 62-63. *See also* Frances Burney.
Darwin, Erasmus, 91, 92, 98, 102, 236, 235, 241, 280; poetical works of, 243-244.
Darwin, Charles, 243.
Davies, Mr., of Oxford, 143.
Davies, Mrs., 52.
Davies, Tom (d. 1785), 52, 228.
Davila, 135.
Day, 228.
Dayrolles, 41.
Day, Thomas, 197.
Death and Burial of Cock Robin, 197.
De Crousaz, Jean Pierre, 120.
Defence of the Thirty-nine Articles, 126.
Defoe, Daniel, 10, 40, 82, 85, 193, 154, 155, 157, 178.
De Grammont, 42, 47.
Delaborde, Léon, 102.
De Levis, Duke, 68.
Della Cruscans, 235.
De Lolme, John Louis, 80, 152.
De Mendoza, Hurtado, 154.
Demosthenes, 80.
Dennis, 31.
Denham, 15, 100, 241.
De Quincey, 1, 4, 77, 105.
De Rémusat, 51, 83.
Derham, 100.
De Sacra Poesi Hebræorum, 121.
Descartes, 92.
Descent of Odin, 251.
Description of an Author's Bedchamber, 238.
Deserted Village, The, 20, 23, 237, 238.
Desidiæ valedixi, 4.
Despatches of the Duke of Wellington, 125.
De Sévigné, Mme., 39, 47.
Deuce is in Him, The, Colman's, 208.
Diary and Letters, Frances Burney's, 191, 192.
Diary, T. Wolfe Tone's, 61, 62.
Dickens, Charles, 24, 186, 219.
Dictionary, Johnson's, 6, 7, 10.
Dictionary of National Biography, 81, 181, 196.
Diddle, Sir Didbury, 204.
Diderot, 159, 189, 218.
Dilke, Charles Wentworth, 78, 80.
Dilly, Mr., 55, 57.
Dirge, Collins's, 249.
Disraeli, Isaac, 46.
Dissertation on Miracles, 126.
Dissertation on the Prophecies, 126.
Diversion of the Morning, 204.

Diversions of Purley, 107.
Divine Legation, The, 29, 118, 181.
Dion Cassius, 139.
Dobson, Austin, xxxvii, 1, 18, 22, 50, 51, 174.
Dodd, Dr. William, 8.
Dodsley, Robert, 6, 69, 240, 249, 267.
Dog and Water-Lily, 268.
Don Quixote, 174.
Dorset, 104.
Double Gallant, The, Cibber's, 200.
Douglas, Home's, 202, 203, 247.
Douglas, John, 88.
Dow, Gerard, 312.
Dowe, W., 79.
Dowie Dens of Yarrow, 287.
Drake, Dr. Nathan, 8.
Dramatist, Reynolds's 213.
Draper, Eliza, 185.
Dream, Blake's, 283.
Dreamer, The, 8.
Dryden, 15, 16, 18, 32, 34, 71, 200, 211, 227, 229, 238, 244, 251, 255, 278.
Dryden, Johnson's *Life of*, 15.
Dunbar, 305.
Ducange, 128.
Duellist, The, 229.
Duenna, Sheridan's, 216, 217.
Dufferin, Lord, 13.
Dugdale, 30, 128.
Dugdale's Monasticon, 255.
Dumas, Alexandre, 132.
Dunciad, The, 193, 223, 228.
Duncombe, Mr., 8.
Dunton, John, 181.
Duplicity, Holcroft's, 220.
Dyer, 241. *See The Age of Pope.*
Dying Speech of Poor Mailie, 286.
Dying Words of Bonny Heck, 303.

Eachard, Laurence, 128.
Early Diary of Frances Burney, 62.
Earl of Essex, 193.
Ecclesiastical History of England, 152.
Eddas, 273.
Edina, Scotia's darling Seat, 302.
Edinburgh Review, 13, 83, 163.
Edge-Hill, 241.
Edmonds, 235.
Edwards, George, 100.
Edwards, Thomas, 119, 255.
Edwin and Angelina (*The Hermit*), 238.
Eighteenth Century Vignettes, 22.
Elegy, Collins's, 247.
Elegy, Gray's, 224, 249, 250, 251, 258.
Elegy on a Mad Dog, 238.
Elegy on Capt. M. Henderson, 302.
Elegy on Mrs. Mary Blaize, 238.
Elegy on the Death of Scots Music, 302.
Elegy on William Beckford, 279.
'Eleusinian theory,' Warburton's, 139.
Eliot, George, 162.
Eliot, Lord, 140.
Elliot, Jean, works of, 287-288.
Ellis, George, 234, 235.
Eliza, 181.
Emerson, Dr. O. F., 141.
Emile, 32.
Encyclopædia Britannica, 241.

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, 228.
Englishman in Paris, 205.
English Novel, 158.
English Poems, Chalmers's, 31.
English Poets from Chaucer to Cowper, 240.
Englishman returned from Paris, 205.
English Thought in the Eighteenth Century, by Leslie Stephen, 125.
Enquiry concerning Human Understanding, 94.
Enquiry concerning Principles of Morals, 94.
Enquiry into the Authenticity of the Ireland MSS., 221.
Enquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning, 36.
Enquiry proving the Letters (of Junius) to be by Edmund Burke, 79.
Environs of London, 104.
Ἔπεα Πτεροέντα, 107.
Epigoniad, The, 241.
Epistle to Hogarth, 229.
Epistle to Wm. Simpson, 298.
Epistles, Burns's, 296.
Erckmann-Chatrian, 73.
Erskine, 54, 66.
Eskdale Braes, 292.
Essai sur l'Etude de la Littérature, 137.
Essays, Drake's, 8.
Essay on Man, Pope's, 119, 309.
Essay on Miracles, 35.
Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope, 27.
Essay on the Genius of Homer, 34.
Essay on the Nature and Immutability of Truth, 289.
Essays and Observations, Black's, 102.
Essay on Warburton, 126.
Essex, 104.
Estimate of the Times (1757), by John Brown, xxiii.
Etymologicon, 10.
Eugenius, 179, 186.
Euripides, 108.
Evans, Evan, 34, 285.
Evelina, 191.
Evelyn, John, xxxiii, 141.
Evergreen, The, 286.
Every Man in his Humour, 200.
Evidences of Christianity, 112, 113.
Examen, by Crousaz, 119.
Excelente Balade of Charitie, 277.
Experiments on Air, 102.
Expostulation, Cowper's, 268.

Fables Newly Invented, 267.
Facts proving General Lee to be Junius, 79.
Fair Penitent, 200.
Falconer, William, 238, 239.
False Delicacy, 209, 211.
False Concord, 207.
Falstaff, 58, 179, 214.
Familiar Epistles, 286.
Farewell, The, 229.
Farmer, Dr. Richard (1735-1797), 180.
Farmer's Ingle, 296, 302.
Farquhar, 199, 200, 212.
Fashion, Sir Novelty, 207.
Fashionable Lovers, 210.
Fatal Kiss, by T. Whalley, xxvii.
Fatal Sisters, 251.

Faulkner, George, 205.
Fawkes, Frances (1720-1777), wrote the words of Incledon's famous song, *The Brown Jug*, 236.
Fayette, Mme. de la, 156.
Female Quixote, 174.
Fenelon, 42, 44.
Fenn, Sir John, 276.
Ferdinand Count Fathom, 168, 173, 178.
Ferguson, Adam, life and works of, 150, 241.
Fergusson, Robert, 286, 288; works of, 294-296, 302, 303, 305.
Ferrar, Nicholas, 124.
Ferriar, Dr. John, 181.
Festing, Gabrielle, 235.
Fèvre, Le, 186.
Fielding, Henry, 2, 25, 64, 66, 66, 100, 162; life and works of, 163-170, 172, 174, 176, 177, 178, 186, 187, 188, 189, 199, 201, 203, 219.
Fin du XVIII^me^ Siècle, 184.
Fingal, 273, 274.
Fitzgerald, Edward, 48, 123, 267.
Fitzpatrick, General Richard, 234.
Flaherty, Major, 210.
Flaxman, 243, 281, 284.
Fletcher, 200, 220, 280.
Flowers of the Forest, 287.
Flutter, Sir Fopling, 207.
Follies of the Day, 220.
Fool of Quality, 193, 241.
Foote, Samuel, 2, 199, 201; works of, 203, 206, 208, 210.
Foppington, Lord, 207.
Fortunes of Nigel, 197.
Foundling, 200.
Fox, Charles, 13, 83, 215.
Fragments, Macpherson's, 275.
Francis, Sir Philip, 78, 80, 81.
Frankenstein, 195.
Franklin, Benjamin, 85, 116.
Frederick the Great, 53.
Free Enquiry into the Miraculous Powers . . . in Christian Church, 117.
Frere, John Hookham, 234-235, 244.
Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder, 235.
Frisk, Lady Betty, 204.
Froissart, 32.
Froude, J. A., xii, 56.
Fuller, Thomas, 16, 122.
Fuseli, 173.

Gainsborough, 312.
Galen, 66.
Game of Chess, 242.
Gamester, 202.
Garat, D. J. (1749-1833), 184.
Gardener, 256.
Garibaldi, Pascal Paoli compared with, 53.
Garrick, David, 5, 7, 23, 201, 202, 203; plays of, 207, 208, 210, 217, 219, 229, 238, 267.
Garrick, George, 5.
Gay, John (d. 1732), 237, 296.
General Collection of Voyages and Travels, 104.
Gentle Shepherd, The, 287, 291.
Gentleman's Magazine, The, 6, 109, 174.
Geoffrey of Monmouth, 278.
George I., 135.
George II., 45, 112, 124, 241, 259.
George III., 27, 45, 62, 77, 112, 231, 232.

George IV., 232.
Georgics, Warton's translation, 27.
Ghost, The, 229.
Gibbon, Edward, 2, 4, 13, 18, 23, 39, 59, 90, 91, 94, 106, 116, 119, 121, 133, 134, 135, 149; life and works of, 135-148, 230.
Gifford, William, 11, 30, 141, 234, 235. *See The Age of Wordsworth.*
Gil Blas, 172, 177.
Girdlestone, T., 79
Gladstone, Mr., 1.
Glover Richard, 235, 239, 280.
God moves in a mysterious Way, 265.
Godwin, Bishop, 154.
Godwin, William, 86-87. *See The Age of Wordsworth.*
Goethe, 26, 189, 237.
Golden Ass, The, 153.
Golden Treasury, The, 267.
Goldfinch, The, Cowper's, 268.
Goldoni, 189.
Goldsmith, Oliver, 6, 8; life and works of, 19-26, 36, 39, 46, 59, 67; as an historian, 149, 170, 182, 189, 199, 203, 209; plays of, 210-212, 213, 214, 217, 225; poetical works of, 236-238, 250, 278, 312.
Gondibert, Davenant's, 251.
Good Man, The, 161.
Good-Natured Man, The, 23, 199, 210, 211.
Goody Two Shoes, 197.
Gosse, Mr., 18.
Gotham, 229.
Graham, J. H., 79.
Grainger, James, 239, 240.
Grand Cyrus, 154.
Granger, James, 151.
Grant, Sir Robert (1785-1838), 259.
Graves, Richard, 174.
Gray, Thomas, 2, 18, 28; literary works of, 31-34, 37, 39, 46, 54, 65, 106; Odes, 208, 224, 237, 244, 245, 246, 247; poems, 248-255, 256, 271, 272, 279, 293, 302.
Greathead, 235.
Green Grow the Rashes, 298.
Green, Matthew, 240.
Green, T. H., 95.
Gregorie, Mr., 76.
Grenville, George, 81.
Grenville Papers, 80.
Grenville, Richard, 81.
Grenvillites and Junius, 78.
Gresset, J. B. L. (1709-1777), 32, 272.
Greville, 46.
Grey, Zachary (d. 1766), 119.
Griffin, F., 79.
Griffiths, Dr. Ralph (1720-1803), founder of *Monthly Review*, 22, 173.
Grimmelshausen, Hans Jacob Christoffel von (1625-1676), 155.
Grose, Francis (1731-1791), 35.
Grote, George, 13.
'Gunpowder Priestley,' 84.
Guicciardini, 129.
Gustavus III. of Sweden, 73.
Gustava Vasa, 193.
Gwynn, Mrs. (the 'Jessamy Bride'), 192.

Habbie Simson, 303.
Hailes, Lord, 8, 151.
Hakluyt, 104.
Hales, Prof. J. W., 16.

Halifax, Marquis of, 40, 82, 203.
Hall, 127.
Hallam, Henry, 13.
Hallowe'en, 298, 303.
Hallow Fair, 296.
Hall Stevenson, 179, 186, 236.
Hame Content, 302, 305.
Hamerton, Philip G., 103.
Hamilton, William, of Bangour, 286-287, 292.
Hamilton, William, of Gilbertfield, 286, 303.
Hamilton, Single-Speech, 70.
Hamlet, 52, 199, 200, 219.
Hanbury-Williams, Sir Charles (d. 1759), 230.
Hanmer, Sir Thomas, 14, 247.
Hannibal, 61.
Hanway, Jonas (1712-1786), 207.
Hardcastle, Miss, 212.
Hardcastle, Mr., 212.
Hares, The, 290.
Harington, or Harrington, James (1611-1677), 154.
Hark, my Soul! it is the Lord, 264, 272.
Harley, 193.
Harrington, 154.
Hartley, David, 97, 98.
Harvey, 156.
Hasted, Edward, 104.
Hastings, Warren, 226, 259.
Haunch of Venison, 24, 238.
Havard, Billy, 228.
Hawkesworth, Dr. John, 8, 27, 104.
Hawkins, Sir John, 56, 109.
Hayley, William, 242.
Hazlitt, William, 11, 25, 60, 71, 83, 163, 169, 173, 177, 186, 203, 205, 207, 255, 271.
Hearne, Thomas (d. 1735), 128.
Hecuba, 108.
Heine, 308.
Helvétius, 92, 289.
Helenore, or The Fortunate Shepherdess, 291.
Henri IV. of France, 185.
Henry II., 150.
Henry IV., 179, 200.
Henry V., 200.
Henry, by R. Cumberland, 190.
Henley, Orator, 8.
Henry, Robert, 150.
Herd, David (d. 1810), 285.
Herder, 273.
Hermes, 189.
Hermione, 170.
Hermit, The, 238.
Hermsprong, 190.
Hervey, Lord, 38.
Hervey, James, 125.
Heroic Poem on the Life of our Blessed Lord, by Sam. Wesley, 122.
Heywood, Eliza, 191.
Hickes, Dr. George, 251.
High Life, 207.
High Life Below Stairs, 206.
Hill, Dr. Birkbeck, xxxvii, 96.
Histoire Comique de Francion, 155.
Historic Doubts on the Life and Reign of Richard II., 50,
Historical and Critical Enquiry, 152.
Historical Register, 165.
History, Gibbon's, 145.
History, Somerville's, 148.
History of America, 134.
History of England, Carte's, 128-129.

History of England from the Accession of James I. to that of the Brunswick Line, 150.
History of England, Gibbon's, 138.
History of England, 151.
History of England, Hume's, 96, 130, 131.
History of England, Smollett's, 131, 132, 173.
History of English Poetry, 29.
History of English Romanticism, 251.
History of Great Britain during the Reign of Queen Anne, 148.
History of Greece, 150.
History of Henry II., 129.
History of his Own Times, 38.
History of Ireland, 150.
History of Miss Betsy Thoughtless, 191.
History of Philip of Macedon, 150.
History of Quadrupeds, 103.
History of the Adventures of Joseph Andrews and his friend Mr. Abraham Adams, 165, 168, 169, 172.
History of the Corruption of Christianity, 114.
History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, 138, 140, 145, 146.
History of the Emperor Charles V., 134.
History of the Liberty of the Swiss, 139.
History of the Life of the late Mr. Jonathan Wild, 168.
History of the Progress and Termination of the Roman Republic, 150.
History of the Reign of Philip III., 148.
History of the Republic of Florence, 139.
History of Tom Jones, a Foundling, 168-169, 177, 178.
History of Sandford and Merton, 198.
History of Scotland during the Reigns of Mary and James VI., 133.
History of Scotland, Robertson's, 152.
History of Mrs. Stanton, 25.
Hoadly, Benjamin, 167.
Hobbes, 92.
Hogarth, 169, 207, 213, 229.
Holcroft, Thomas, 60; life and works of, 60-61, 141, 219, 220.
Holinshed, 127, 278.
Holroyd, Lady Maria Josepha, 141.
Holy Fair, 296, 298, 302, 303.
Holy Thursday, 283.
Home, John, 202, 243, 247.
Homer, 159, 169, 241, 260, 273.
Honeymoon, Tobin's, 220, 221.
Hop Garden, 256.
Hope, Cowper's, 268.
Hood, Tom, 206, 284.
Hook, Theodore, 203, 204, 206.
Hooke, Nathaniel, 150.
Hoole, John, 109.
Horace, 44, 108, 260.
Horace Walpole, a Memoir, 50.
Horæ Paulinæ, 112, 113.
Horæ Sabbaticæ, 125.
Horne, Bishop George, 90, 126.
Horne, John, 96. *See* Tooke, J. H.

Horne Tooke identified with Junius, 79.
Horsley, Samuel, 105, 115, 118.
How sweet I roamed, 280.
Hudibras, 119.
Hugo, Victor, 1, 312.
Hume, David, 2, 39, 49, 90, 91-92; life and works of, 93-97, 113; works of, 130-131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 140, 141, 147, 149, 158, 202, 203, 289.
Hume, or Home, Joseph, 93.
Humphrey Clinker, 233.
Hunt, Leigh, 244, 267, 290.
Hunter, Dr. John, 90.
Hurd, Richard, 32, 34, 120, 255.
Hutchins, John, 104.
Hutchinson, 104.
Hutton, James, 102.
Huxley, Prof., 95.

I am Monarch of All I Survey, 266
Identity of Junius with a Distinguished Living Character, 80.
Idler, The, 8, 11.
Iliad, 159; Cowper's, 269.
Illustrations of British History, 151.
Illustrations of Sterne, 181.
Imagination and Fancy, 244.
Imlac, 12.
In Memoriam, Tennyson's, 311.
In yonder Grave a Druid lies, 247.
Independence, Churchill's, 229.
Inquiry into the Human Mind on the Principles of Common Sense, 97.
Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations, 90.
Inscription on Mrs. Brownrigg's Cell, 235.
Introduction à l'histoire de Dannemarck, 34.
Introduction to the French Language, 139.
Introduction, Robertson's, 134.
Ion, Talfourd's, 221.
Ireland, William Henry, 221, 274.
Irene, 5, 7, 201.
Iron Chest, 208.
Irving, Washington, 21.
Is there for Honest Poverty, 301, 308.
'*Isaiah*,' *a new Translation, with a Preliminary Dissertation and Notes*, 121.
Italian History, Guicciardini's, 129.
Italian, or Confessions of the Black Penitents, 195.

'Jack Ketch,' alias Jack Wilkes, 55.
Jago, Richard, 241.
James I., 130.
James III., 88.
Jardine, Sir William, 99.
Jarvis, Elizabeth, 5.
Jealous Wife, Colman's, 208.
Jebb, Professor, 13.
Jefferies, Richard, 33, 98.
Jeffrey, 83.
Jenkins, Winifred, 176.
Jenkinson (Lord Liverpool), 234.
Jenyns, Soame, 8.
Jerrold, 204.

Jersey, Lord, 223.
Jerusalem Delivered, 241.
Jesu, lover of my soul, 123, 259.
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun, 259.
J. Hookham Frere, 235.
John Buncle, 190.
John Gilpin, 173, 268.
Johnson, A. G., 80.
Johnson, Michael, 3.
Johnson, Dr. Samuel, life of, 1-19, 23; acquaintance with Goldsmith, 22; his epitaph on Goldsmith, 24; 28, 29, 31, 32, 34, 35, 36, 37; and Lord Chesterfield, 43, 45, 46; 49, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 60, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 82, 89, 97; compared with Dr. Parr, 105, 106, 109; with Warburton, 120, 121; 126, 142, 155, 158, 160, 163, 171, 172, 174, 186, 192, 198; his tragedy of *Irene*, 201, 202; his relations with Foote, 206; 210, 212, 215; poetical works of, 224-226, 228; 229, 236, 237, 240, 241, 242, 243, 245, 251, 252, 257, 265; his contempt for *Ossian*, 274; 275, 286, 300, 303.
Johnstone, Charles, 189.
Jolly Beggars, 298, 303.
Jonathan Wild, 168, 188.
Jones, Mrs. Mary, 176.
Jones, Sir William, 23, 109.
Jortin, J., 126.
Journal and Letters, Trench's, 63.
Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides with Samuel Johnson, LL.D., 56, 232.
Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon, 269.
Journal, Wesley's, 123, 125.
Journal of the Reign of King George III. (1771-1783), 49.
Journey from this World to the Next, 168, 229.
Jowett, Benj., Master of Balliol, 57, 105.
Julius Cæsar, 131, 312.
Junius, Francis, 10, 77-84; *ascertained to be Hugh Boyd*, 79; *compared* [*and identified with*] *Lord Chesterfield*, 79; *discovered in Governor Pownall, Lord Chatham*, 79; *Unmasked, revealing Edmund Gibbon*, 79; *Unmasked, revealing Thos. Paine*, 79.
Junius, by J. Wade, 79.
Junius Letters, 78.
Jusserand, M., 162.
Juvenal, 139, 224.
Juvenilia, Blake's, 280.

Kant, 95.
Kean, Edmund, 208.
Keats, 271, 278, 280, 296, 310.
Kelly, Hugh, play of, 209, 210, 214.
Kemble, 221.
Kenilworth, 197.
Kenrick, W. (d. 1779), 201.
Kent, 104.
Kepler, 111.
King, Dr. William, 8.
King, Edward, 104.
King Lear, 200, 303.
Kingston, Duchess of, 205.
Kipling, Rudyard, 238
Klopstock, 159.

Knight, Richard Payne, 235.
Knox, Vicesimus, 35.
Kotzebue, A. F. von (1761-1819), 219.
Kraus, Professor, 91.
Kyrle, John (d. 1724), 101.

'Lady Betty Frisk,' 204.
La Fontaine, 268, 297, 302.
Lake School, 33.
L'Allegro, 250; metre to be compared with that of Blake's *Dream*, 284.
Lamb, Charles, 19, 30, 220, 245, 255.
Lamarck, 243.
Landor, 42, 256.
Langhorne, John, 109, 241.
Langhorne, William, 109.
Langton, Bennet, 17.
Laokoon, 69.
Lapraik, John (1727 - 1807), Epistles to, 297, 303.
La Rochefoucauld, 42, 44.
Latimer, 132.
Laud, 130.
Launcelot Greaves, 174.
Lawrence, Dr. French, 234.
Lavender, Lord, 207.
Law, William, 4, 124.
Lawyer's Farewell to his Muse, 223.
Lazarillo de Tormes, 154.
Lecky, Mr., xxxvi, 1, 13, 80.
Lee, Henry, 200, 214, 216.
Lee, Nat., 49.
Lee, Sidney, 181.
Le Fèvre, 186.
Legend of Montrose, 173.
Leibniz, 92.
Leicestershire, 104.
Leith Races, 294, 302, 303.
Leland, Thomas, xx, 150.
Lemnos, 255.
Lennox or Lenox, Charlotte, 174.
Leo X., 134.
Leonidas, 239.
Lermontoff, Mikhail (1814-1841), poet of the Caucasus, 296.
Le Roman Anglais, 162.
Le Sage, 172, 177.
Lessing, 69.
Letter from Rome, 117.
Letter from Xo Ho, 22.
Letter to a Noble Lord, 11, 74.
Letter to the Right Rev. Dr. Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester, 121.
Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol, 71.
Letters and Diaries of Mme. D'Arblay, 62.
Letters, Chesterfield's, 64.
Letters, Gray's, 252.
Letters of Junius, 78, 80.
Letters, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's, 38.
Letters on Chivalry and Romance, 34.
Letters on Infidelity, 126.
Letters on Junius, 79.
Letters proving the Duke of Portland to be Junius, 80.
Letters, Thomas Twining's, 64.
Letters to and from Dr. Johnson, Mrs. Thrale's, 63.
Letters to Burke, 84.
Lettres Persanes, 22.
Lettres Provinciales, 136.
Life and Adventures of John Daniel, 190.
Life and Adventures of Peter Wilkins, 190.

Life and Letters of Gray, 254.
Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gent., 180, 181, 182, 185, 186.
Life, Boswell's, 52.
Life of Cicero, 254.
Life of Cowley, 15.
Life of Dr. Burney, 62.
Life of Dryden, 15.
Life of Guzman de Alfarache, 154.
Life of Sir John Hawkins, 56.
Life of Johnson, xxvii, 57, 109.
Life of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, written by himself, 50.
Life of Lorenzo the Magnificent, 150.
Life of Milton, 243.
Life of Parnell, 251.
Life of Paul the Sharper, 154.
Life of Philip Skelton, 61.
Life of Pope, 16.
Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D., 56.
Life of Young, 16.
Light of Nature Pursued, 98, 112.
Lindsay, Lady Anne, 288.
Lingard, Dr., 129.
Linley, Eliza, 215.
Linnæus, 33.
Lismahago, 176, 177.
Literatura Runica, 251.
Literary Club, 28.
Little Lamb, who made thee, 283.
Liverpool, Earl of, 234.
Lives, Clarendon's, 141.
Lives, Evelyn's, 141.
Lives, Dr. Johnson's, 64.
Lives of Plutarch, 109.
Lives of the Poets, 14-15, 29.
Lives of the Saints, 126.
Livy, 133.
Lloyd, Charles, 8, 81, 208.
Lloyd, Robert, 225, 228, 236, 254, 259.
Lobo, Jeronimo (d. 1678), of Lisbon, Jesuit missionary, 5.
Lochleven, 293.
Locke, 92, 98, 162, 289.
Lockhart, 59.
Lodge, Edmund, 151.
Lofty, 211.
Logan, John, works of, 292-293.
London, the gardener, xviii.
London, 6, 224.
Longinus, 109.
Long Story, 250.
Longsword, Leland's, xx.
Lord George Sackville proved to be Junius, 79.
Loti, Pierre, 112.
Loudon, Mr., 89.
Louis XVI., 86.
Lounger, The, 8, 193, 299.
Lousiad, 231.
Love for Love, 200.
Love in Several Masques, 164.
Lovemore, Garrick as, 206.
Loves of the Plants, 235, 243, 244, 280.
Loves of the Triangles, 235, 244.
Lovibond, Edward, 241.
Lowth, Robert, 106, 109 121, 122.
Lowe, Mr. R., 227.
Lycidas, 16.
Lydgate, 32, 277.
Lying Valet, 207.
Lyra Elegantiarum 260
Lyric Odes, 232.
Lysons, Daniel, 104
Lyttelton, George, Lord, the first or 'good,' 129, 171.

Lyttelton, Lord, the second and 'bad,' 80.
Lytton, Lord, 165, 209.
Lucretius, 100, 108.
Lumley, Elizabeth (Mrs. Sterne), 179.
Lusiad of Camoens, 291.

Macaulay, Lord, 2, 12, 13, 24, 42, 50, 57, 61, 62, 80, 82, 83, 133, 145, 149.
Macaulay, Mrs. Catherine, 150.
Macbeth, 200.
Machiavelli, 43, 135.
Mackenzie, Henry, 8, 193, 299 (Scott dedicated *Waverley* to him in 1814).
Mackintosh, Sir James (1765-1832), 39.
Mackintosh, Lord, 84, 141.
Macklin, Charles, 199, 201, 212-213, 214.
Macpherson, James, 34, 150, 151; works of, 221, 273-276.
Macsycophant, Sir Pertinax, 213.
Madox, Thomas, legal antiquary, 128.
Mæcenas, 7.
Mæviad, The, 235.
Maffei, Francesco (d. 1755), 128.
Mahon, Lord, 80, 83.
Maintenon, Mme. de, 158.
Maistre, Xavier de, 184.
Maitland, Dr., 134.
Malagrowther, Sir Mungo, 173.
Malaprop, Mrs., 176, 216.
Mallarmé, Stéphane, 196.
Mallett, David (1705-1765), 128.
Mallett, Paul Henri, 34, 251.
Malone, Edmund (1741-1812), 14, 34, 221.
Malone, Boswell's, 14.
Man in the Iron Mask, 18.
Man in the Moon, 154.
Manners of the English People, Strutt's, 196.
Manning, J. B., 79.
Mann, Sir Horace (d. 1786), 46.
Man of Feeling, 193.
Man of Ross, 101.
Man of the World, 213.
Mansfield, Lord, 229.
Mar, House of, 51.
Mariage de Figaro, 220.
Marianne, 156.
Marivaux, 49, 156, 166, 183.
Markwick, 99.
Marlborough, Duke of, 40.
Marlborough, Duchess of, 40, 128.
Marlow, 212.
Marmontel, 159, 189.
Marriage à la Mode, 207.
Marten, Henry, 235.
Martin (his collection of Hymns), 262.
Martinus Scriblerus, 181, 236.
Marvell, 232, 298.
Mary Morison, 298.
Mary Queen of Scots vindicated, 152.
Massinger, 181.
Mason, William, 202, 208, 249, 254.
Maurice, Thomas, 242.
Mayor of Garratt, 205.
Medmenham, 236.
Meikle, Alexander, 291.
Melanchthon's tomb, 53, 54.
Mémoires du Comte de Comminges, 156.
Mémoires, Grammont's, 42, 47.

Mémoires sur l'ancienne Chevalerie, 34.
Memoirs, Cumberland's, 210.
Memoirs of a Cavalier, 193.
Memoirs of Edward Gibbon, 141, 142.
Memorials and Letters, 151.
Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson, 194.
Memoirs of Dr. Burney, 192.
Memoirs of Great Britain and Ireland, 151.
Memoirs of the Last Ten Years of the Reign of King George II., 49.
Memoirs, Mark Pattison's, 142.
Memoirs of Miss Sydney Biddulph, extracted from her own Journal, 215.
Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth, 151.
Memoirs of the Reign of George II., 38.
Memoirs of the Reign of George III., 49.
Memoir of Richard Nash, 39.
Memoirs, by Thomas Holcroft, 60.
Memoirs of the Society of Inscriptions of Paris, 138.
Memorial de Saint Hélène, 57.
Mendelssohn, 121.
Mendici Supplicatio, 242.
Merchant of Venice, 200.
Mercier, 218.
Merry, Robert (1755-1798), 235.
Merry Wives of Windsor, 200.
Messiah, Pope's, 4.
Meteorological Essays, 102.
Mezeray, 135.
Micawber, 179.
Michelet, 145.
Mickle, William Julius, 37, 109; works of, 291-292, 302.
Microcosm, The, 8, 234.
Mieris, 26.
Middleton, Conyers, 35; life and works of, 117-118, 254.
Milesian Tales, 153.
Millar, 89.
Miller, Hugh, 169, 269.
Miller, Lady, 236.
Millet, 98, 299.
Milman, 13.
Milner, Dr. Joseph (1744-1797), 22, 143.
Milton, 15, 31, 36, 65, 72, 83, 244, 248, 251, 254, 265, 283.
Milton, sonnet by Thomas Warton on, 255.
Minim, Dick, 9.
Minor, The, 205.
Minstrel, The, 280, 289, 290.
Mirror, The, 8.
Miscellanies, 240.
Miscellanies, Chatterton's, 279.
Miscellany, Dodsley's, 249.
Miscellany, Ramsay's, 285.
Mistakes of a Night, 211.
Mitford, 99.
Modern Patriot, 68.
Molière, 163, 212, 214, 308.
Monasticon, 30.
Monboddo, 2.
Monk, The, 195.
Monody, Lyttelton's, 171.
Monody on the Death of Pope, 254.
Monologue on Garrick, 219.
Montagu, Elizabeth (1720-1800), 197.
Montagu, Lady Mary Wortley, *Letters* of, 38, 46, 155, 164, 169, 222. *See The Age of Pope.*

Montégut, xxxvii, 246, 248.
Montesquieu, 22, 32, 66, 88, 92, 128.
Montgomerie, Alex. (d. 1610?), 'inventor' of the 14-line *Cherrie and Slae* stanza, 303.
Montgomery, Robert, 125.
Monthly Review, The, 22, 173, 239.
Moore, Edward (1712-1757), 8, 200, 202, 267.
Morant, Philip (1700-1770), 104.
More, Hannah, 198.
Morel, Léon, xxxvii, 286.
Moreland, Henry, 193.
Morgan, Thos. (d. 1743), 112.
Morley, Mr. John, xxxvii, 19, 71.
Morpeth, Lord, 234.
Moschus, 108.
Moss, Thomas, 242.
Morte d'Arthur, 153.
Motley, 149.
Mourning Bride, Congreve's, 200.
Munimenta Antiqua, 104.
Muratori, Ludovico Ant. (d. 1750), 128.
Murdoch, John, 297.
Murphy, Arthur, 201; works of, 206-207, 214, 236.
Muse in Livery, 240.
Musical Museum, Johnson's, 300, 304.
Mutual Complaint of Plainstanes and Causey, 296.
My own Life, Hume's, 96, 97.
Mysterious Mother, 49.
Mysteries of Udolpho, 195.
My Wife's a winsome wee Thing, 301.

Nabob, Foote's, 205.
Naiads of the Fleet Ditch, 236.
Napoleon Bonaparte, 158, 273.
Nash, 'Beau,' Goldsmith's biography of, 23.
Nash, T. R. (1725-1811), 104, 155.
Natural History and Antiquities of Selborne, 99, 101.
Naturalist's Calendar, 100.
Natural Theology, 112.
Needless Alarm, 268.
New Bath Guide, 175, 233.
Newbery, John (1713-1767), 22, 256.
Newhall, L., 79.
Newman, 122.
New Morality, 235.
New Testament, The, 114.
Newton, Bishop Thomas, 126.
Newton, Sir Isaac, 91, 98, 111.
Newton, John, 262, 265.
New Way to Pay Old Debts, 200.
Nichols, John, 104.
Nicolai, 189.
Nicolson, William, 104.
Niebelungenlied, 273.
Night, Blake's, 283.
Night, Churchill's, 228.
Nightingale and the Glow-worm, 266, 267.
Night Thoughts, 240.
Noctes Carcerariæ, 108.
Nodier, 87.
Norfolk, 104.
Northamptonshire, 104.
North Briton, The, 8, 174, 229.
North, Christopher, 166.
Northcote, James, 267.
Northern Antiquities, 34.
Northern Garland, 286.
Norval, 203.
Notes and Queries, 233.

Nouvelle Héloïse, 273.
Nurse's Song, 283.

Obscurity and Oblivion, Odes to, 208, 254.
Observations in Various Branches of Natural History, 100.
Observation on Man, his Frame, his Duty, and his Expectations, 98.
Observations on the Faery Queene, 28.
Observations on the Present State of the Nation, 70.
Observer, The, 8.
Oceana, 154.
Ockley, Simon (1678-1720), 135.
Ode on Saint Cæcilia's Day, 236.
Ode on the Superstitions of the Highlands, 248.
Odes, Collins's, 247.
Odes, by Gray, 50, 65, 208.
Odes, Mason's, 208.
Ode to Apollo, 268.
Ode to Evening, 247.
Ode to Paoli, 292.
Ode to Pity, 247.
Œdipus Tyrannus, 242.
Of a' the Airts, 300.
Ogleby, Lord, 207.
Oh! for a closer walk with God, 265.
O'Keeffe, John, works of, 212-213, 214.
Old Ballads, 285.
Old Ballads with some of Modern Date, 291.
Old English Baron, Clara Reeve's, 195.
Oldmixon, John (1673-1742), 128.
Old Mortality, 194.
Old Plays, 240.
Olney Hymns, 264.
On a Distant Prospect of Eton College, 249.
On Adversity, 249.
On Conversation, 168.
O'Neil, John, 281.
One kind kiss before we part, 240.
On Nothing, 168.
On seeing a Butterfly in the Street, 296.
On the Death of Mr. Richard West, 255.
On the Death of Mr. Walpole's Cat, 249.
On the Love of our Country, 84.
Opera Omnia of Parr, 105.
Opinions of Christian Writers of the first Three Centuries concerning the Person of Christ, 126.
Oracle, The, 235.
Orators, The, Foote's, 205.
Orcades, 251.
Organon, Gray's, 31.
Orford, Earl of. *See* Horace Walpole.
Original Papers, 151.
Origin and Progress of Writing, 35.
Origin of the Novel, 153.
Orme, Robert, life and works of, 149.
Ornithology, 103.
Oroonoko, Southern's, 200.
Orphans, The, 200.
Orrery, 15.
Osborne, 6, 157.
Ossian, 150-151. *See also* Macpherson, 162, 273.

Ossianic Poems, The, 273.
Oswald, James (1715-1769), 97.
Othello, 200, 204.
O'Trigger, Sir Lucius, 216.
Otway, 200, 202.
Our God, our Help in Ages Past, 258.
Oxford, Robert Lowth, Bishop of, 121.
O Worship the King, 259.

Paine, Thomas, 84; life of, 85-87, 115, 116, 118.
Pairing Time Anticipated, 267.
Paley, William, life and works of, 112-114, 118.
Paltock, Robert, 190.
Pamela, 156, 157, 159, 165, 172.
Pantomime Rehearsal, 219.
Papers of a Critic, 78.
Paoli, Pascal (1725-1807), 53.
Park, Mungo, 102.
Parr, Samuel, Dr., 1, 64, 80; life and works of, 105-106, 215.
Parsons, William, the poetaster, 235.
Pascal, 136.
Pasquin, 165.
Passions, The, 247.
Paston Letters, 276.
Pattison, Mark, 125.
Paul et Virginie, 159.
Paul, Father, 135.
Paul, Jean (*i.e.*, Richter), 189.
Pausanias, 32.
Pavilliard, M., 136.
Paysan Parvenu, 166.
Peel, Sir Robert, 83.
Pelhams, The, 40.
Pendennis, 169.
Penicuik or Pennecuik, the name of two Scots dialect poets much admired by Burns, Alexander P. (1652-1722), and his nephew, also Alexander (d. 1730), 302.
Pennant, Thomas, 99; life and works of, 103-104.
Penseroso, 250.
Percy, Bishop, Dr. Thomas (1729-1811), 34, 35, 104, 221, 246, 273, 276, 285, 302.
Peregrine Pickle, 172.
Père la Chaise, 170.
Persian Eclogues, 247, 248.
Petrarch, 242.
Philip II. of Spain, 148.
Philips, Ambrose (d. 1749), called 'Pastoral Philips,' 223, 241.
Philosophical Essay on Human Understanding, 94.
Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas on the Sublime and Beautiful, 69.
Philosophic Wanderer, 237.
Philosophie de D. Hume, 95.
Philoctetes, 255, 256.
Picart, Bernard, 117.
Pickwick, Mr., 58.
Pilkington, Matthew, 120.
Pindar, Peter, 32, 56, 231. *See* Wolcot, John.
Pindaric Odes, 250.
Pinkerton, John, 104, 152, 285.
Piozzi, Mrs., 6; *Anecdotes* of, 56, 60; Mrs. Thrale becomes Mrs. P., 63.
Piping down the valleys wild, 283.
Pitt, 53, 73, 74, 193, 233, 236, 301.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man, 242.
Pizarro, Sheridan's, 219.
Plagiary, Sir Fretful, 210.
Plain Dealer, Wycherley's, 200.
Plato, 43, 66.
Pliny, 139.
Plot, Dr., 100.
Plutarch, 181, 241.
Poems, Blacklock's, 261.
Poems, Whitehead's, 223.
Poems on Several Occasions, 241, 242, 256; Hamilton's, 287; Bruce's, 292, 294.
Poésie du Nord, 273.
Poet, The, the Oyster, and the Sensitive Plant, 267.
Poetic Interpretation of Nature, 275.
Poetic Sketches, Blake's, 280.
Poetical Works of Robert Burns ('Kilmarnock'), 298.
Poetical Discourses, 94.
Poetry of *The Anti-Jacobin*, 235.
Polly Honeycombe, 208.
Poplars, The, are Fell'd, 266, 268.
Polymetis, Spence's, 34.
Pomfret, John (1667-1702), 15.
Poor Mailie, 298.
Pope, 2, 4, 6, 14, 15, 16, 18, 19, 25, 27, 28, 29, 30, 34, 36, 40, 119, 120, 171, 217, 222, 224, 225, 226, 236, 242, 244, 246, 255, 259, 266, 274, 278, 280, 285, 288, 302, 309.
Porson, Richard, life and works of, 108-109, 144.
Porter, Elizabeth, 5.
Porter, Lucy, 12.
Potter, Thomas, 184.
Praed, 233, 260.
Prelude, Wordsworth, 289.
Prescott, 149.
Price, Richard (1723-1791), 84.
Priestley, Joseph (1733-1804), 84, 98, 102; works of, 114.
Primrose, Dr., 25, 61.
Princesse de Clèves, 156.
Prior, 67, 260.
Probationary Odes for the Laureateship, 233.
Progress, The, of Error, 268.
Progress of Civil Society, 235.
Progress of Man, 235.
Progress of Poesy, 251, 252.
Prophecy, Chatterton's, 278.
Prophecy of Famine, 229.
Protestant Variations, 136.
Provok'd Husband, Vanbrugh's (completed by Cibber), 200, 210.
Provoked Wife, Vanbrugh's, 200.
Psalmanazar, George (d. 1763), the literary impostor, 274.
Psalms of David, Smart's version, 258.
Public Advertiser and Junius, 77, 268.
Public Ledger, 22.
Pulteney, 82.
Puttenham, 32.
Pye, Henry James, 30; life and works of, 223-224.
Pythagorean, 85.

Quarterly Review, 83.
Queen Anne, 4, 37, 120, 164, 199.
Queen Charlotte, 192.
Queenhoo Hall, 196, 197.
Quentin, Durward, 194.
Quevedo, 154.
Quesnay, 90.

Rabelais, 180, 181, 186.
Rabutin, Bussy, 203.
Racine, 32, 272.
Radcliffe, Ann, 195.
Raleigh, Prof., 9, 158, 196.
Ralph, James (d. 1762), 128, 172.
Rambler, The, 8, 9, 12, 225.
Ramsay, 276, 285, 286, 288, 303.
Ramsbotham, Mrs., 176.
Rapin, Paul de (1661-1725), 127, 128, 135.
Rasselas, 12, 189.
Raspe, Rudolph Eric, 181, 191.
Raven, The, 267.
Ray, John, 100, 104.
Receipt of Mother's Picture, 268.
Recruiting Officer, 200.
Reed, Isaac (1742-1807). 14.
Reeve, Clara (1729-1807), 195.
Reflections, Burke's, 86.
Reflections on the French Revolution, 72, 74.
Regal and Ecclesiastical Antiquities of England, 151.
Regicide, The, 171.
Rehearsal, Foote's, 204, 219.
Reid, Thomas (1710-1796), 97.
Rejected Addresses, 233.
Relapse, Vanbrugh's, 200, 208, 216.
Reliques of Ancient Poetry, 35, 275, 285.
Remarks on Ecclesiastical History, 126.
Reminiscences, Froude's, 56.
Renan, 112.
Rennie, 99.
Reprisal; or, the Tars of Old England, 173.
Retaliation, 24, 238.
Retired Cat, The, 266.
Retirement, The, 260.
Reynolds, Frederic, 201, 211; works of, 212-223.
Reynolds, Sir Joshua, 23, 55, 109, 198.
Rhetoric, Blair's, 280.
Rice, Ap, 205.
Richard III., 200.
Richard Savage, Life of, 6.
Richardson, Samuel, 11, 49, 125; life and works of, 156-163, 165, 170, 174, 176, 178, 183, 184, 187, 189, 278.
Rigbys, The, 78.
Rights of Man, 86.
Ritson, Joseph, 30, 34, 285-286, 302.
Rival Queens, Lee's, 200.
Rivals, The, 176, 199, 215, 216, 217.
Rivarol, xxxi.
River Lodon, 255.
Rivington, 157.
Road to Ruin, Holcroft's, 220.
Robbers, The, 235.
Robert Burns, Angellier's, 310.
Robertson, William, 97; works of, 132-135, 140, 147, 148, 152, 209.
Robespierre, 86.
Robinson Crusoe, 155, 159.
Robin Hood Ballads, 286.
Roche, J., 79.
Rockingham, 70.
Roderick Random, 171, 172, 177-8.
Rogers, Sam, 328.
Rolle, Lord, 233.
Rolliad, The, 233-234.
Rolt, 256.
Romance of the Forest, 195.
Roman Father, 223.
Romeo and Juliet, 200.
Romney, 243, 311.

Rosciad, The, 226, 227, 232, 236.
Roscoe, William, 150, 151.
Rose, Dr. William (1719-1786), 4.
Rose, The, 266.
Rosebery, Lord, on Burns, 301.
Ross, Alexander, works of, 291, 304.
Rossetti, D. G., 258, 280.
Rousseau, 6, 32, 53, 59, 73, 96, 159, 184, 189, 197, 270, 273, 284, 285.
Rovers, The, 235.
Rowe, Nicholas, 14, 200, 223.
Rowlandson, xiv, 56, 230, 231.
Rowley Poems, 276, 279.
Rowley, or Rowlie, Thomas, 276, 278.
Royal George, 268.
Ruddiman's Weekly Magazine, 295.
Rule a Wife and have a Wife, 200.
Ruskin, 311.
Russell, Lord John, 83.
Russell, Thomas, 30, 246, 255, 256.
Russell, The House of, 74, 75.
Ruth, Hood's, 284.
Rymer, Thomas, 128.
Ryse, The, of Peyncteyngeyn Englande, 277.

Saint-Clair, General, 94.
Saint Joseph, 282.
Saint Patrick's Day, or the Scheming Lieutenant, 216.
Saint Pierre, Bernardin de, 189.
Saint Simon, 39, 46, 57.
Sainte-Beuve, xxxvii, 42, 270.
Saintsbury, Professor, 192.
Salmasius, 119.
Salusbury, Helen Lynch. *See* Mrs. Thrale.
Salvator Rosa, 195.
Sancho Panza, 57.
Sandeau, Jules, 26.
Sandwich, 229.
Sardou, 213.
Savage, Richard (d. 1743), 15, 16.
Savile, George (Marquis of Halifax), 203.
Schiller, 235.
School for Arrogance, 220.
School for Scandal, 212, 216, 217, 218.
Scotia's darling Seat, 302.
Scot's Musical Museum, 286.
Scots wha hae, 301.
Scott, Thomas, 126.
Scott, Sir Walter, 17, 37, 66, 160, 162, 173, 182, 190, 196, 241, 273, 279, 291, 302.
Scottish Song, 286.
Scottish Tragic Ballads, 285.
Scribe, 213.
Scribleriad, The, 236.
Scripture Dictionary, 126.
Seasons, The, 310.
Sebaldus, 189.
Sedaine, Michel-J. (1719-1797), 218.
Sedley, 163.
Seduction, Holcroft's, 220.
Selborne, 100.
Select Collections of English Songs, 286.
Select Scottish Ballads, 285.
Selkirk, Cowper's, 258, 268.
Selwyn, George (1719-1791), 49.
Sempill, or Semple, Robert, 286, 303.
Sentimental Journey, 22, 185, 236.

Serious Call, 4.
Sermons by Mr. Yorick, 126.
Sermons, Johnson's, 126.
Seward, Anna (1747-1809), 236, 243.
Seven Champions of Christendom, 60, 154.
Sévigné, Mme. de, 266.
Shackleton, Miss, 76.
Shackleton, Abraham, 68.
Shadwell, 172.
Shakespeare, 1, 3, 11; Johnson's edition, 14-15, 17, 19, 34, 66, 72, 73, 100, 119, 159, 179, 181, 197, 202, 219, 220, 241, 249, 273, 274, 304, 307.
She Stoops to Conquer, 23, 211.
She wou'd and she wou'd not, 200.
Sheffield, Lord, 141.
Shelburne, Lord, 80.
Shelley, 37, 271, 278, 304, 310, 312.
Shenstone, 32, 37, 48, 302. *See The Age of Pope.*
Shepherd, The Ettrick (Hogg), 293.
Sheridan, Frances, 215.
Sheridan, Richard Brinsley (1751-1816), 13, 199, 200, 203, 210; plays of, 214-219, 221, 312.
Sheridan, Thomas, 215.
Sherlock, Thomas (d. 1761), 112.
Shipwreck, The, 239.
Shirley, 208.
Sickness, 240.
Sidney, Algernon, 32, 84.
Sidney, Sir Philip, 35, 132.
Siller Crown, The, 290.
Silva Critica, 108.
Simplicissimus, 155.
Simpson, William, 297.
Six Poems by Mr. T. Gray, 250.
Sir Charles Grandison, 161.
Sir Courtly Nice, 200.
Sir Walter Raleigh, 139.
Skeat, Professor, 279.
Skelton, Philip, 61.
Skinner, John, 288.
Slop, Dr., 185.
Small, Mr., 292.
Smart, Christopher, 8, 245; life and works of, 256-259.
Smith, Adam, sen., 88.
Smith, Adam, 2, 13, 66; life and works of, 88-93, 95, 97, 106, 133-5.
Smith, Mr. Goldwin, 61.
Smith, J. T., 65.
Smith, Margaret, 88.
Smith, Sydney, 13.
Smith, Wm. James, 80, 83.
Smollett, Elizabeth, 175.
Smollett, Tobias, 8, 22, 26, 131-132, 168; life and works of, 170-178, 187, 188, 189, 213, 228, 233, 239, 240.
Socrates, 3.
Soldier's Friend, The, 235.
Soldier's Wife, The, 235.
Somerset, 104.
Somerville, Thomas, life and works, 148.
Song to David, 256, 257, 258, 259.
Songs of Experience, 284.
Songs of Innocence, 280, 282, 284.
Song to Ælla, 277.
Sonnet upon the Death of Richard West, 248.
Sonnets and Miscellaneous Poems, 256.
Sonnets, Shakespeare's, 78.
Sorel, Charles, 155.
Sortes Walpolianæ, 48.
South, Robert, 167.

Southern, 200.
Southey, 120, 227, 235, 243.
Spacious Firmament on High, 258.
Spectator, The, 8, 12.
Specimens of the Early English Poets, 234.
Specimens of the Poetry of the Antient Welsh, 34.
Speech on Conciliation with America, 71.
Speech on American Taxation, 71.
Speed, John, 127, 137.
Spence, Joseph, 34, 46.
Spencer, Herbert, 243.
Spencer, Lord, 13.
Spenser, 37, 246, 251, 278, 289, 290.
Spinoza, 92.
Spiritual Quixote, 174.
Spleen, The, 240.
Sports of the English People, 196.
Spring, 293.
Stanhope Letters, 41, 42, 43, 44.
Stanhope, Lady Hester, 299.
Stanhope, Philip Dormer, Earl of Chesterfield, life and works of, 40-46. *See also* Chesterfield.
Stanhope, Philip, illegitimate son of Lord Chesterfield, 41.
Stanhope, Philip, godson of Lord Chesterfield, 41.
Stapfer, Paul, xxxvii, 181.
State Poems, 234.
Steele, 8, 200, 209.
Steen, Jan, 186.
Steevens, George, 14, 34, 224.
Stendhal, 159.
Stephen, Leslie, xxxv, xxxvii, 17, 57, 81, 125, 166.
Stephen, Sir J. F., 117, 125.
Sterne, Laurence, 2, 22, 26; his two volumes of *Sermons*, 126; 162, 168, 173, 175; life and works of, 179-188, 189, 193, 236, 284, 302.
Sterne, Lydia, 179.
Sterne, Roger, 179.
Stewart, Dugald, 93, 97.
Stewart, Sir James Denham (1712-1780), 92.
Stevenson, John Hall, 179, 186, 236.
Stevenson, R. L., xxxvi, 296.
Stillingfleet, Benj., 100, 255.
Stothard, 281.
Stow, 127.
Stowell, Lord, 13.
Strafford, 131.
Strahan, William, 96, 148.
Stratford Jubilee, 54, 197.
Strawberry Hill, xv, 48, 50.
Strutt, Joseph (1749-1802), 152, 196, 197.
Strype, 127.
Student, Smart's, 256.
Studies in English Literature, 31.
Stuart, James (1713-1788), xxxiv, 34.
Suard, J. B. (1733-1830), 137.
Suckling, 163.
Sugar Cane, The, 240.
Swedenborg, 281, 282, 285.
Swift, Dean, 1, 8, 15, 17, 18, 19, 32, 40, 64, 66, 82, 85, 120, 165, 168, 170, 187, 237, 252, 260, 295.
Swinburne, Henry, 103.
Symons, J. C., 79.
Table Talk, 268.
Tacitus, 114, 139.
Taine, Hippolyte, 26, 103, 167.
Tale of a Tub, 203.
Tam O'Shanter, 300.

Taming of the Shrew, 220.
Tannahill, 293.
Task, The, 268, 272, 280.
Tasso, 109, 241.
Tate, Nahum (1652-1715), 30.
Tatler, The, 7.
Taylor, Isaac, 113.
Taylor, John, 80, 143.
Taylor, Tom, 214.
Tea Table Miscellany, 286, 287.
Tears of Music, 241.
Tears of Old May Day, 241.
Tears of Scotland, 172.
Teazle, Lady, 218.
Telemachus, 42.
Temora, 273, 274.
Tempest, The, 200.
Temple, Earl, 40, 44, 81.
Temple, Lady, 80.
Temple, Sir William, 203.
Tencin, Marquise de, 156.
Teniers, 302, 303, 307.
Tennyson, Alfred, Lord, 13, 33, 251, 269, 272, 310.
'Terence of England,' Cumberland, 209.
Texte, Joseph, xxxvii, 161.
Thackeray, 162, 164, 165, 168, 232, 260.
Thanks, my Lord, for your Venison, 238.
Theobald, Lewis (d. 1744), 14.
Theory of Moral Sentiment, The, 89.
Theory of Rain, 102.
Theory of the Earth, 102.
There's nae luck about the hoose, 292.
Thesaurus, Hickes's, 251.
Third Crusade, The, 138.
Third Satire of Juvenal, 6.
Thompson, Capt. Edward (d. 1786), 223.
Thompson, William, 240, 244.
Thomson, James, 37, 49, 100, 162, 171, 251, 271, 288, 289, 293, 302, 308, 310.
Thomson: sa vie et ses Œuvres, 286.
Thoreau, xxx, 98.
Thornton, Bonnell (1724-1768), 8, 208, 226, 236, 256, 259.
Thoughts on French Affairs, 74.
Thoughts on the Cause of the Present Discontents, 70.
Thoughts on the Prospect of Peace with a Regicide Directory, 74.
Thrale, Mrs., 14, 16, 17, 54; life of, 63, 232, 235.
Thring, 105.
Thucydides, 114.
Thurlow, 66.
Tibbs, Beau, 22.
Tickell, Richard, 234.
Tierney, George, 235.
Tiger, Tiger burning bright, 258, 284.
Tillemont, L. Sébastien (d. 1698), 139.
Tillotson, John, 167.
Times, The, 229.
Tindal, Nicholas (1687-1774), 111, 128.
Tirocinium, or a Review of Schools, 260, 269.
To a Louse, 298.
To a Mountain Daisy, 298.
To a Mouse, 298.
To Autumn, 310.
To Mary, 268, 269.
To Mrs. Unwin, 266.
To Spring, 248.
To William Simpson, 294.

Toad and the Ephemeron, 267.
Tobacco Pipe, 235.
Tobin, John, 201, 220.
Toland, John (1670-1722), 111.
Toll for the Brave, 266.
Tolstoi, 69, 271, 310.
Tom Jones, 168, 169.
Tom Thumb, 219.
Tom Thumb the Great, 165.
Tommy Trip, 197.
Tone, Theobald Wolfe, 60; works, 61-62.
Tooke, John Horne, 84; works of, 106-107.
Tooke, William, 106.
Toplady, A. M. (1740-1778), 259.
Torfaeus, 251.
Toup, Jonathan, 109.
Tour in Corsica, 54.
Tour in Ireland, 103.
Tour in Scotland, 103.
Tour in Wales, 103.
Tour to the Hebrides, 14.
Tovey, Mr., 253.
Townley, James, 201, 207.
Town and Country Magazine, 277.
Tracts in Controversy with Dr. Priestley, 115.
Traités des cérémonies religieuses de toutes les nations, 117.
Translation of the Elegies of Tibullus, 240.
Traveller, The, 23, 236, 237, 238.
Travels and Adventures of William Bingfield, Esq., 190.
Travels, Arthur Young's, 102-103.
Travels, Mungo Park's, 102.
Travels through France and Italy, 175.
Travels to Discover the Sources of the Nile (1790), 102.
Travis, George, 144.
Treatise of Human Nature, 94, 130.
Trelawny, Edward John (1792-1881), 59.
Trench, Archbishop, 63.
Trench, Melesina, works of, 63-64.
Trial of the Witnesses, 112.
Trip to Calais, 205.
Trip to Scarborough, 216.
Tristram Shandy, 126, 173.
Triumphs of Music, 242.
Triumphs of Temper, 242.
Truth, Cowper's, 268.
Tryon, Thomas (1634-1703), 85.
Tucker, Abraham, 98, 112.
Tullochgorum, 288.
Turgot, 92, 273.
Turk's Head Tavern, 13.
Turner, 281, 302, 303, 311.
Twa Dogs, 298, 302, 308.
Twining, Thomas, 60; life of, 64-65.
Tyrawly, 41.
Tyrwhitt, Thomas (1730-1786), 28, 34, 279.
Tytler, William, 152.

Universal Beauty, 241, 243.
Universal Histories, 151.
Universal Visitor, 8.
Unwin, Mrs. Mary (1724-1796), 261, 262, 265, 269, 270.
Unwin, Rev. Morley (d. 1767), 261, 264, 266.
Upton, John (d. 1760), 119.
Urwick's Collection, 123.

Valediction, Cowper's, 11.
Vanbrugh, 199, 200, 203, 208, 214, 216, 218.

Vanitas Vanitatum, 12.
Vanity Fair, 164.
Vanity of Human Wishes, The, 7, 225.
Vathek, Beckford's, 196.
Vauban, 112.
Vaughan, Thomas (1622-1666), 283.
Venice Preserved, 200, 221.
Vernon, Admiral, 171.
Vert Vert, 272.
Verville, Béroalde de, 181.
Vicar of Wakefield, 23, 25, 26, 189, 212.
Vida, 242.
Vie d'un Paysan, 73.
Village Politics, by Will Chip, 198.
Villehardouin, 32.
Vindication of Natural Society, 69.
Vindiciæ Gallicæ, 84.
Virgil, Warton's edition of, 27, 100, 108, 119, 289.
Virginius, Knowles's, 221.
Visions of Fancy, 241.
Visitor, The, 8.
Voltaire, 1, 2, 12; Goldsmith's biography of, 23, 25, 28, 42, 48, 53, 76; Adam Smith's visit to, 90; 92, 111, 128, 147, 162, 184, 190, 193, 253.
Vortigern, Ireland's, 221.
Vossius, Isaac, 120, 147.
Voyage round the World, or Rare Adventures of Don Kainophilus from his Cradle to his Fifteenth Year, 181.
Voyage to Abyssinia, 5.
Voyages imaginaires, 12.
Voyages of Discovery in the Southern Hemisphere, 104.
Wadman, Widow, 185.
Wakefield, Gilbert, 82; works of, 107-108.
Walker, 174.
Wallace, A. Russel, 98.
Waller, 255.
Walmesley, Gilbert (d. 1751), 15.
Walpole, Horace, ix, 2, 8, 9, 18, 22, 34, 37, 38, 39, 45; life and works of, 46-51, 54, 56, 82, 84, 123, 129, 148, 163, 194, 195, 212, 230, 239, 246, 249, 250, 277.
Walpole, Sir Robert, 46, 165.
Walton, Izaak, 98.
Wanderer, The, 192.
Warburton, 14, 35, 105, 106; life and works of, 118-121, 139, 181, 182, 229.
Ward, E. M., 21.
Warner, Ferdinand, 152.
Warton, Joseph, 8; life and works of, 27-28, 36, 105, 246, 251, 254, 255, 256.
Warton, Thomas, 2; life and works of, 28-31, 36, 105, 223, 244, 246, 251, 253, 254, 255, 256.
Washington, George, 301.
Waterton, Charles (1782-1865), 99.
Watson, Bishop, 107, 116, 118, 143.
Watts, Dr. Isaac, 15, 258.
Watts, Thomas, xxxi.
Watson, Robert, works of, 148.
Way of the World, 212.
Way to Keep Him, 206.
Webster, John, 284.
Webster, Noah, xxix.
Wellington, Duke of, 19, 124, 125.
Wenham, Jane (reputed witch), 118.

Werther, 159.
Wesley, Charles, works of, 123-126.
Wesley, John, 10; works of, 123-126, 193, 199, 210.
Wesley, John, jun., 122.
Wesley, Samuel, 122.
West, Richard, 254, 256.
Western, Squire, 173.
West Indian, The, 210.
Westmorland, 104.
Whalley, Peter (1722-1791), 104.
Whalley, Thomas, xxvii.
What can a Young Lassie do wi' an Auld Man, 300.
What ails this Heart of Mine, 290.
Whateley, 113.
Wheel of Fortune, 210.
Whether on Ida's shady Brow, 280.
Whewell, 120.
Whigs, Junius and the, 78.
Whiston, William, 25.
Whitefield, George (1714-1770), the preacher, 166, 205.
White, Gilbert, life and works of, 98-102.
Whitehead, Paul (1710-1744), 223.
Whitehead, William, 30, 223, 224, 232.
Whitman, Walt, 271.
Whitney, Thomas Dwight, xxix.
Whittaker, John (1735-1808), 152.
Wieland, 189.
Wilberforce, 236, 270.
Wild Oats, 213.
Wilkes, John, 8, 52, 53, 55, 57, 70, 80, 81, 106, 174, 179, 229.
Wilkie, William, 240, 241, 267, 303, 307.
Wilkinson, Tate, 205.
Wilkites, Junius and the, 78.
Windham, William, 13, 17.
Williams, Gilly, 49.
Willie brew'd a Peck of Maut, 300.
Willie was a Wanton Wag, 286.
Willughby, Francis, 100, 103.
Winslade, sonnet, 255.
Wilson, of Kilmarnock, 298.
Wolcot, Dr. John, life and works of, 231-232.
Wolf and Shepherds, 290.
Wonder, Centlivre's, 200.
Wood, J. G., 99.
Wood, Robert, his *Palmyra*, xxxiv, 34.
Woo'd and Married and a', 291.
Woodfall, George (1767-1844), 77, 78.
Woodfall, Henry Sampson, 77.
Woolston, Thomas (1669-1731), 111, 112, 118.
Worcestershire, 104.
Wordsworth, 33, 37, 42, 56, 98, 256, 270, 271, 274, 281, 287, 288, 289, 303, 308, 310, 311.
World, The, 8, 11; Ed. Moore, editor of, 202, 235, 241.
Wormius, Olaus (Ole Worm), 251.
Wycherley, 200, 218.
Wroughton, manager of Drury Lane Theatre, 220.

Xenophon, 3.

Yalden, Thomas (1670-1736), 15.
Yardley Oak, 258, 268, 269.
Yarrow Unvisited, 287.
Ye Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon, 300.

Yorick, Sermons by Mr., 126.
Young, Johnson's *Life of*, 16.
Young, Arthur, 103, 240.
Young, Edward (d. 1765), 28.
Young, William, 166.
Younger, John, 312.

Zoology, Pennant's, 103.
Zoonomia, 98.
Zwicker, 114.

CHISWICK PRESS: CHARLES WHITTINGHAM AND CO.
TOOKS COURT, CHANCERY LANE, LONDON.

HANDBOOKS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

EDITED BY PROFESSOR HALES

"The admirable series of handbooks edited by Professor Hales is rapidly taking shape as one of the best histories of our literature that are at the disposal of the student. . . . [When complete] there is little doubt that we shall have a history of English literature which, holding a middle course between the rapid general survey and the minute examination of particular periods, will long remain a standard work."—*Manchester Guardian.*

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

THE AGE OF ALFRED

"Mr. Snell has contributed another excellent volume to the Handbooks of English Literature. We should hardly have thought it possible to give, within the moderate limits allowed to him, so satisfactory an account of the writers of the somewhat remote period he deals with. . . . Even the professed student of our eldest literature will look with appreciation on this volume, which testifies to the existence of an interest in Anglo-Saxon unknown when Dr. Sweet—so recently lost to us—began his missionary labours."—*Glasgow Herald.*

"Mr. Snell's volume forms as complete and careful a survey of the literature of this age as could well be compressed into so small a compass."—*Guardian.*

THE AGE OF CHAUCER

"This little monograph may lay fair claim to be regarded as complete, acute, stimulating, and scholarly."—*School World.*

"The book is thoroughly up-to-date, an important consideration in dealing with Middle English literature, and does not lose itself in too minute a consideration of those works which are only of philological and not of literary value. The accounts of the W. Midland alliterative poetry, of the development of prose, and the work of the poet Gower, are specially good. The treatment of Chaucer is thorough and scholarly."—*University Correspondent.*

"An admirable handbook, dealing in a lucid style and in a highly critical spirit with one of the most important periods in the history of English literature."—*Westminster Review.*

THE AGE OF TRANSITION

"The work is a model of its kind, and should act as a pleasant stimulant to all readers to whom words and phrases are of little less importance than rare gems and precious metals and the gewgaws of the jeweller."—*Morning Post.*

"A most lucid and succinct account of English and Scottish literature during the period that intervenes between Chaucer and Spenser. . . . The whole work is conspicuously able and careful, and it lights up with fresh and continuous interest a somewhat dull and very perplexed, but most important period. It ought to be in the hands of all students of English literature."—*Educational Times.*

THE AGE OF SHAKESPEARE

"Both volumes are excellently done, with knowledge, judgement, and a pleasant touch of vivacity. It is no easy matter to make a text-book both informing and readable; but here the feat is accomplished. I have read 'The Age of Shakespeare' with unflagging interest and pleasure. . . . Everywhere one has the restful sensation of dealing with men of competent scholarship and sound critical instinct. Especially valuable, to my thinking, is the chronological table of the chief publications of each year from 1579 to 1630."—Mr. William Archer in the *Morning Leader*.

"An excellent aid to the systematic study of one of the greatest periods of our literature."—*Daily News*.

"We do not know where the student of literature could find a safer or more stimulating guide."—*Spectator*.

"The book is a well-informed and well-connected and intelligent exposition of its subject. It is more than a mere handbook. It is a *history*, though on a mall scale."—*Journal of Education*.

THE AGE OF MILTON

"A very excellent little text-book full of concise and well-digested learning."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

"Mr. Masterman has written a book which combines the preciseness of a text-book with the fullness of thought of a monograph. Indeed, this compact little work will be studied with as much earnestness by the student as it will be read with pleasure by the lover of *belles lettres*. . . . We lay down the book delighted with what we have read."—*Birmingham Daily Gazette*.

"A work which reflects the utmost credit on its author . . . luminous and at the same time impartial."—*Westminster Review*.

"This excellent epitome . . . very happily indicates the golden afterglow of the Elizabethan sun."—*Daily Chronicle*.

"An excellent sketch. . . . Mr. Masterman seems to write from his own knowledge; his judgements are sound and his style is agreeable."—*Times*.

THE AGE OF DRYDEN

"This scholarly little volume from the learned pen of Dr. Garnett. . . . Within the limits of his space Dr. Garnett surveys the several departments of literature in this period with singular comprehensiveness, broad sympathy, and fine critical sagacity."—*Times*.

"The series which Professor Hales is editing aims at being that very difficult and important something between the text-book for schools and the gracefully allusive literary essay. Dr. Garnett has done his part of the work admirably. Most readable is his book, written with a fine sense of proportion, and containing many independent judgements, yet even, so far as minor names and dates and facts are concerned, complete enough for all save a searcher after minutiae."—*Bookman*.

"Dr. Garnett has succeeded in presenting its more notable characteristics, while mapping out a course of study for those who are bent on making themselves acquainted with those writers at first hand."—*Daily News*.

THE AGE OF POPE

"A 'handbook' is scarcely a fair description of so readable and companionable a volume, which aims not only at giving accurate information, but at directing the reader's steps 'through a country exhaustless in variety and interest.'"—*Spectator.*

"The biographical portion of Mr. Dennis's book is really admirable. The accuracy of the details and the knowledge exhibited by the author of the social and political life of the period show how thoroughly he has mastered his subject."—*Westminster Review.*

"An excellent little volume."—*Athenæum.*

"A new series of handbooks of English literature under the general direction of Professor Hales cannot but promise well, and it performs very well indeed in its first volume, 'The Age of Pope.'"—*Manchester Guardian.*

THE AGE OF JOHNSON

"The uniform excellence of Mr. Seccombe's manual of English literary history from 1748 to 1798 affords scarcely any opening for detailed criticism. Little can be said, except that everything is just as it ought to be: the arrangement perfect, the length of the notices justly proportioned, the literary judgements sound and illuminating; while the main purpose of conveying information is kept so steadily in view that, while the book is worthy of a place in the library, the student could desire no better guide for an examination."—*Bookman.*

"He has knowledge, he is eminently careful, and, best of all in a handbook-maker of this kind, he is judicial. . . . Briefly, we have here a thorough, almost encyclopaedic, review of a great literary period—stimulating to the younger student, and to his elder refreshing by its perception."—*Outlook.*

"This book is one of the best of its kind, and we heartily recommend it to our readers."—*Journal of Education.*

THE AGE OF WORDSWORTH

"It is an admirable little work all the way through and one which the ripest students of the period may read with interest and profit."—*Guardian.*

"The introductory essay on Romanticism in our literature is an admirable piece of work, full of suggestive thought, but Professor Herford is at his best—and a very fine best it is—in his brief summaries of the lives and works of individual writers. His Cobbett, his Lamb, and others that might be instanced, are veritable gems of biographical and critical compression presented with true literary finish."—*Literary World.*

THE AGE OF TENNYSON

"A capital little handbook of modern English literature."—*Times.*

"An instructive and readable manual . . . an admirable first text-book on the subject."—*Scotsman.*

"Professor Walker has done his allotted task with singular skill, wonderful judiciousness, critical insight, adequate knowledge and mastery of facts, keen discernment of qualities and effectiveness of grouping. . . . We have read no review of the whole of the Tennysonian age so genuinely fresh in matter, method, style, critical canons, and selectedness of phrase. As a small book on a great subject, it is a special treasure."—*Educational News.*

"So convenient and so accurate a survey."—*Bookman.*

Crown 8vo. viii + 314 pp. *2s. 6d. net*

An Outline History of English Literature

By Professor W. H. HUDSON

STAFF LECTURER IN ENGLISH LITERATURE TO THE EXTENSION BOARD, LONDON UNIVERSITY

It is now generally recognized that the history of English Literature cannot be written without reference to the History of the English people. The special value of Professor Hudson's book lies in its correlation of history and literature.

WORKS BY HENRY S. PANCOAST

Third Edition, Enlarged and Revised. 656 *pages. Crown 8vo. 5s. net*

Introduction to English Literature

"Seems to me to fulfil better, on the whole, than any other 'Introduction' known to me, the real requirements of such a book as distinguished from a 'Sketch' or a 'Summary.' It rightly does not attempt to be cyclopædic, but isolates a number of figures of first-rate importance, and deals with these in a very attractive way. The directions for reading are also excellent. Though apparently written for Schools, it contains plenty of matter serviceable for the junior classes of Colleges, and should serve in particular as an excellent text-book in the courses on English Literature now required for the London Intermediate."—Prof. C. H. Herford, Litt.D.

"I had known an earlier edition, and this certainly gains on it. . . . . It seems to me admirable for its purpose, and I do not know any book better for schools and junior College Classes."—Prof. E. Dowden.

Crown 8vo. With 44 Illustrations and 2 Maps. 5s. net

A First View of English Literature

"We have no hesitation in saying that this volume has struck the right note and attained the happy mean . . . What is great is told fully, what is small is told briefly: one topic is not crammed to the starvation of another: everything has its due place, in everything the sense of proportion is observed. . . . We are confident that perusal of this book by teachers of English literature will lead to its speedy adoption in the higher classes."—*Secondary School Journal.*

LONDON: G. BELL AND SONS, LTD.

ENGLISH READINGS

A New Series of English Classics, edited for School Use, with Introduction and Notes

BURKE.—SELECTIONS. Chosen, and edited by BLISS PERRY, Editor of the "Atlantic Monthly." *2s. 6d.*

BYRON.—SELECTIONS. Edited by F. I. CARPENTER, Assistant Professor in the University of Chicago. *2s. 6d.*

COLERIDGE.—PROSE SELECTIONS. Chosen and edited by HENRY A. BEERS, Professor in Yale University. *2s.*

DRYDEN.—ESSAYS ON THE DRAMA. Edited by WILLIAM STRUNK, Jun., Assistant Professor in Cornell University. *2s.*

JOHNSON.—SELECTIONS. Chosen and edited by CHARLES GROSVENOR OSGOOD, Preceptor in English in Princeton University. *3s.*

MILTON.—MINOR ENGLISH POEMS. Edited by MARTIN W. SAMPSON, Professor in Indiana University. *2s. 6d.*

SWIFT.—PROSE SELECTIONS. Edited by FREDERICK C. PRESCOTT, Assistant Professor in Cornell University. *2s. 6d.*

TENNYSON.—THE PRINCESS. Edited by L. A. SHERMAN, Professor in the University of Nebraska. *2s.*

THACKERAY.—ENGLISH HUMOURISTS. Edited by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS, Professor in Yale University. *2s. 6d.*

BELL'S SHORT MONOGRAPHS ON

GREAT WRITERS

Edited by G. C. WILLIAMSON, Litt.D. *Pott 8vo. Illustrated.* 1*s.*

BROWNING. By Sir Frank T. Marzials, C.B.
CHAUCER. By Rev. W. Tuckwell.
COLERIDGE. By Dr. Garnett, C.B.
DANTE. By M. L. Egerton Castle.
DEFOE. By Albinia Wherry.
DE QUINCEY. By Henry S. Salt.
DICKENS. By W. Teignmouth Shaw.
GOLDSMITH. By E. S. Lang Buckland.
JOHNSON. By John Dennis.
LAMB. By Walter Jerrold.
MILTON. By Dr. Williamson.
MOLIÈRE. By Sir Frank T. Marzials, C.B.
SHAKESPEARE. By Alfred Ewen.
SPENSER. By Rev. W. Tuckwell.
HORACE. By Rev. W. Tuckwell.

Educational Times: "The volumes are comprehensive and critical, and evidently have been prepared with great care."

Bookman: "Messrs. Bell's Series of Great Writers, while bearing out its title as far as the size of the volumes is concerned, goes in its scope and value beyond what such title implies."

LONDON: G. BELL AND SONS, LTD.

LITERATURE OF THE AGE OF JOHNSON

PUBLISHED BY

G. BELL AND SONS, LTD.

BLAKE'S POETICAL WORKS. Edited, with a Memoir, by W. M. Rossetti, and Portrait. Fcap. 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.
[*Aldine Edition.*

BOSWELL'S LIFE OF JOHNSON, with the TOUR IN THE HEBRIDES and JOHNSONIANA. New Edition, with Notes and Appendices by the Rev. A. Napier, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge. With Frontispiece to each vol. 6 vols. Small post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* each. [*Bohn's Standard Library.*

BURKE'S WORKS. 6 vols. Small post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.
[*Bohn's Standard Library.*

Vol. I.—Vindication of Natural Society—Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful, and various Political Miscellanies.

II.—Reflections on the French Revolution—Letters relating to the Bristol Election—Speech on Fox's East India Bill, etc.

III.—Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs—On the Nabob of Arcot's Debts—The Catholic Claims, etc.

IV.—Report on the Affairs of India, and Articles of Charge against Warren Hastings.

V.—Conclusion of the Articles of Charge against Warren Hastings—Political Letters on the American War, on a Regicide Peace, to the Empress of Russia.

VI.—Miscellaneous Speeches—Letters and Fragments—Abridgments of English History, etc. With a General Index.

—— SPEECHES ON THE IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS; and Letters. With Index. 2 vols. Small post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* each. [*Bohn's Standard Library.*

—— LETTERS ON A REGICIDE PEACE. I and II. Edited by H. G. Keene, M.A., C.I.E. Crown 8vo. 3*s.* Sewed, 2*s.*
[*Bell's English Classics.*

—— LIFE. By Sir J. Prior. With a Portrait after Reynolds. Small post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

—— ESSAY ON THE SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL. With short Memoir. Crown 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.* Sewed, 1*s.*

BURKE'S REFLECTIONS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. Crown 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.* Sewed, 1*s.*

BURNEY'S EVELINA; or, The History of a Young Lady's Entrance into the World. By Frances Burney (Mme. D'Arblay). With an Introduction and Notes by A. R. Ellis. Small post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* Also in the *York Library*. 2*s.* net. Leather, 3*s.* net.

——— CECILIA. With an Introduction and Notes by A. R. Ellis. 2 vols. Small post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* each. Also in the *York Library*. 2*s.* net. Leather, 3*s.* net.

——— THE EARLY DIARY OF FRANCES BURNEY, 1768-1778. Now first published, with a Selection from her Correspondence and from the Journals of her Sisters, Susan and Charlotte Burney. Edited by Annie Raine Ellis. 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each. [*Bohn's Standard Library.*

BURNS (ROBERT), LIFE OF. By J. G. Lockhart, D.C.L. A new and enlarged Edition. Revised and corrected from the latest texts of the Author, with new Annotations and Appendices by William Scott Douglas. With Portrait. Small post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* [*Bohn's Standard Library.*

——— POETICAL WORKS. Edited, with Memoir, by G. A. Aitken. 3 vols. 2*s.* 6*d.* net each. [*Aldine Edition.*

CAMPBELL'S POETICAL WORKS. Edited by his Nephew-in-law, the Rev. A. W. Hill. With a Memoir by W. Allingham, and Portrait. Fcap. 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.* net. [*Aldine Edition.*

CHATTERTON'S POETICAL WORKS. Edited by the Rev. W. W. Skeat, M.A., late Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge. Including the acknowledged Poems and Satires, the Rowley Poems, with an Essay proving their authorship, a Memoir of the Poet, and Selections from his Prose Writings. 2 vols. Fcap. 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.* net each. [*Aldine Edition.*

CHURCHILL'S POETICAL WORKS. Edited, with Memoir, by James Hannay. With Portrait. 2 vols. Fcap. 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.* net each. [*Aldine Edition.*

COLLINS'S POETICAL WORKS. Edited, with Memoir, by W. Moy Thomas. With Portrait. Fcap. 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.* net. [*Aldine Edition.*

COWPER'S POETICAL WORKS. Edited, with Memoir, by John Bruce, F.S.A. 3 vols. Fcap. 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.* net each. [*Aldine Edition.*

DE LOLME on the CONSTITUTION OF ENGLAND, or an Account of the English Government, in which it is compared both with the Republican form of Government and the other Monarchies of Europe. Edited, with Life of the Author and Notes, by John Macgregor. Small post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* [*Bohn's Standard Library.*

FRANKLIN (BENJAMIN). AUTOBIOGRAPHY. Published verbatim from the Original MS. by his Grandson, W. T. Franklin. Edited by Jared Sparks. Small post 8vo. 1*s.*

FIELDING. A volume of REPRESENTATIVE SELECTIONS, with Editorial Connections and full Biographical and Critical Introduction by Professor Saintsbury. Crown 8vo. With Portrait. 3*s.* 6*d.* net. [*Masters of Literature.*

—— ADVENTURES OF JOSEPH ANDREWS AND HIS FRIEND MR. ABRAHAM ADAMS. With Thomas Roscoe's Biography and George Cruikshank's Illustrations. Small post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* Also in the *York Library.* 2*s.* net. Leather, 3*s.* net.

—— HISTORY OF TOM JONES, A FOUNDLING. Roscoe's Edition, with George Cruikshank's Illustrations. 2 vols. Small post 8vo. 7*s.* Also in the *York Library.* Fcap. 8vo. 2 vols. 2*s.* net each. Or in leather, 3*s.* net.

—— AMELIA. Roscoe's Edition revised. With 8 Illustrations by George Cruikshank. Small post 8vo. 5*s.* Also in the *York Library.* 2*s.* net. Leather, 3*s.* net.

GIBBON'S DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE. Complete and Unabridged, with Variorum Notes; including, in addition to the Author's own, those of Guizot, Wenck, Niebuhr, Hugo, Neander, and other Scholars. Edited by an English Churchman. With copious Index and 2 Maps and a Portrait of Gibbon. 7 vols. Small post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* each. [*Bohn's Standard Library.*

GOLDSMITH'S WORKS. A new Edition, containing pieces hitherto uncollected and a Life of the Author, with notes from various sources by J. W. M. Gibbs. 5 vols. Small post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* each. [*Bohn's Standard Library.*

Vol. I.—Life, Vicar of Wakefield, Essays and Letters.
II.—Poems, Plays, Bee, Cock Lane Ghost.
III.—The Citizen of the World, Polite Learning in Europe.
IV.—Biographies, Criticisms, Essays.
V.—Prefaces, Extracts from Natural History, Letters from a Nobleman, Goody Two-shoes, Index to the whole.

—— PLAYS. Crown 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.* Sewed, 1*s.*

—— VICAR OF WAKEFIELD. Crown 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.* Sewed, 1*s.*

—— POETICAL WORKS. Revised Edition, by Austin Dobson. With Portrait. Fcap. 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.* net. [*Aldine Edition.*

—— GOOD-NATURED MAN. Edited by K. Deighton. 2*s.* Sewed, 1*s.* 6*d.*

—— SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER. Edited by K. Deighton. 2*s.* Sewed, 1*s.* 6*d.*

*** THE GOOD-NATURED MAN and SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER may also be had bound together in one volume. Sewed, 2*s.* 6*d.*

—— TRAVELLER and DESERTED VILLAGE. Edited by The Rev. A. E. Woodward, M.A., Assistant Master at Christ's Hospital. 2*s.* [*Bell's English Classics.*

*** THE TRAVELLER and THE DESERTED VILLAGE separately. Sewed, 10*d.* each.

GRAY'S POETICAL WORKS. With Memoir, Notes, and Bibliography by J. Bradshaw, M.A., LL.D., Chief Inspector of Schools, Madras, and Portrait. Fcap 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.* net.
[*Aldine Edition.*

—— LETTERS. Edited by the Rev. D. C. Tovey, M.A. Author of "Gray and his Friends." In 3 vols. Small post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* each. [*Vols. I and II ready, Vol. III in the press.*

JOHNSON'S LIVES OF THE POETS. Edited with Notes by Mrs. Alexander Napier, and an Introduction by J. W. Hales, M.A., Professor of English Literature in King's College, London. 3 vols. Small post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.
[*Bohn's Standard Library.*

—— LIFE OF ADDISON. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by F. Ryland, M.A. 2*s.* 6*d.*

—— LIFE OF SWIFT. Edited by F. Ryland, M.A. 2*s.*

—— LIFE OF POPE. Edited by F. Ryland, M.A. 2*s.* 6*d.*

*** JOHNSON'S LIVES OF SWIFT and POPE together. Sewed, 2*s.* 6*d.*

—— LIFE OF MILTON. Edited by F. Ryland, M.A. 2*s.* 6*d.*

—— LIFE OF DRYDEN. Edited by F. Ryland, M.A. 2*s.* 6*d.*

*** JOHNSON'S LIVES OF MILTON and DRYDEN together. Sewed, 2*s.* 6*d.*

—— LIVES OF PRIOR AND CONGREVE. Edited by F. Ryland, M.A. 2*s.* [*Bell's English Classics.*

JUNIUS'S LETTERS. With all the Notes of Woodfall's Edition, and important Additions. Also, an Essay on the Authorship, Facsimiles of Junius's Handwriting, and an elaborate Index. 2 vols. Small post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.
[*Bohn's Standard Library.*

MICKLE (**W. J.**). CAMOËNS' LUSIAD, or the Discovery of India. An Epic Poem. Translated from the Portuguese, with a Dissertation, Introductory Sketch of the History of the Discovery of India, and Life of the Poet, by W. J. Mickle. 5th Edition, revised by E. R. Hodges, M.C.P. Small post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* [*Bohn's Standard Library.*

PERCY'S RELIQUES OF ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY, consisting of old Heroic Ballads, Songs, and other Pieces of our earlier Poets, together with some few of later date. Collected by Thomas Percy, Lord Bishop of Dromore. With an Essay on Ancient Minstrels, and a Glossary. A new edition by J. V. Prichard, A.M. 2 vols. Small post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.
[*Bohn's Standard Library.*

SMITH'S (**ADAM**) THEORY OF MORAL SENTIMENTS; with his Essay on the First Formation of Languages; to which is added a Biographical and Critical Memoir of the Author by Dugald Stewart. Small post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*
[*Bohn's Standard Library.*

—— THE WEALTH OF NATIONS, AN INQUIRY INTO THE NATURE AND CAUSES OF. Edited by E. Belfort Bax. 2 vols. Small post 8vo. 7*s.* [*Bohn's Economic Library.*

SHERIDAN'S DRAMATIC WORKS. Complete. The Rivals —St. Patrick's Day—The Duenna—The School for Scandal—The Critic—Trip to Scarborough—Pizarro—Verses to the Memory of Garrick. With Life by G. G. S., and Portrait. Small post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* [*Bohn's Standard Library.*

—— PLAYS. Crown 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.* Sewed, 1*s.*

SMOLLETT'S ADVENTURES OF RODERICK RANDOM. With short Memoir and Bibliography, and Cruikshank's Illustrations. Small post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* [*Bohn's Novelists' Library.*

—— ADVENTURES OF PEREGRINE PICKLE, in which are included the Memoirs of a Lady of Quality. With Bibliography and Cruikshank's Illustrations. 2 vols. Small post 8vo. 7*s.* [*Bohn's Novelists' Library.*

—— THE EXPEDITION OF HUMPHREY CLINKER. With Bibliography and Cruikshank's Illustrations. Small post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* [*Bohn's Novelists' Library.*

—— GIL BLAS, THE ADVENTURES OF. Translated from the French of Lesage by Smollett. 24 Engravings on Steel, after Smirke, and 10 Etchings by George Cruikshank. Small post 8vo. 6*s.* [*Bohn's Illustrated Library.*

WESLEY, THE LIFE OF, and the Rise and Progress of Methodism. By Robert Southey. With Index and Portraits of Wesley. Small post 8vo. 5*s.* [*Bohn's Standard Library.*

WHITE'S NATURAL HISTORY OF SELBORNE, with Observations on various Parts of Nature, and the Naturalist's Calendar. With Notes by Sir William Jardine. Edited, with further Notes, a Biographical Sketch, and complete Index, by Edward Jesse. With 40 Portraits and coloured Plates. Small post 8vo. 5*s.* [*Bohn's Illustrated Library.*

YOUNG (ARTHUR). TRAVELS IN FRANCE DURING THE YEARS 1787, 1788, and 1789. With an Introduction, Biographical Sketch, and Notes by M. Betham-Edwards. With a Portrait. Sm. post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* [*Bohn's Standard Library.* Also in the *York Library.* 2*s.* net. Leather, 3*s.* net.

—— TOUR IN IRELAND, with General Observations on the State of the Country during the years 1776-9. Edited by A. W. Hutton, Librarian National Liberal Club. With Complete Bibliography by J. P. Anderson, of the British Museum; Index and Map. 2 vols. Small post 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* each. [*Bohn's Standard Library.*

LONDON: G. BELL AND SONS, LTD.

YORK HOUSE, PORTUGAL STREET, KINGSWAY, W.C.

A

SELECTED CATALOGUE

OF

EDUCATIONAL WORKS

PUBLISHED BY

G. BELL AND SONS, LTD.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
LATIN AND GREEK	2
MATHEMATICS	7
ENGLISH	9
MODERN LANGUAGES	12
SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY	14
MENTAL AND MORAL SCIENCE	15
HISTORY	15
WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY	16

LONDON:

YORK HOUSE, PORTUGAL STREET, W.C.

CAMBRIDGE: DEIGHTON, BELL & CO.

NEW YORK: THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

BOMBAY: A. H. WHEELER & CO.

LATIN AND GREEK

Full Catalogue of Classical Books sent on application

Bell's Simplified Latin Texts

Edited, with Notes, Exercises, and Vocabulary, by S. E. WINBOLT, M.A., Christ's Hospital, Horsham. Crown 8vo. With numerous Illustrations. 1*s.* 6*d.* each.

FIRST LIST OF VOLUMES, NOW READY

Cæsar's Invasions of Britain.
Livy's Kings of Rome.
Vergil's Taking of Troy.
Vergil's Athletic Sports.
Simple Selections from Cicero's Letters.
Cæsar's Fifth Campaign (from De Bello Gallico, Book V.).

Bell's Illustrated Classics

Edited by E. C. MARCHANT, M.A.

Edited with Introductions, Notes and Vocabularies. Pott 8vo. With numerous illustrations, maps and plans, 1*s.* 6*d.* each; except the GREEK PLAYS, which are 2*s.* each.

Cæsar. Book I. By A. C. LIDDELL, M.A.
—— Book II. By A. C. LIDDELL, M.A.
—— Book III. By F. H. COLSON, M.A., and G. M. GWYTHER, M.A.
—— Book IV. By Rev. A. W. UPCOTT, D.D.
—— Book V. By A. REYNOLDS, M.A.
—— Books IV. and V., in one volume, 2*s.* 6*d.*
—— Book VI. By J. T. PHILLIPSON, M.A.
—— Books V. and VI., in one volume, 2*s.* 6*d.*
—— Book VII. By S. E. WINBOLT, M.A.

Cæsar's Invasions of Britain (De Bello Gallico. Lib. IV. XX.—V. XXIII.). By Rev. A. W. UPCOTT, D.D., and A. REYNOLDS, M.A.

Cicero. Speeches against Catiline. I. and II. (1 vol.). By F. HERRING, M.A.
—— Selections. By J. F. CHARLES, B.A.
—— De Amicitia. By H. J. L. J. MASSÉ, M.A.
—— De Senectute. By A. S. WARMAN, B.A.

Cornelius Nepos. Epaminondas, Hannibal, Cato. By H. L. EARL, M.A.

Eutropius. Books I. and II. (1 vol.). By J. G. SPENCER, B.A.

Homer: Iliad. Book I. By L. D. WAINWRIGHT, M.A.

Horace: Odes. Book I. By C. G. BOTTING, B.A.
—— Book II. By C. G. BOTTING, B.A.
—— Book III. By H. LATTER, M.A.
—— Book IV. By H. LATTER, M.A.

Livy. Book IX., cc. i-xix. By W. C. FLAMSTEAD WALTERS, M.A.

Livy. Hannibal's First Campaign in Italy. (Selected from Book XXI.) By F. E. A. TRAYES, M.A.

Lucian: Vera Historia. By R. E. YATES, B.A.

Ovid: Metamorphoses. Book I. By G. H. WELLS, M.A.
—— Selection from the Metamorphoses. By J. W. E. PEARCE, M.A.
—— Elegiac Selections. By F. COVERLEY SMITH, B.A.
—— Tristia. Book I. By A. E. ROGERS, M.A.
—— Tristia. Book III. By H. R. WOOLRYCH, M.A.

Phaedrus: A Selection. By Rev. R. H. CHAMBERS, M.A.

Stories of Great Men. By Rev. F. CONWAY, M.A.

Virgil: Aeneid. Book I. By Rev. E. H. S. ESCOTT, M.A.
—— Book II. By L. D. WAINWRIGHT, M.A.
—— Book III. By L. D. WAINWRIGHT, M.A.
—— Book IV. By A. S. WARMAN, B.A.
—— Book V. By J. T. PHILLIPSON, M.A.
—— Book VI. By J. T. PHILLIPSON, M.A.
—— Books VII., VIII., IX., X., XI., XII. By L. D. WAINWRIGHT, M.A. 6 vols.
—— Selection from Books VII. to XII. By W. G. COAST, B.A.
—— Georgics. Book IV. By L. D. WAINWRIGHT, M.A.

Xenophon: Anabasis. Books I., II., III. By E. C. MARCHANT, M.A. 3 vols.

GREEK PLAYS (2*s. each*)

Aeschylus: Prometheus Vinctus. By C. E. LAURENCE, M.A.

Euripides: Alcestis. By E. H BLAKENEY, M.A.

Euripides: Bacchae. By G. M. GWYTHER, M.A.
—— Hecuba. By Rev. A. W. UPCOTT, M.A.
—— Medea. By Rev. T. NICKLIN, M.A.

Bell's Illustrated Classics—Intermediate Series

Edited for higher forms, without Vocabularies. Crown 8vo. With Illustrations and Maps

Cæsar: Seventh Campaign in Gaul, B.C. 52. De Bello Gallico. Lib. VII. Edited by the Rev. W. COOKWORTHY COMPTON, M.A. *2s. 6d.* net.

—— De Bello Civili. Book I. Edited by the Rev. W. J. BENSLEY, M.A. *2s. 6d.* net.

Livy. Book XXI. Edited by F. E. A. TRAYES, M.A. *2s. 6d.* net.

Tacitus: Agricola. Edited by J. W. E. PEARCE, M.A. *2s.*

Sophocles: Antigone. Edited by G. H. WELLS, M.A. *2s. 6d.* net.

Homer: Odyssey. Book I. Edited by E. C. MARCHANT, M.A. *2s.*

The Athenians in Sicily. Being portions of Thucydides, Books VI. and VII. Edited by the Rev. W. COOKWORTHY COMPTON, M.A. *2s. 6d.* net.

Public School Series of Classical Authors

Edited with Introductions and Notes

Aristophanes. By F. A. PALEY, M.A., LL.D. The Peace, *2s. 6d.* The Acharnians, *2s. 6d.* The Frogs, *2s. 6d.*

Cicero: Letters of Cicero to Atticus. Book I. By A. PRETOR, M.A. *2s. 6d.* net.

Demosthenes: De Falsa Legatione. By the late R. SHILLETO, M.A. *6s.*

Livy. Book VI. By E. S. WEYMOUTH, M.A., and G. F. HAMILTON B.A. *2s. 6d.*

Plato: Protagoras. By W. WAYTE, M.A. *4s. 6d.*

—— Apology of Socrates and Crito. By W. WAGNER, PH.D. *2s. 6d.*

—— Phaedo. By W. WAGNER, PH.D. *5s. 6d.*

Plato: Gorgias. By W. H. THOMPSON, D.D. *6s.*

—— Republic. Books I. and II. By G. H. WELLS, M.A. *5s.*

Plautus. By WILHELM WAGNER, PH.D Menaechmei, *4s. 6d.* Trinummus, *4s. 6d.* Aulularia, *4s. 6d.*

Sophocles: Trachiniæ. By A. PRETOR. M.A. *2s. 6d.*

—— Œdipus Tyrannus. By B. H. KENNEDY, D.D. *2s. 6d.*

Terence. By W. WAGNER, PH.D. *7s. 6d.*

Thucydides. Book VI. By T. H. DOUGAN, M.A. *2s.*

Grammar School Classics

Edited with Introductions and Notes

Catullus, Tibullus, and Propertius. Selected Poems. By the Rev. A. H. WRATISLAW and F. N. SUTTON, B.A. *2s. 6d.*

Horace. By A. J. MACLEANE, M.A. *3s. 6d.* Or, Part I., Odes, *2s.*; Part II., Satires and Epistles, *2s.*

Juvenal. Sixteen Satires (expurgated). By HERMAN PRIOR, M.A. *3s. 6d.*

Martial. Select Epigrams. By F. A. PALEY, M.A., LL.D., and the late W. H. STONE, *4s. 6d.*

Ovid: Fasti. By F. A. PALEY, M.A., LL.D. Books III. and IV. *1s. 6d.*

Sallust: Catilina and Jugurtha. By G. LONG, M.A., and J. G. FRAZER, M.A. *3s. 6d.* Or separately, *2s.* each.

Virgil: Conington's Edition, abridged. Bucolics, Georgics, and Aeneid. Books I.–IV., *4s. 6d.* Aeneid. Books V.–XII., *4s. 6d.* Or in 9 separate parts, *1s. 6d.* each.

Xenophon: Anabasis. With Life, Itinerary, Index, and Three Maps. By J. F. MACMICHAEL. In 4 volumes, *1s. 6d.* each.

—— Cyropaedia. By G. M. GORHAM, M.A., *3s. 6d.* Books I. and II., *1s. 6d.* Books V. and VI., *1s. 6d.*

—— Memorabilia. By P. FROST, M.A. *3s.*

Cambridge Texts with Notes

Price 1s. 6d. each, with exceptions

Aeschylus. 6 Vols. Prometheus Vinctus—Septem contra Thebas—Agamemnon—Persae—Eumenides—Choephoroe. By F. A. Paley, M.A., LL.D.

Cicero. 3 Vols. De Amicitia—De Senectute—Epistolae Selectae. By George Long, M.A.

Euripides. 11 Vols. Alcestis—Hippolytus—Hecuba—Bacchae—Ion (2s.)—Phoenissae—Troades—Hercules Furens—Andromache—Iphigenia in Tauris—Supplices. By F. A. Paley, M.A., LL.D.

Ovid. Selections from the Amores, Tristia, Heroides, and Metamorphoses. By A. J. Macleane, M.A.

Ovid. Fasti. Books III. and IV.—Books V. and VI. By F. A. Paley, LL.D. 2s. each.

Sophocles. 4 Vols. Oedipus Tyrannus—Antigone—Electra—Ajax. By F. A. Paley, M.A., LL.D.

Terence. 4 Vols. Andria—Hautontimorumenos — Phormio — Adelphi. By Prof. Wagner.

Virgil. 12 Vols. Abridged from Prof. Conington's Edition by Professors Nettleship and Wagner and Rev. J. G. Sheppard.

Xenophon: Anabasis. 6 Vols. Macmichael's Edition, revised by J. E. Melhuish, M.A. In separate Books.
Book I.—Books II. and III.—Book IV.—Book V.—Book VI.—Book VII.

Xenophon: Hellenica. Book I. and Book II. By the Rev. L. D. Dowdall, M.A., B.D. 2s. each.

Cambridge Texts

Aeschylus. By F. A. Paley, M.A., LL.D. 2s.

Caesar De Bello Gallico. By G. Long, M.A. 1s. 6d.

Ciceronis Orationes in Verrem. By G. Long, M.A. 2s. 6d.

Euripides. By F. A. Paley, M.A., LL.D. 3 vols. 2s. each.

Herodotus. By J. W. Blakesley, B.D. 2 vols. 2s. 6d each.

Horatius. By A. J. Macleane, M.A. 1s. 6d.

Juvenalis et Persius. By A. J. Macleane, M.A. 1s. 6d.

Lucretius. By H. A. J. Munro, M.A. 2s.

Ovidius. By A. Palmer, M.A., G. M. Edwards, M.A., G. A. Davies, M.A., S. G. Owen, M.A., A. E. Housman, M.A., and J. P. Postgate, M.A., Litt.D. 3 vols. 2s. each.

Sallusti Catalina et Jugurtha. By G. Long, M.A. 1s. 6d.

Sophocles. By F. A. Paley, M.A., LL.D. 2s. 6d.

Terentius. By W. Wagner, Ph.D. 2s.

Thucydides. By J. W. Donaldson, B.D. 2 vols. 2s. each.

Vergilius. By J. Conington, M.A. 2s.

Xenophontis Anabasis. By J. F. Macmichael, M.A. 1s. 6d.

Novum Testamentum Graece. Edited by F. H. Scrivener, M.A. 4s. 6d.

—— Editio Major. Containing the readings approved by Bp. Westcott and Dr. Hort, and those adopted by the revisers, etc. Small post 8vo. New Edition, with emendations and corrections by Prof. Eb. Nestle. Printed on India paper, limp cloth, 6s. net; limp leather, 7s. 6d. net; or interleaved with writing paper, limp leather, 10s. 6d. net.

Other Editions, Texts, &c.

Anthologia Latina. A Selection of Choice Latin Poetry, with Notes. By Rev. F. St. John Thackeray, M.A. 16mo. 4s. 6d.

Anthologia Graeca. A Selection from the Greek Poets. By Rev. F. St. John Thackeray, M.A. 16mo. 4s. 6d.

Aristophanis Comoediae. Edited by H. A. Holden, LL.D. Demy 8vo. 18s.
The Plays separately: Acharnenses, 2s.; Equites, 1s. 6d.; Nubes, 2s.; Vespae, 2s.; Pax, 2s.; Lysistrata, et Thesmophoriazusae, 4s.; Aves, 2s.; Ranae, 2s.; Plutus, 2s.

Aristophanes, The Comedies of. The Greek Text, revised, and a Metrical Translation on Opposite Pages, together with Introduction and Commentary. By Benjamin Bickley Rogers, M.A. 6 vols. Fcap. 4to. 15s. each.
Now Ready: Vol. I., containing The Acharnians and the Knights; Vol. IV., containing The Lysistrata and The Thesmophoriazusae; and Vol. V., containing The Frogs and The Ecclesiazusae; and the following separate plays: Acharnians, 10s. 6d.: Knights, 10s. 6d.; Frogs, 10s. 6d.; Ecclesiazusae, 7s. 6d.; Lysistrata, 10s. 6d.; Thesmophoriazusae, 7s. 6d.; Birds, 10s. 6d.; Plutus (with the Menaechmi of Plautus), 8s. 6d.; Menaechmi, separately, 1s. 6d.

Catullus. Edited by J. P. Postgate, M.A., Litt.D. Fcap. 8vo. 3s.

Corpus Poetarum Latinorum, a se aliisque denuo recognitorum et brevi lectionum varietate instructorum, edidit Johannes Percival Postgate, Litt.D. 2 vols. Large post 4to. 25s. net each. Or in Five Parts. Parts I. and II., 12s. net each; Parts III. and IV., 9s. net each Part V., 6s. net.

Other Editions, Texts, &c.—*continued*

Corpus Poetarum Latinorum. Edited by WALKER. 1 thick vol. 8vo. Cloth, 18*s.*

Hall. Mundus Alter et Idem. Edited as a School Reader by H. J. ANDERSON, M.A. 2*s.*

Horace. The Latin Text, with Conington's Translation on opposite pages. Pocket Edition. 4*s.* net; or in leather, 5*s.* net. Also in 2 vols., limp leather. The Odes, 2*s.* net; Satires and Epistles, 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

Livy. The first five Books. PRENDEVILLE'S edition revised by J. H. FREESE, M.A. Books I., II., III., IV., V. 1*s.* 6*d.* each.

Lucan. The Pharsalia. By C. E. HASKINS, M.A. With an Introduction by W. E. HEITLAND, M.A. Demy 8vo. 14*s.*

Lucretius. Titi Lucreti Cari de rerum natura libri sex. Edited with Notes, Introduction, and Translation, by the late H. A. J. MUNRO. 3 vols. 8vo. Vols. I. and II. Introduction, Text, and Notes, 18*s.* Vol. III. Translation, 6*s.*

Ovid. The Metamorphoses. Book XIII. With Introduction and Notes by Prof. C. H. KEENE, M.A. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Ovid. The Metamorphoses. Book XIV. With Introduction and Notes by Prof. C. H. KEENE, M.A. 2*s.* 6*d.*

*** Books XIII. and XIV. together. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Persius. A Persii Flacci Satirarum Liber. Edited, with Introduction and Notes by A. PRETOR, M.A. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

Plato. The Proem to the Republic of Plato. (Book I. and Book II. chaps. 1–10.) Edited, with Introduction, Critical Notes, and Commentary, by Prof. T. G. TUCKER, LITT.D. 6*s.*

Petronii Cena Trimalchionis. Edited and Translated by W. D. LOWE, M.A. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

Propertius. Sexti Properti Carmina recognovit J. P. POSTGATE, LITT.D. 4to. 3*s.* net.

Rutilius: Rutilii Claudii Namatiani de Reditu Suo Libri Duo. With Introduction and Notes by Prof. C. H. KEENE, M.A., and English Verse Translation by G. F. SAVAGE ARMSTRONG, M.A. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

Theocritus. Edited with Introduction and Notes, by R. J. CHOLMELEY, M.A. Crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Theognis. The Elegies of Theognis, and other Elegies included in the Theognidean Sylloge. With Introduction, Commentary, and Appendices, by J. HUDSON WILLIAMS, M.A. Crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

Thucydides. The History of the Peloponnesian War. With Notes and a Collation of the MSS. By the late R. SHILLETO, M.A. Book I. 8vo. 6*s.* 6*d.* Book II. 5*s.* 6*d.*

Latin and Greek Class Books

Bell's Illustrated Latin Readers. Edited by E. C. MARCHANT, M.A. Pott 8vo. With brief Notes, Vocabularies, and numerous Illustrations. 1*s.* each.

Scalae Primae. A Selection of Simple Stories for Translation into English.

Scalae Mediae. Short Extracts from Eutropius and Caesar.

Scalae Tertiae. Selections in Prose and Verse from Phaedrus, Ovid, Nepos and Cicero.

Latin Picture Cards. Edited by Prof. FRANK S. GRANGER, M.A. Sixteen cards printed in colours, with Vocabularies and Exercises. 1*s.* 3*d.* net.

Bell's Illustrated Latin Course, for the First Year. In three Parts. By E. C. MARCHANT, M.A., and J. G. SPENCER, B.A. With numerous Illustrations. 1*s.* 6*d.* each.

Bell's Concise Latin Course. Part I. By E. C. MARCHANT, M.A., and J. G. SPENCER, B.A. 2*s.*

Bell's Concise Latin Course. Part II. By E. C. MARCHANT, M.A., and S. E. WINBOLT, M.A. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Cothurnulus. Three Short Latin Historical Plays. By Prof. E. V. ARNOLD, LITT.D. With or without Vocabulary, 1*s.* Vocabulary separately, 4*d.*

Easy Latin Plays. By M. L. NEWMAN. 6*d.*

Eclogæ Latinæ; or, First Latin Reading Book. With Notes and Vocabulary by the late Rev. P. FROST, M.A. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Latin Exercises and Grammar Papers. By T. COLLINS, M.A. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Unseen Papers in Latin Prose and Verse. By T. COLLINS, M.A. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Latin Unseens. Selected and arranged by E. C. MARCHANT, M.A. 1*s.*

Latin Reader (Verse and Prose). By W KING GILLIES, M.A., and H. J. ANDERSON, M.A. 2*s.*

Latin of the Empire (Prose and Verses. By W. KING GILLIES, M.A., and A. R. CUMMING, M.A. 4*s.* 6*d.*

First Exercises in Latin Prose Composition. By E. A. WELLS, M.A. With Vocabulary. 1*s.*

Materials for Latin Prose Composition. By the Rev. P. FROST, M.A. 2*s.* Key, 4*s.* net.

Passages for Translation into Latin Prose. By Prof. H. NETTLESHIP, M.A. 3*s.* Key, 4*s.* 6*d.* net.

Easy Translations from Nepos, Caesar, Cicero, Livy, &c., for Retranslation into Latin. By T. COLLINS, M.A. 2*s.*

Latin and Greek Class Books—*continued*

Memorabilia Latina. By F. W. Levander, F.R.A.S. *1s.*

Test Questions on the Latin Language. By F. W. Levander, F.R.A.S. *1s. 6d.*

Latin Syntax Exercises. By L. D. Wainwright, M.A. Five Parts. *8d.* each.

A Latin Verse Book. By the Rev. P. Frost, M.A. *2s.* Key, *5s.* net.

Latin Elegiac Verse, Easy Exercises in. By the Rev. J. Penrose. *2s.* Key, *3s. 6d.* net.

Foliorum Silvula. Part I. Passages for Translation into Latin Elegiac and Heroic Verse. By H. A. Holden, LL.D. *7s. 6d.*

How to Pronounce Latin. By J. P. Postgate, Litt.D. *1s.* net.

Res Romanae, being brief Aids to the History, Geography, Literature and Antiquities of Ancient Rome. By E. P. Coleridge, M.A. With 3 maps. *2s. 6d.*

Climax Prote. A First Greek Reader. With Hints and Vocabulary. By E. C. Marchant, M.A. With 30 illustrations. *1s. 6d.*

Greek Verbs. By J. S. Baird, T.C.D. *2s. 6d.*

Analecta Græca Minora. With Notes and Dictionary. By the Rev. P. Frost, M.A. *2s.*

Unseen Papers in Greek Prose and Verse. By T. Collins, M.A. *3s.*

Notes on Greek Accents. By the Rt. Rev. A. Barry, D.D. *1s.*

Res Graecae. Being Aids to the study of the History, Geography, Archæology, and Literature of Ancient Athens. By E. P. Coleridge, M.A. With 5 Maps, 7 Plans, and 17 other illustrations. *5s.*

Notabilia Quaedam. *1s.*

Bell's Classical Translations

Crown 8vo. Paper Covers. *1s.* each

Æschylus: Translated by Walter Headlam, Litt.D., and C. E. S. Headlam, M.A. Agamemnon—The Suppliants—Choephoroe—Eumenides — Prometheus Bound — Persians—Seven against Thebes.

Aristophanes: The Acharnians. Translated by W. H. Covington, B.A.

—— The Plutus. Translated by M. T. Quinn, M.A.

Cæsar's Gallic War. Translated by W. A. M'Devitte, B.A. 2 Vols. (Books I.-IV., and Books V.-VII.).

Cicero: Friendship and Old Age. Translated by G. H. Wells, M.A.

—— Orations. Translated by Prof. C. D. Yonge, M.A. 6 vols. Catiline, Murena, Sulla and Archias (in one vol.), Manilian Law, Sextius, Milo.

Demosthenes on the Crown. Translated by C. Rann Kennedy.

Euripides. Translated by E. P. Coleridge, M.A. 14 vols. Medea—Alcestis—Heracleidæ—Hippolytus — Supplices—Troades—Ion—Andromache — Bacchæ — Hecuba — Hercules Furens—Orestes—Iphigenia in Tauris.

Homer's Iliad, Books I. and II., Books III.-IV., Books V.-VI., Books VII.-VIII., Books IX.-X., Books XI.-XII., Books XIII.-XIV., Books XV. and XVI., Books XVII. and XVIII., Books XIX. and XX. Translated by E. H. Blakeney, M.A. 10 vols.

—— Book XXIV. Translated by E. H. Blakeney, M.A.

Horace. Translated by A. Hamilton Bryce, LL.D. 4 vols. Odes, Books I. and II.—Odes, Books III. and IV., Carmen Seculare and Epodes—Satires—Epistles and Ars Poetica.

Livy. Books I., II., III., **IV.** Translated by J. H. Freese, M.A. With Maps. 4 vols.

—— Books V. and VI. Translated by E. S. Weymouth, M.A. Lond. With Maps. 2 vols.

—— Book IX. Translated by Francis Storr, M.A. With Map.

—— Books XXI., XXII., XXIII. Translated by J. Bernard Baker, M.A. 3 vols.

Lucan: The Pharsalia. Book I. Translated by Frederick Conway, M.A.

Ovid's Fasti. Translated by Henry T. Riley, M.A. 3 vols. Books I. and II.—Books III. and IV.—Books V. and VI.

—— Tristia. Translated by Henry T. Riley, M.A.

Plato: Apology of Socrates and Crito (1 vol.), Phædo, and Protagoras. Translated by H. Cary, M.A. 3 vols.

Plautus: Trinummus. Aulularia, Menæchmi, and Captivi. Translated by Henry T. Riley, M.A. 4 vols.

Sophocles. Translated by E. P. Coleridge, M.A. 7 vols. Antigone—Philoctetes—Œdipus Rex—Œdipus Coloneus—Electra—Trachiniæ—Ajax.

Thucydides. Book VI. Translated by E. C. Marchant, M.A.

—— Book VII. Translated by E. C. Marchant, M.A.

Virgil, Translated by A. Hamilton Bryce, LL.D. 6 vols. Bucolics — Georgics — Æneid, 1-3—Æneid, 4-6—Æneid, 7-9—Æneid, 10-12.

Xenophon's Anabasis. Translated by the Rev. J. S. Watson, M.A. With Map. 3 vols. Books I. and II.—Books III., IV., and V.—Books VI. and VII.

—— Hellenics. Books I. and II. Translated by the Rev. H. Dale, M.A.

*** *For other Translations from the Classics, see the Catalogue of Bohn's Libraries, which will be forwarded on application*

MATHEMATICS

Full Catalogue of Mathematical Books post free on application

Cambridge Mathematical Series

Public School Arithmetic. By W. M. BAKER, M.A., and A. A. BOURNE, M.A. *3s. 6d.* Or with Answers. *4s. 6d.*

The Student's Arithmetic. By W. M. BAKER, M.A., and A. A. BOURNE, M.A. With or without Answers. *2s. 6d.*

New School Arithmetic. By C. PENDLEBURY, M.A., and F. E. ROBINSON, M.A. With or without Answers. *4s. 6d.* In Two Parts. *2s. 6d.* each.
Key to Part II., *8s. 6d.* net.

New School Examples in a separate volume, *3s.* Or in Two Parts, *1s. 6d.* and *2s.*

Arithmetic, with 8000 Examples. By C. PENDLEBURY, M.A. *4s. 6d.* In Two Parts. *2s. 6d.* each. Key to Part II., *7s. 6d.* net.

Examples in Arithmetic. Extracted from the above. *3s.* Or in Two Parts *1s. 6d.* and *2s.*

Commercial Arithmetic. By C. PENDLEBURY, M.A., and W. S. BEARD, F.R.G.S. *2s. 6d.* Part I. separately, *1s.* Part II., *1s. 6d.*

Arithmetic for Indian Schools. By C. PENDLEBURY, M.A., and T. S. TAIT. *3s.*

Examples in Arithmetic By C. O. TUCKEY, M.A. With or without Answers. *3s.*

Junior Practical Mathematics. By W. J. STAINER, B.A. *2s.*, with Answers, *2s. 6d.* Part I., *1s. 4d.*, with Answers, *1s. 6d.* Part II., *1s. 4d.*

Elementary Algebra. By W. M. BAKER, M.A., and A. A. BOURNE, M.A. With or without Answers. New and Revised Edition. *4s. 6d.* In Two Parts. Part I., *2s. 6d.*, or with Answers, *3s.* Part II., with or without Answers, *2s. 6d.*

Key, 10*s.* net ; or in 2 Parts, *5s.* net each.

Examples in Algebra. Extracted from above. With or without Answers, *3s.* Or in Two Parts. Part I., *1s. 6d.*, or with Answers, *2s.* Part II., with or without Answers, *2s.*

Examples in Algebra. By C. O. TUCKEY, M.A. With or without Answers. *3s.*

—— **Supplementary Examples.** *6d.* net.

Elementary Algebra for use in Indian Schools. By J. T. HATHORNTHWAITE, M.A. *2s.*

Choice and Chance. By W. A. WHITWORTH, M.A. *7s. 6d.*

—— **DCC Exercises,** including Hints for the Solution of all the Questions in "Choice and Chance." *6s.*

Euclid Books I.—VI., and part of Book XI. By HORACE DEIGHTON, M.A. *4s. 6d.*, or in separate books.

Introduction to Euclid. By HORACE DEIGHTON, M.A., and O. EMTAGE, B.A. *1s. 6d.*

Euclid. Exercises on Euclid and in Modern Geometry. By J. MCDOWELL, M.A. *6s.*

Elementary Graphs. By W. M. BAKER, M.A., and A. A. BOURNE, M.A. *6d.* net.

A New Geometry. By W. M. BAKER, M.A., and A. A. BOURNE, M.A. Crown 8vo. *2s. 6d.* Also Books I.-III. separately, *1s. 6d.*

Elementary Geometry. By W. M. BAKER, M.A., and A. A. BOURNE, M.A. *4s. 6d.* Or in Parts. *Full list on request.*
Answers to Examples, *6d.* net. Key, *6s.* net.

Geometry for Schools. By W. G. BORCHARDT, M.A., and the Rev. A. D. PERROTT, M.A. Vol. I., *1s.* ; Vol. II., *1s. 6d.* ; Vol. III., *1s.* ; Vols. I.-III., *2s. 6d.* ; Vol. IV., *1s.* ; Vols. I.-IV., *3s. 6d.*
[Vols. V. and VI., *in the Press.*

Examples in Practical Geometry and Mensuration. By J. W. MARSHALL, M.A., and C. O. TUCKEY, M.A. *1s. 6d.*

A New Trigonometry for Schools. By W. G. BORCHARDT, M.A., and the Rev. A. D. PERROTT, M.A. *4s. 6d.* Or in Two Parts, *2s. 6d.* each.
Key, 10*s.* net ; or in 2 Parts, *5s.* net each.

Elementary Trigonometry. By CHARLES PENDLEBURY, M.A., F.R.A.S. *4s. 6d.*

Short Course of Elementary Plane Trigonometry. By CHARLES PENDLEBURY, M.A. *2s. 6d.*

Elementary Trigonometry. By J. M. DYER, M.A., and the Rev. R. H. WHITCOMBE, M.A. *4s. 6d.*

Algebraic Geometry. By W. M. BAKER, M.A. *6s.* Part I. (The Straight Line and Circle), *2s. 6d.* Key, *7s. 6d.* net.

Practical Solid Geometry. By the Rev. PERCY UNWIN, M.A. *4s. 6d.*

Analytical Geometry for Beginners. By Rev. T. G. VYVYAN, M.A. Part I. The Straight Line and Circle. *2s. 6d.*

Conic Sections, treated Geometrically. By W. H. BESANT, Sc.D., F.R.S. *4s. 6d.* Key, *5s.* net.

Elementary Conics, being the first 8 chapters of the above. *2s. 6d.*

Conics, the Elementary Geometry of. By Rev. C. TAYLOR, D.D. *5s.*

Calculus for Beginners. By W. M. BAKER, M.A. *3s.*

Differential Calculus for Beginners. By A. LODGE, M.A. With Introduction by Sir OLIVER LODGE. *4s. 6d.*

Integral Calculus for Beginners. By A. LODGE, M.A. *4s. 6d.*

Roulettes and Glissettes. By W. H. BESANT, Sc.D., F.R.S. *5s.*

Geometrical Optics. An Elementary Treatise by W. S. ALDIS, M.A. *4s.*

Practical Mathematics. By H. A. STERN, M.A., and W. H. TOPHAM. *6s.* ; or Part I., *2s. 6d.* ; Part II., *3s. 6d.*

Elementary Hydrostatics. By W. H. BESANT, Sc.D. *4s. 6d.* Solutions, *5s.* net.

Elements of Hydrostatics. By C. M. JESSOP, M.A., and G. W. CAUNT, M.A. *2s. 6d.*

Cambridge Mathematical Series—*continued*

Elementary Mechanics. By C. M. Jessop, M.A., and J. H. Havelock, M.A., D.Sc. *4s. 6d.*

Experimental Mechanics for Schools. By Fred Charles, M.A., and W. H. Hewitt, B.A., B.Sc. *3s. 6d.*

The Student's Dynamics. Comprising Statics and Kinetics. By G. M. Minchin, M.A., F.R.S. *3s. 6d.*

Elementary Dynamics. By W. M. Baker, M.A. New Revised Edition, *4s. 6d.* Key, *10s. 6d.* net.

Elementary Dynamics. By W. Garnett, M.A., D.C.L. *6s.*

Dynamics, A Treatise on. By W. H. Besant, Sc.D., F.R.S. *10s. 6d.*

Heat, An Elementary Treatise on. By W. Garnett, M.A., D.C.L. *4s. 6d.*

Elementary Physics, Examples and Examination Papers in. By W. Gallatly, M.A. *4s.*

Mechanics, A Collection of Problems in Elementary. By W. Walton, M.A. *6s.*

Uniform Volume

Geometrical Drawing. For Army and other Examinations. By R. Harris. *3s. 6d.*

The Junior Cambridge Mathematical Series.

A Junior Arithmetic. By C. Pendlebury, M.A., and F. E. Robinson, M.A. *1s. 6d.* With Answers, *2s.*

Examples from a Junior Arithmetic. Extracted from the above. *1s.* With Answers, *1s. 6d.*

A First Algebra. By W. M. Baker, M.A., and A. A. Bourne, M.A. *1s. 6d.* ; or with Answers, *2s.*

A First Geometry. By W. M. Baker, M.A., and A. A. Bourne, M.A. With or without Answers. *1s. 6d.*

Elementary Mensuration. By W. M. Baker, M.A., and A.A. Bourne, M.A. *1s. 6d.*

Other Mathematical Works

The Mathematical Gazette. Edited by W. J. Greenstreet, M.A. (Jan., March, May, July, Oct. and Dec.) *1s. 6d.* net.

The Teaching of Elementary Mathematics, being the Reports of the Committee of the Mathematical Association. *6d.* net.

The Teaching of Mathematics in Preparatory Schools. Report of the Mathl. Assn. Committee, Nov., 1907. *3d.* net.

The Teaching of Elementary Algebra and Numerical Trigonometry. Being the Report of the Mathl. Assoc. Committee, 1911. *3d.* net.

A New Shilling Arithmetic. By C. Pendlebury, M.A., and F. E. Robinson, M.A. *1s.* ; or with Answers, *1s. 4d.*

A Shilling Arithmetic. By Charles Pendlebury, M.A., and W. S. Beard, F.R.G.S. *1s.* With Answers, *1s. 4d.*

Elementary Arithmetic. By the same Authors. *1s. 6d.* With or without Answers.

A Preparatory Arithmetic. By Charles Pendlebury, M.A. With or without Answers. *1s. 6d.*

Graduated Arithmetic, for Junior and Private Schools. By the same Authors. Parts I., II., and III., *3d.* each ; Parts IV., V., and VI., *4d.* each ; Part VII., *6d.* Answers to Parts I. and II., *4d.* net ; Parts III.-VII., *4d.* net each.

Arithmetic for the Standards (Scheme B). Standard I., sewed, *2d.*, cloth, *3d.* ; II., III., IV., and V., sewed, *3d.* each, cloth, *4d.* each ; VI. and VII., sewed, *4d.* each, cloth, *6d.* each. Answers to each Standard, *4d.* net each.

Exercises and Examination Papers in Arithmetic, Logarithms and Mensuration. By C. Pendlebury, M.A. *2s. 6d.* New Edition. Key, *5s.* net. [*In the Press.*

Test Cards in Arithmetic (Scheme B). By C. Pendlebury, M.A. For Standards II., III., IV., V., VI. and VII. *1s.* net each.

Public School Examination Papers in Mathematics. Compiled by P. A. Openshaw, B.A. *1s. 6d.*

Bell's New Practical Arithmetic. By W. J. Stainer, M.A. 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th Years, paper, *3d.* each, cloth, *4d.* each ; 7th Year, paper, *4d.*, cloth, *6d.* Teachers' Books, *8d.* net each Year.

Bell's New Practical Arithmetic Test Cards, for the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th years. *1s. 3d.* net each.

Graduated Exercises in Addition (Simple and Compound). By W. S. Beard. *1s.*

Algebra for Elementary Schools. By W. M. Baker, M.A., and A. A. Bourne, M.A. Three stages, *6d.* each. Cloth, *8d.* each. Answers, *4s.* net each.

A First Year's Course in Geometry and Physics. By Ernest Young, M.A., B.Sc. *2s. 6d.* Parts I. and II. *1s. 6d.* ; or Part III. *1s.*

Trigonometry, Examination Papers in. By G. H. Ward, M.A. *2s. 6d.* Key, *5s.* net.

Euclid, The Elements of. The Enunciations and Figures. By the late J. Brasse, D.D. *1s.* Without the Figures, *6d.*

Hydromechanics. By W. H. Besant, Sc.D., and A. S. Ramsey, M.A. Part I., Hydrostatics. *6s.* [Part II *in the Press.*

Hydrodynamics and Sound, An Elementary Treatise on. By A. B. Basset, M.A., F.R.S. *8s.*

The Geometry of Surfaces. By A. B. Basset, M.A., F.R.S. *10s. 6d.*

Elementary Treatise on Cubic and Quartic Curves. By A. B. Basset, M.A., F.R.S. *10s. 6d.*

Analytical Geometry. By Rev. T. G. Vyvyan, M.A. *4s. 6d.*

Book-keeping

Book-keeping by Double Entry, Theoretical, Practical, and for Examination Purposes. By J. T. MEDHURST, A.K.C., F.S.S. *1s. 6d.*

Book-keeping, Examination Papers in. Compiled by JOHN T. MEDHURST, A.K.C., F.S.S. *3s.* Key, *2s. 6d.* net.

Book-keeping, Graduated Exercises and Examination Papers in. Compiled by P. MURRAY, F.S.S.S., F.Sc.S. (Lond.). *2s. 6d.*

Text-Book of the Principles and Practice of Book-keeping and Estate-Office Work. By Prof. A. W. THOMSON, B.Sc. *5s.*

ENGLISH

Mason's New English Grammars. Revised by A. J. ASHTON, M.A.
- A Junior English Grammar. *1s.*
- Intermediate English Grammar. *2s.*
- Senior English Grammar. *3s. 6d.*

GRAMMARS

By C. P. MASON B.A., F.C.P.

First Notions of Grammar for Young Learners. *1s.*

First Steps in English Grammar, for Junior Classes. *1s.*

Outlines of English Grammar, for the Use of Junior Classes. *2s.*

English Grammar; including the principles of Grammatical Analysis. *3s. 6d.*

A Shorter English Grammar. *3s. 6d.*

Practice and Help in the Analysis of Sentences. *2s.*

English Grammar Practice. *1s.*

Elementary English Grammar through Composition. By J. D. ROSE, M.A. *1s.*

Advanced English Grammar through Composition. By JOHN D. ROSE, M.A. *2s. 6d.*

Preparatory English Grammar. By W. BENSON, M.A. New Edition. *1s.* net.

Rudiments of English Grammar and Analysis. By ERNEST ADAMS, PH.D. *1s.*

Examples for Analysis in Verse and Prose. Selected by F. EDWARDS. *1s.*

The Paraphrase of Poetry. By EDMUND CANDLER. *1s.*

Essays and Essay-Writing, for Public Examinations. By A. W. READY, B.A. *3s. 6d.*

Précis and Précis-Writing. By A. W. READY, B.A. *3s.6d.* Or without Key, *2s. 6d.*

Elements of the English Language. By ERNEST ADAMS, PH.D. Revised by J. F. DAVIS, M.A., D.LIT. *4s. 6d.*

History of the English Language. By Prof. T. R. LOUNSBURY. *5s.* net.

The Teaching of English Literature in the Secondary School. By R. S. BATE, M.A. *2s.* net.

An Outline History of English Literature. By W. H. HUDSON. *2s. 6d.* net.

Ten Brink's Early English Literature. 2 vols. *3s. 6d.* each.

Introduction to English Literature. By HENRY S. PANCOAST. *5s.* net.

A First View of English Literature. By HENRY S. PANCOAST and PERCY VAN DYKE SHELLY. Crown 8vo. *5s.* net.

Introduction to American Literature. By H. S. PANCOAST. *4s. 6d.* net.

The Foreign Debt of English Literature. By T. G. TUCKER, LITT.D. Post 8vo. *6s.* net.

Handbooks of English Literature. Edited by Prof. HALES. *3s. 6d.* net each.
- The Age of Alfred. (660-1154). By F. J. SNELL, M.A.
- The Age of Chaucer. (1346-1400.) By F. J. SNELL, M.A.
- The Age of Transition. (1400-1580.) By F. J. SNELL, M.A. 2 vols.
- The Age of Shakespeare. (1579-1631.) By THOMAS SECCOMBE and J. W. ALLEN. 2 vols. Vol. I. Poetry and Prose. Vol. II. Drama.
- The Age of Milton. (1632-1660.) By the Rev. J. H. B. MASTERMAN, M.A., with Introduction, etc., by J. BASS MULLINGER, M.A.
- The Age of Dryden. (1660-1700.) By R. GARNETT, LL.D., C.B.
- The Age of Pope. (1700-1744.) By JOHN DENNIS.
- The Age of Johnson. (1744-1798.) By THOMAS SECCOMBE.
- The Age of Wordsworth. (1798-1832.) By Prof. C. H. HERFORD, LITT.D.
- The Age of Tennyson. (1830-1870.) By Prof. HUGH WALKER.

Notes on Shakespeare's Plays. By T. DUFF BARNETT, B.A. *1s.* each.
- Midsummer Night's Dream. Julius Cæsar. —The Tempest.—Macbeth.—Henry V.—Hamlet.—Merchant of Venice.—King Richard II.—King John.—King Richard III.—King Lear.—Coriolanus.—Twelfth Night.—As You Like It.—Much Ado About Nothing.

Principles of English Verse. By C. M. LEWIS. *5s.* net.

Introduction to Poetry. By RAYMOND M. ALDEN. *5s.*

Matriculation Précis. By S. E. WINBOLT, M.A. *1s.* net. Or with Key, *1s. 6d.* net.

Aids to the Writing of English Composition. By FRED. W. BEWSHER. *1s.* net.

General Intelligence Papers. With Exercises in English Composition. By C. BLUNT. *2s. 6d.*

Bell's English Texts for Secondary Schools

Edited by A. Guthkelch, M.A.

Browning's The Pied Piper, and other Poems. Edited by A. Guthkelch. 8*d.*

Fairy Poetry. Selected and edited by R. S. Bate, M.A. 1*s.*

Hawthorne's Wonder Book and Tanglewood Tales. Selected and Edited by H. Hampshire, M.A. 1*s.*

Kingsley's Heroes. Edited by L. H. Pond, B.A. With 2 maps. 1*s.*

Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare. Selected and edited by R. S. Bate, M.A. 10*d.*

Lamb's Adventures of Ulysses. Selections. Edited by A. C. Dunstan, Ph.D. 8*d.*

Stories of King Arthur, from Malory and Tennyson. Edited by R. S. Bate, M.A. 1*s.*

The Story of Enid, from Tennyson and The Mabinogion. By H. A. Treble, M.A. 10*d.*

Scott's A Legend of Montrose. Abridged and edited by F. C. Luckhurst. 1*s.*

Charles Reade's The Cloister and the Hearth. Abridged and edited by the Rev. A. E. Hall, B.A. 1*s.*

Hakluyt's Voyages. A Selection edited by the Rev. A. E. Hall, B.A. 1*s.*

Coleridge's The Ancient Mariner; and **Selected Old English Ballads.** Edited by A. Guthkelch, M.A. 1*s.*

Selections from Boswell's Life of Johnson. Edited by E. A. J. Marsh. 1*s.*

Selections from Ruskin. Edited by H. Hampshire, M.A. 1*s.*

Lockhart's Life of Scott. Selections edited by A. Barter, LL.A. 1*s.*

Charles Lamb's Selected Essays and Letters. Edited by A. Guthkelch, M.A. With Map of London. 1*s.* 4*d.*

Selections from Carlyle. Edited by Elizabeth Lee. 1*s.*

English Odes. Edited by E. A. J. Marsh, M.A. 1*s.*

Bell's English Classics

Bacon's Essays. (Selected.) Edited by A. E. Roberts, M.A. 1*s.*

Browning Selections from. Edited by F. Ryland, M.A. 1*s.* 6*d.*

—— **Strafford.** Edited by E. H. Hickey. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Burke's Conciliation with America. By Prof. J. Morrison. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Burke's Letters on a Regicide Peace. I. and II. Edited by H. G. Keene, M.A., C.I.E. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Byron's Siege of Corinth. Edited by P. Hordern. 1*s.*

Byron's Childe Harold. Edited by H. G. Keene, M.A., C.I.E. 2*s.* Also Cantos I. and II., sewed, 1*s.* Cantos III. and IV., sewed, 1*s.*

Carlyle's Hero as Man of Letters. Edited by Mark Hunter, M.A. 1*s.* 6*d.*

—— **Hero as Divinity.** By Mark Hunter, M.A. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Chaucer's Minor Poems, Selections from. Edited by J. B. Bilderbeck, M.A. 1*s.* 6*d.*

De Quincey's Revolt of the Tartars and the English Mail-Coach. Edited by Cecil M. Barrow, M.A., and Mark Hunter, M.A. 2*s.*

*** Revolt of the Tartars, separately. 1*s.*

—— **Opium Eater.** Edited by Mark Hunter, M.A. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Goldsmith's Good-Natured Man and **She Stoops to Conquer.** Edited by K. Deighton. Each 1*s.*

*** The two plays together, 1*s.* 6*d.*

—— **Traveller and Deserted Village.** Edited by the Rev. A. E. Woodward, M.A. Cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*, or separately, sewed, 10*d.* each.

Irving's Sketch Book. Edited by R. G. Oxenham, M.A. Sewed, 1*s.* 6*d.*

Johnson's Life of Addison. Edited by F. Ryland, M.A. 1*s.*

—— **Life of Swift.** Edited by F. Ryland, M.A. 1*s.*

—— **Life of Pope.** Edited by F. Ryland, M.A. 2*s.*

*** The Lives of Swift and Pope, together, sewed, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Johnson's Life of Milton. Edited by F. Ryland, M.A. 1*s.* 6*d.*

—— **Life of Dryden.** Edited by F. Ryland, M.A. 1*s.* 6*d.*

*** The Lives of Milton and Dryden, together, sewed, 2*s.* 6*d.*

—— **Lives of Prior and Congreve.** Edited by F. Ryland, M.A. 1*s.*

Kingsley's Heroes. Edited by A. E. Roberts, M.A. Illus. 1*s.* 6*d.* Sewed, 1*s.*

Lamb's Essays. Selected and Edited by K. Deighton. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Longfellow, Selections from, including Evangeline. Edited by M. T. Quinn, M.A. 1*s.* 6*d.*

*** Evangeline, separately, sewed, 10*d.*

Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome. Edited by P. Hordern. 1*s.* 6*d.*

—— **Essay on Clive.** Edited by Cecil Barrow. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Massinger's A New Way to Pay Old Debts. Edited by K. Deighton. 1*s.* 6*d.*

Milton's Paradise Lost. Books III. and IV. Edited by R. G. Oxenham, M.A. 1*s.*; or separately, sewed, 10*d.* each.

Milton's Paradise Regained Edited by K. Deighton. 1*s*

Bell's English Classics—*continued*

Pope's Essay on Man. Edited by F. RYLAND, M.A. *1s.*

Pope, Selections from. Edited by K. DEIGHTON. *1s. 6d.*

Scott's Lady of the Lake. Edited by the Rev. A. E. WOODWARD, M.A. *2s. 6d.* The Six Cantos separately, sewed, *6d.* each.

Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar. Edited by T. DUFF BARNETT, B.A. (Lond.). *1s. 6d.*

—— **Merchant of Venice.** Edited by T. DUFF BARNETT, B.A. (Lond.). *1s. 6d.*

—— **Tempest.** Edited by T. DUFF BARNETT, B.A. (Lond.). *1s. 6d.*

Wordsworth's Excursion. Book I. Edited by M. T. QUINN, M.A. Sewed, *1s.*

English Readings

With Introductions and Notes. 16mo.

Burke: Selections. Edited by BLISS PERRY. *2s. 6d.*

Byron: Selections. Edited by F. I. CARPENTER. *2s. 6d.*

Coleridge: Prose Selections. Edited by HENRY A. BEERS. *2s.*

Dryden: Essays on the Drama, Edited by WILLIAM STRUNK. *2s.*

Johnson: Prose Selections. Edited by C. G. OSGOOD. *3s.*

Milton: Minor English Poems. Edited by MARTIN W. SAMPSON. *2s. 6d.*

Swift: Prose Selections. Edited by FREDERICK C. PRESCOTT. *2s. 6d.*

Tennyson: The Princess. Edited by L. A. SHERMAN. *2s.*

Thackeray: English Humourists. Edited by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS. *2s. 6d.*

Readers

The Story of Peter Pan (as told in "The Peter Pan Picture Book."). With 16 Illustrations and Songs from the Play in Tonic Solfa and Old Notation. *9d.*

Thrift. A Common Sense Book for Girls. By F. FOOT. *8d.* net.

York Readers. A new series of Literary Readers, with Coloured and other Illustrations.

Primer I. *3d.* Primer II. *4d.*
Infant Reader. *6d.*
Introductory Reader. *8d.*
Reader, Book I., *9d.* Book II., *10d.* Book III., *1s.* Book IV., *1s. 3d.* Book V., *1s. 6d.*

York Poetry Books. 3 Books. Paper covers, *6d.* each; cloth, *8d.* each.

Poetry for Upper Classes. Selected by E. A. HELPS. *1s. 6d.*

Books for Young Readers. Illustrated. *6d.* each.

Æsop's Fables. | Tot and the Cat, etc.
The Old Boat-House, etc.
The Cat and the Hen, etc.
The Two Parrots. | The Lost Pigs.
The Story of Three Monkeys.
The Story of a Cat.
Queen Bee and Busy Bee. | Gull's Crag.

Bell's Continuous Readers and Literature Readers. Continuous Narrative Readers. Cloth. Illustrated. *1s.* each.

*Great Deeds in English History.
*Adventures of a Donkey.
*Grimm's Tales.
*Great Englishmen. | Great Irishmen.
*Andersen's Tales.
*Life of Columbus.
*Uncle Tom's Cabin.
*Swiss Family Robinson.

Bell's Continuous Readers and Literature Readers—*continued.*

*Great Englishwomen. | Great Scotsmen.
*Gatty's Parables from Nature.
Edgeworth's Tales.
*Scott's Talisman.
*Marryat's Children of the New Forest.
*Dickens' Oliver Twist.
Dickens' Little Nell.
*Masterman Ready.
Marryat's Poor Jack.
Arabian Nights.
Gulliver's Travels.
Lyrical Poetry for Boys and Girls.
Vicar of Wakefield.
*Scott's Ivanhoe.
Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare.
*Robinson Crusoe.
Tales of the Coast.
*Settlers in Canada.
Southey's Life of Nelson.
Sir Roger de Coverley.
*Scott's Woodstock.

* *Cheaper editions of these volumes are issued in limp cloth covers, 6d. net each.*

Deeds that Won the Empire. By W. H. FITCHETT, B.A., LL.D.
Fights for the Flag. By W. H. FITCHETT.
Six to Sixteen. By Mrs. EWING.
The Water Babies. By CHAS. KINGSLEY.
The Last of the Mohicans. By J. FENIMORE COOPER.
Feats on the Fiord. By HARRIET MARTINEAU.
Parables from Nature. By Mrs GATTY.
The Little Duke. By CHARLOTTE YONGE.
The Three Midshipmen. By W. H. G. KINGSTON.

Readers—*continued*

Bell's Geographical Readers. By M. J. Barrington-Ward, M.A.
The Child's Geography. Illustrated. *6d.*
The Round World. (Standard II.) *1s.*
About England. (Stand. III.) Illus. *1s. 4d.*

Bell's Animal Life Readers. Designed to inculcate humane treatment of animals. Illustrated by Harrison Weir and others.

The Care of Babies. A Reading Book for Girls' Schools. Illustrated. Cloth, *1s.*

Bell's History Readers on the Concentric Method. Fully Illustrated.
First Lessons in English History. *10d.*
A Junior History of England. *1s. 6d.*
A Senior History of England. *2s.*

Abbey History Readers. Revised by the Rt. Rev. F. A. Gasquet, D.D. Illustrated.
Early English History (to 1066). *1s.*
Stories from English History (1066-1485). *1s. 3d.*
The Tudor Period (1485-1603). *1s. 3d.*
The Stuart Period (1603-1714). *1s. 6d.*
The Hanoverian Period (1714-1837). *1s. 6d.*

Bell's History Readers. Illustrated.
Early English History (to 1066). *1s.*
Stories from English History (1066-1485). *1s. 3d.*
The Tudor Period (1485-1603). *1s. 3d.*
The Stuart Period (1603-1714). *1s. 6d.*
The Hanoverian Period (1714-1837). *1s. 6d.*

MODERN LANGUAGES

French and German Class Books

Bell's French Course. By R. P. Atherton, M.A. Illustrated. 2 Parts. *1s. 6d.* each. Key to the Exercises, Part I., *6d.* net; Part II., *1s.* net.

Bell's First French Reader. By R. P. Atherton, M.A. Illustrated. *1s.*

The Direct Method of Teaching French. By D. Mackay, M.A., and F. J. Curtis, Ph.D.

First French Book. *1s.* net.

Second French Book. *1s. 6d.* net.

Teacher's Handbook. *1s.* net.

Subject Wall Picture (Coloured). *7s. 6d.* net.

Bell's French Picture-Cards. Edited by H. N. Adair, M.A. Two Sets of Sixteen Cards. Printed in Colours, with questionnaire on the back of each. *1s. 3d.* net each.

Bell's Illustrated French Readers. Pott 8vo. Fully Illustrated.
*** *Full List on application.*

French Historical Reader. By H. N. Adair, M.A. New Composition Supplement, *2s.*; or without Supplement, *1s. 6d.* Supplement separately, *6d.* net.

Contes Français. Anciens et Modernes. By Marc Ceppi. *1s. 6d.* With Questionnaires and Exercises, *2s.* Questionnaire, separately, *6d.*

Contes d'Hier et d'Aujourd'hui. First Series. By J. S. Norman, M.A., and Charles Robert-Dumas. Illustrated. *1s. 6d.* Second Series. *2s.*

Le Francais de France. By Madame Valette Vernet. With Illustrations. *2s.*

Grammaire Pratique. By Madame Valette Vernet. *10d.*

Tales from Molière. Edited by Marc Ceppi, M.A. *1s. 6d.*; or with Vocabulary and Notes. *2s.*

Stories and Anecdotes for Translation into French. By Carl Heath. *1s.*

Vocabulaire Français. French Vocabularies for Repetition. By J. P. R. Marichal. *1s. 6d.*

Gasc's French Course

First French Book. *1s.*

Second French Book. *1s. 6d.*

Key to First and Second French Books. *1s. 6d.* net.

French Fables for Beginners. *1s.*

Histoires Amusantes et Instructives. *1s.*

Practical Guide to Modern French Conversation. *1s.*

French Poetry for the Young. With Notes. *1s.*

Materials for French Prose Composition. *3s.* Key, *2s.* net.

Prosateurs Contemporains. *2s.*

Le Petit Compagnon; a French Talk-Book for Little Children. *1s.*

By the Rev. A. C. Clapin

French Grammar for Public Schools. *2s. 6d.* Key, *3s. 6d.* net.

A French Primer. *1s.*

Primer of French Philology. *1s.*

English Passages for Translation into French. *2s. 6d.* Key, *4s.* net.

A German Grammar for Public Schools. *2s. 6d.*

A Spanish Primer. *1s.*

Bell's First German Course. By L. B. T. Chaffey, M.A. *2s.*

Bell's First German Reader. By L. B. T. Chaffey, M.A. Illustrated. *2s.*

German Historical Reader. By J. E. Mallin, M.A. *2s.*

Buddenbrook: Ein Schultag eines Kealuntersekundaners. Edited by J. E. Mallin, M.A. Illustrated. *2s. 6d.*

Materials for German Prose Composition. By Dr. C. A. Buchheim. *4s. 6d.* A Key to Parts I. and II., *3s.* net. Parts III. and IV., *4s.* net.

First Book of German Prose. Being Parts I. and II. of the above, with Vocabulary. *1s. 6d.*

Kurzer Leitfaden der Deutschen Dichtung. By A. E. Cop. *2s. 6d.*

Gasc's French Dictionaries

FRENCH-ENGLISH AND ENGLISH-FRENCH DICTIONARY. Large 8vo. *12s. 6d.*
CONCISE FRENCH DICTIONARY. Medium 16mo. *3s. 6d.* Or in Two Parts. *2s.* each.
POCKET DICTIONARY OF THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH LANGUAGES. 16mo. *2s. 6d.*
LITTLE GEM FRENCH DICTIONARY. Narrow 8vo. *1s.* net. Limp Leather, *2s.* net.

French and German Annotated Editions

Fénelon. Aventures de Télémaque. By C. J. DELILLE. *2s. 6d.*

La Fontaine. Select Fables. By F. E. A. GASC. *1s. 6d.*

Lamartine. Le Tailleur de Pierres de Saint-Point. By J. BOÏELLE, B.-ès-L. *1s. 6d.*

Saintine. Picciola. By Dr. DUBUC. *1s. 6d.*

Voltaire. Charles XII. By L. DIREY. *1s. 6d.*

Gombert's French Drama. Re-edited, with Notes, by F. E. A. GASC. Sewed, *6d.* each.

Molière. Le Misanthrope.—L'Avare.—Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme.—Le Tartuffe.—Le Malade Imaginaire.—Les Femmes Savantes.—Les Fourberies de Scapin.—Les Précieuses Ridicules.—L'Ecole des Femmes.—L'Ecole des Maris.—Le Médecin Malgré Lui.

Racine. La Thébaïde.—Les Plaideurs.—Iphigénie. — Britannicus. — Phèdre. — Esther.—Athalie.

Corneille. Le Cid.—Horace.—Cinna.—Polyeucte.

Voltaire. Zaire.

German Ballads from Uhland, Goethe, and Schiller. By C. L. BIELEFELD. *1s. 6d.*

Goethe. Hermann und Dorothea. By E. BELL, M.A., and E. WÖLFEL. *1s. 6d.*

Lessing. Minna von Barnhelm. By Prof. A. B. NICHOLS. *2s. 6d.*

Schiller. Wallenstein. By Dr. BUCHHEIM. *5s.* Or the Lager and Piccolomini, *2s. 6d.* Wallenstein's Tod, *2s. 6d.*

—— Maid of Orleans. By Dr. W. WAGNER. *1s. 6d.*

—— Maria Stuart. By V. KASTNER. *1s. 6d.*

Bell's Modern Translations

A Series of Translations from Modern Languages, with Memoirs, Introductions, etc. Crown 8vo. *1s.* each.

Dante. Inferno. Translated by the Rev. H. F. CARY, M.A.

—— Purgatorio. Translated by the Rev. H. F. CARY, M.A.

—— Paradiso. Translated by the Rev. H. F. CARY, M.A.

Goethe. Egmont. Translated by ANNA SWANWICK.

—— Iphigenia in Tauris. Translated by ANNA SWANWICK.

—— Goetz von Berlichingen. Translated by Sir WALTER SCOTT.

—— Hermann and Dorothea. Translated by E. A. BOWRING, C.B.

Hauff. The Caravan. Translated by S. MENDEL.

—— The Inn in the Spessart. Translated by S. MENDEL.

Lessing. Laokoon. Translated by E. C. BEASLEY.

—— Nathan the Wise. Translated by R. DILLON BOYLAN.

Lessing. Minna von Barnhelm. Translated by ERNEST BELL, M.A.

Molière. Translated by C. HERON WALL. 8 vols. The Misanthrope.—The Doctor in Spite of Himself.—Tartuffe.—The Miser.—The Shopkeeper turned Gentleman.—The Affected Ladies.—The Learned Women.—The Impostures of Scapin.

Racine. Translated by R. BRUCE BOSWELL, M.A. 5 vols. Athalie.—Esther.—Iphigenia.—Andromache.—Britannicus.

Schiller. William Tell. Translated by Sir THEODORE MARTIN, K.C.B., LL.D. *New Edition, entirely revised.*

—— The Maid of Orleans. Translated by ANNA SWANWICK.

—— Mary Stuart. Translated by J. MELLISH.

—— Wallenstein's Camp and the Piccolomini. Translated by J. CHURCHILL and S. T. COLERIDGE.

—— The Death of Wallenstein. Translated by S. T. COLERIDGE.

*** *For other Translations from Modern Languages, see the Catalogue of Bohn's Libraries, which will be forwarded on application.*

SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY

Detailed Catalogue sent on application

Elementary Botany. By Percy Groom, M.A., D.Sc., F.L.S. With 275 Illustrations. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Elementary Botany. By G. F. Atkinson, Ph.B. 6*s.*

Botany for Schools and Colleges. By G. F. Atkinson. Illustrated. 4*s.* 6*d.* net.

Practical Plant Physiology. By Frederick Keeble, M.A. Crown 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.*

A Laboratory Course in Plant Physiology. By W. F. Ganong, Ph.D. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

The Botanist's Pocket-Book. By W. R. Hayward. Revised by G. C. Druce. 4*s.* 6*d.*

An Introduction to the Study of the Comparative Anatomy of Animals. By G. C. Bourne, M.A., D.Sc. With numerous Illustrations. 2 Vols.

Vol I. Animal Organization. The Protozoa and Cœlenterata. Revised Edition. 6*s.*

Vol. II. The Cœlomata. 4*s.* 6*d.*

A Manual of Zoology. By Richard Hertwig. Translated by Prof. J. S. Kingsley. Illustrated. 12*s.* 6*d.* net.

Injurious and Useful Insects. An Introduction to the Study of Economic Entomology. By Prof. L. C. Miall, F.R.S. With 100 Illustrations. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Civil Service Examination Papers: Chemistry Papers, Theoretical and Practical. By A. P. Newton. 1*s.*

A First Year's Course of Chemistry. By James Sinclair. 1*s.* 6*d.*

An Introduction to Chemistry. By D. S. Macnair, Ph.D., B.Sc. 2*s.*

Elementary Inorganic Chemistry. By Prof. James Walker, D.Sc. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Introduction to Inorganic Chemistry. By Dr. Alexander Smith. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

Laboratory Outline of General Chemistry. By Dr. Alexander Smith. 2*s.* 6*d.*

General Chemistry for Colleges. By Dr. Alexander Smith. 6*s.* 6*d.* net.

An Experimental Course in Physical Chemistry. By J. F. Spencer, D.Sc., Ph.D. Crown 8vo. 2 vols. 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

A Text-book of Organic Chemistry. By Wm. A. Noyes. 6*s.* net.

A Three Years' Course in Practical Physics. By James Sinclair. 3 vols. 1*s.* 6*d.* each.

A College Text-Book of Physics. By A. L. Kimball, Ph.D. Illustrated. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

The Principles of Physics. By W. F. Magie. Illustrated. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

Practical Electricity and Magnetism. First Year's Course. By R. E. Steel. 2*s.*

A Text-Book of Gas Manufacture for Students. By John Hornby. Revised and Enlarged. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.

Turbines. By W. H. Stuart Garnett. 8vo. 5*s.* net.

Electrons. By Sir Oliver Lodge. 6*s.* net.

Engines and Boilers. By W. McQuade. Crown 8vo. Numerous Illus. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

Exercises in Metal Work. By A. T. J. Kersey, A.R.C.Sc. Crown 8vo. 1*s.* 6*d.* net.

Practical Wood Carving for Technical Classes. By F. P. Drury. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Technological Handbooks

Edited by Sir H. Trueman Wood

Specially adapted for candidates in the examinations of the City and Guilds Institute. Illustrated

Woollen and Worsted Cloth Manufacture. By Prof. Roberts Beaumont. [*New Edition in preparation.*

Soap Manufacture. By W. Lawrence Gadd, F.I.C., F.C.S. 5*s.*

Plumbing: Its Principles and Practice. By S. Stevens Hellyer. 5*s.*

Silk-Dyeing and Finishing. By G. H. Hurst, F.C.S. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Printing. A Practical Treatise. By C. T. Jacobi. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Cotton Spinning: Its Development, Principles, and Practice. By R. Marsden. 6*s.* 6*d.*

Cotton Weaving: Its Development, Principles, and Practice. By R. Marsden. 10*s.* 6*d.*

Coach Building. By John Phillipson, M.Inst.M.E. 6*s.*

Bookbinding. By J. W. Zaehnsdorf. 5*s.*

The Principles of Wool Combing. By Howard Priestman. 6*s.*

Music

Music, A Complete Text-Book of. By Prof. H. C. Banister. 5*s.*

Music, A Concise History of. By Rev. H. G. Bonavia Hunt, Mus. Doc. New and Cheaper Edition. 2*s.* net.

MENTAL AND MORAL SCIENCE

Psychology: A Manual for University Students. By F. RYLAND, M.A. *4s. 6d.*

An Introduction to Psychology. By R. M. YERKES. *6s. 6d.* net.

Ethics: An Introductory Manual for the use of University Students. By F. RYLAND, M.A. *3s. 6d.*

Ethics. By JOHN DEWEY and JAMES H. TUFTS. *8s. 6d.* net.

Everyday Ethics. By E. L. CABOT. *5s.* net.

Logic. An Introductory Manual for the use of University Students. By F. RYLAND, M.A. *4s. 6d.*

The Principles of Logic. By Prof. H. A. AIKINS, PH.D. *6s. 6d.*

An Introduction to the Study of Philosophy. By ALICE OLDHAM. *5s.* net.

Handbook of the History of Philosophy. By E. BELFORT BAX. *5s.*

History of Modern Philosophy. By R. FALCKENBERG. Trans. by Prof. A. C. ARMSTRONG. *16s.*

Bacon's Novum Organum and Advancement of Learning. Edited by J. DEWEY, M.A. *5s.*

Hegel's Lectures on the Philosophy of History. Translated by J. SIBREE, M.A. Small post 8vo. *5s.*

Kant's Critique of Pure Reason. Translated by J. M. D. MEIKLEJOHN. *5s.*

Kant's Prolegomena and Metaphysical Foundations of Science. Translated by E. BELFORT BAX. *5s.*

Locke's Philosophical Works. Edited by J. A ST. JOHN. 2 vols. *3s. 6d.* each.

Modern Philosophers

Edited by Professor E. HERSHEY SNEATH

Descartes. The Philosophy of Descartes. Selected and Translated by Prof. H. A. P. TORREY. *6s.* net.

Hume. The Philosophy of Hume. Selected, with an Introduction, by Prof. HERBERT A. AIKINS. *4s.* net.

Locke. The Philosophy of Locke. By Prof. JOHN E. RUSSELL. *4s.* net.

Reid. The Philosophy of Reid. By E. HERSHEY SNEATH, PH.D.

Spinoza. The Philosophy of Spinoza. By Prof. G. S. FULLERTON. *6s.* net.

HISTORY

Lingard's History of England. Abridged and Continued by DOM H. N. BIRT. With a Preface by ABBOT GASQUET, D.D. With Maps, New and Cheaper Edition. *3s. 6d.*; or in 2 vols., *2s.* each.

An Introduction to English Industrial History. By HENRY ALLSOPP, B.A. *2s.*

English History Source Books. Edited by S. E. WINBOLT, M.A., and KENNETH BELL, M.A. *1s.* net each.

Full list of series will be sent on application.

First Lessons in English History. Illustrated. *1s.*

A Junior History of England. By E. NIXON. Illustrated. *1s. 6d.*

A Senior History of England. By A. MCKILLIAM, M.A. Crown 8vo. Illus. *2s.*

Civil Service Examination Papers: History Questions. By A. PERCIVAL NEWTON, M.A. *1s.*

A Practical Synopsis of English History. By ARTHUR BOWES. *1s.*

Strickland's Lives of the Queens of England. 6 vols. *5s.* each.

*** Abridged edition for Schools, *6s. 6d.*

Landmarks in the History of Europe. By E. M. RICHARDSON, B.A. Crown 8vo. *2s.*

Highways of the World. By A. E. MCKILLIAM, M.A. *1s. 6d.*

Mediæval Europe, 395-1270. By CHARLES BÉMONT and G. MONOD. Translated under the Editorship of Prof. G. B. ADAMS. *6s. 6d.* net.

An Atlas of European History. By EARLE W. DOW. *6s.* net.

Duruy's History of the Middle Ages. Translated by E. H. and M. D. WHITNEY. *6s. 6d.* net.

The Foundations of Modern Europe. By Dr. EMIL REICH. *5s.* net.

Dyer's History of Modern Europe. Revised throughout by ARTHUR HASSALL, M.A. 6 vols. With Maps. *3s. 6d.* each.

Life of Napoleon I. By JOHN HOLLAND ROSE, LITT.D. 2 vols. *10s.* net.

Carlyle's French Revolution. Edited by J. HOLLAND ROSE, LITT.D. 3 vols. With numerous illustrations. *15s.*

Michelet's History of the French Revolution, from its earliest indications to the flight of the King in 1791. *3s. 6d.*

Mignet's History of the French Revolution, from 1789 to 1814. *3s. 6d.*

Gregorovius' History of the City of Rome in the Middle Ages. Translated by ANNIE HAMILTON. 8 vols. £3. *3s.* net. Also sold separately.

Select Historical Documents of the Middle Ages. Translated and edited by ERNEST F. HENDERSON, PH.D. *5s.*

Menzel's History of Germany. 3 vols. *3s. 6d.* each.

Ranke's History of the Popes. Translated by E. FOSTER. New Edition. Revised. 3 vols. *2s.* net each.

Ranke's History of the Latin and Teutonic Nations. Revised Translation by G. R. DENNIS, B.A. With an Introduction by EDWARD ARMSTRONG, M.A. *6s.* net.

Catalogues of Historical Books sent post free on application

NEW FROM COVER TO COVER

Webster's New International Dictionary

A COMPLETE ENCYCLOPÆDIA IN ONE COMPACT VOLUME

Features of the "New International"

400,000 WORDS AND PHRASES DEFINED. Half this number in old "International."

2,700 PAGES, every line of which has been revised and reset. (320 Pages in excess of the old "International," and yet the new book is practically the same size.)

6,000 ILLUSTRATIONS, each selected for the clear explication of the term treated.

DIVIDED PAGE: important words above, less important below.

ENCYCLOPÆDIC INFORMATION on thousands of subjects.

SYNONYMS more skilfully treated than in any other English work.

GAZETTEER and BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY are up to date.

MORE INFORMATION of MORE interest to MORE people than any other Dictionary.

Send for Illustrated Pamphlet, with Specimen Pages, and full list of prices.

Webster's Collegiate Dictionary

The largest abridgment of the "New International." Large 8vo. 1,116 pages. More than 1,100 illustrations. 12*s.* net. Also an Edition de Luxe on Bible paper. 14*s.* net. And in leather bindings.

Narrow 8vo. 1s. net. Also in Limp Leather. 2s. net

Webster's Little Gem Dictionary

BASED ON THE "INTERNATIONAL"

THIS little Dictionary will be found to be, within its own limits, a thoroughly sound and useful "word book." Its narrow shape makes it particularly suitable for carrying in the pocket. The appendices include a Gazetteer of the World, a Classical Dictionary, List of Abbreviations, Comparative Weights and Measures, etc.

LONDON: G. BELL AND SONS, LTD.

DATE DUE

#47-0108 Peel Off Pressure Sensitive

A00003025

3 5134 00157228 4

PR 445 .S5 1913
Seccombe, Thomas, 1866-1923
The age of Johnson (1748-1798)

810.9 GENERAL LOAN COLLECTION Club Eng Lit. 1
S44a OREGON STATE LIBRARY
SALEM

RULES GOVERNING MAIL ORDER LOANS

Books loaned through local or traveling libraries are subject to the rules governing them.

No charge for books.—The books circulated by the State Library are free to all citizens of Oregon who will agree to observe the rules of the library and pay transportation charges both ways on books loaned. Shipment is made by mail or express and all prepaid charges must be remitted upon receipt or return of package. Acknowledgment of receipt is requested.

Borrowers.—Adults not previously registered as borrowers should apply through librarian of local public or traveling library, school officers or principal, county school superintendent, member of the Legislature, officers of the local grange or other permanent organization, or give reference to some state officer located in Salem. Minors must obtain signature of local librarian or school principal.

Number of Volumes.—Any reasonable request for books will be granted if applicant wishes them for study or research work, and books are not needed elsewhere. Loans of fiction will be limited to two volumes at one time.

Time Kept.—Books must be received at the State Library within 21 days from date of loan. They may be renewed for two weeks upon request as long as needed for study, unless reserved for other borrowers. Date upon which books will be due in the library is given on notice of shipment. Some books will be issued for shorter period and may not be renewed.

Groups of books for clubs and libraries are loaned for longer periods.

Fines.—A fine of two cents a day must be paid for books kept, without renewal, beyond period for which loan is made. No book will be loaned to anyone who has failed to meet the obligations of borrowers as given in these rules. Notice will be sent when books are five days overdue without having been renewed.

Lost and Injured Books.—Borrowers are held responsible for books and are required to pay for lost and injured volumes. Number of pieces loaned is given on notification postal and borrowers are held responsible for this number unless notice of shortage or error is sent immediately upon receipt of package.

Books must be kept clean, must not be marked and corners of leaves must not be turned down.